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A GOTH

By Thomas Nelson Page

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

I HAD known him when he first came to town from the backwoods, a strapping, big, raw, long-haired, shaggy country boy, so green that it is a wonder the cows had not eaten him, and without a cent in his pocket. And now he was in the papers of two continents, spoken of by some with that respect which the possession of mysterious millions usually exacts, as "a power in the financial world"; assailed by others with bitterness as "a pirate" or "highwayman" who lived but to upset values, destroy markets, and batten on the fortunes of the investors he had wrecked. Whichever he was, he had become in the twenty years that had passed since I had last seen him one of the most interesting, if disreputable, figures in commercial life, and had thus verified a brazen prediction which he had made when he first appeared in our little boarding-house company with his red head, worn clothes, and patched shoes. Long-limbed, big-jointed, and bony, with his clothes too tight and too short where he had outgrown them, he became at first a sort of butt in the boarding-house. His cheek-bones were high, his mouth and nose big; his eyes, deep blue, had an expression of singular candor in them like that of a boy's, and when his bull-dog chin was set you might as well have tried to move the bed of Ulysses. These were his weapons of offence and defence. He quickly put an end to any tendency to ridicule on the part of his fellow boarders; for he was as choleric as a poodle and as nervy as a game-cock and within a week he had "called down" the two best men in the company. He was never cast down, never confounded, and he was, in a sort, liked by most of us, for he was polite when he was treated civilly and he was universally respectful to women.

He had one besetting sin. He was a born gambler, and when he came to grief I helped him out, and it was my loan—offered, not asked for—that pulled him out of a trouble more serious than I had dreamed of. He told me afterward that he would have killed himself if he had not been afraid of hell, and if he had not been unwilling to leave the girl he was in love with—two curiously different motives. And he showed me her picture, a photograph of an apple-cheeked country girl without a trace of distinction. He declared her to be the most beautiful creature in the world, and vowed that some day he would dress her in "black silk and diamonds."

It was this episode, perhaps, which made Dorman remember me now when, after twenty years, our eyes met in the Café La Belle, that gay rendezvous of the gay life of Nice. A movement in the brilliant *parterre* of hats before me opened a vista, and there, at the end of it, seated at table with several ladies, who, though for the most part, fashionably coifed and gorgeously dressed appeared rather out of place, was my old friend and former *protégé*. I knew him at once. After two seconds of puzzled reminiscence, due, he told me frankly, to his astonishment at seeing *me* in Nice, he knew me too, and without a word he pushed back his chair and came striding toward me with open mouth and outstretched hands, shouting his welcome. There was no doubt of his sin-

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cerity, and people turned and looked at him with his great bulk surmounted by his fine head with its tawny mane. He was evidently not unknown at least to the men; for a number of them spoke to their companions, who thereupon put up their lorgnons and gazed at him with renewed curiosity.

I was unfeignedly glad to see him. He was the first compatriot I had seen since my arrival the evening before on the Sud Express, except, indeed, one whom I could scarcely reckon as such, so completely was he disguised in foreign manners, imitations, and affectations. This young man was the son of a man of great wealth, known in the world for his money, who on his part was the son of a man of great ability, who had made the wealth. The grandfather had founded huge enterprises and amassed thereby a large fortune; the father carried on the enterprises and increased the fortune largely; and now the son, who had been pampered and spoiled from his golden cradle up, was spending the money by every method which occurred to the idle brain of a youth of some little intellect, extraordinary knowledge of gay life for a man of his years, and as much folly as could well be packed into one frame somewhat burdened by rather unusual good looks. I had known of the grandfather, old Sam Newman, when he was at the zenith of his power. It was he who had recognized the capabilities of my friend when he had left our little circle for the wider field of the commercial metropolis, and had utilized his forces there, giving him his start. I had known the father when he was considered the exponent of wealth and its capabilities, and I had casually met the young man, Sellaby Newman, when he was beginning to be known as a candidate for the honor of being esteemed the wildest example of a wild and dissipated set. Since then he had more than fulfilled his early promise, and had achieved what his own set of young fools were said to envy him: an almost international reputation for reckless debauchery. I might not have known him now had not his name been prominently before the public of late as the *quasi*-hero of a somewhat unsavory scandal connected with the name of a *danseuse* of much vaunted beauty and unusual recklessness. I had seen her a week before in Paris, carrying an audience by storm; and now when she came sailing into the *café* with all the gorgeousness of a bird of rarest plumage and the beauty which was undeniably hers she attracted the attention of the entire company. At her side, handing her along with a certain insolence of air and a trick of the eyes and shoulders which he had caught in his wanderings, was the young spendthrift, Sellaby Newman, and I think I should have known him even had not his name been muttered from half a dozen tables near me. The tone was far from friendly and the term "*Américain*" was used a number of times as an epithet.

After he had taken his seat he glanced my way with an air of studied unconcern and his eyes, or rather the one which was not obscured by a monocle, fell into mine; but evidently my face recalled no recollection—at least none which he was willing to harbor. He half turned to his companion and muttered some observation at which her carmined lips barely parted.

It was at that minute that I first saw my old friend, Dorman, across the room, and he came striding between the tables toward me. I was, I confess, a trifle embarrassed at such a public declaration of my virtues as he gave; but he was as oblivious of everything else as though he had been in a desert.

Nothing would satisfy him but I must come to his table and dine with him. My declaration that I had ordered my dinner had no effect. I must dine again. "Come along. I will show you a real dinner. You don't know what a dinner is. This isn't the old boarding-house. Mme. Meuniere has the best chef in Nice and he knows me well. Don't he, Joseph?" This to the sleek headwaiter who had followed him across the room, and now stood smiling obsequiously at his elbow.

So I was taken across and introduced to his wife, a plain but pleasant looking little woman with gentle eyes and as destitute of waist as the Continent of Africa; overloaded with diamonds worth a king's ransom, even when kings were rated high.

"Mary," he said, as he called my name, "this is my old friend, Tom, of whom you have heard me talk so often." Mary's kind eyes betrayed an expression of vague anxiety. She was "very pleased to meet" me; as were the others to whom I was presented in turn.

"Are you a broker?" she inquired, evidently trying to place me.

"A broker! No," burst in her husband; "this is the man who, when I was broke that

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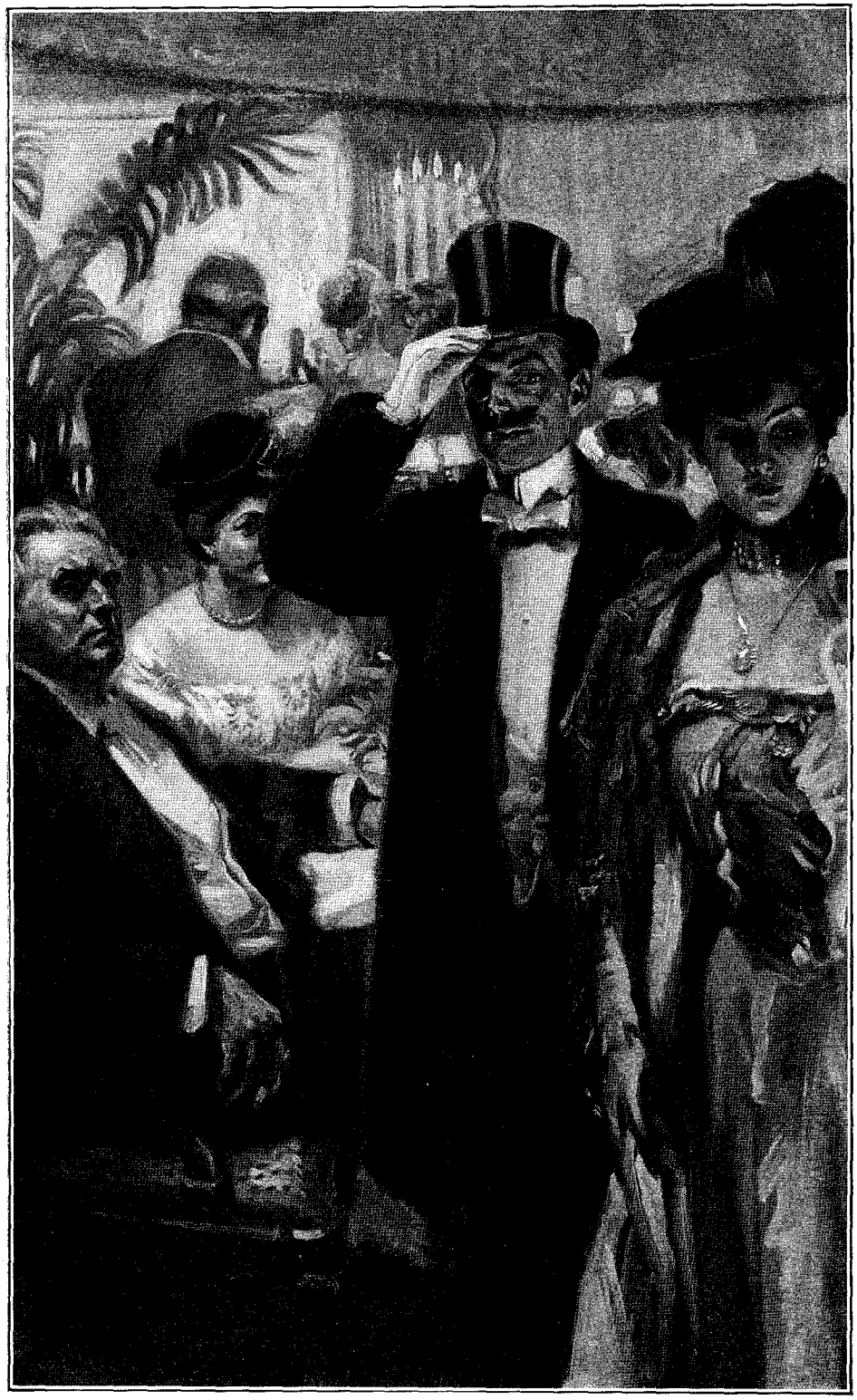

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

A good deal of his haughty assumption seemed to have fallen under our table.—Page 138.

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time—that first time down in the country—gave me the money to square up and gave me that good advice about gambling that I've never forgotten." This to me, looking me full in the face, who had read, within two months, of one of the greatest gambling deals that Wall Street had known in years, put through by the sheer nerve of the man before me.

Mary, however, took it as he meant her to take it. Her eyes softened. "Oh, yes," she knew now, and was "mightily obliged" to me, she was sure. But for me William might never have gotten up. He had profited by my advice. He had often told her so. He laid all his good fortune to having followed it. William's blue eyes were on me blandly.

"No, not all, Mary," he said with sincerity. "I must give you credit for some." And again his eyes met mine with that candor which was like a boy's and which had cost so many men so much. The other ladies at the table were his sister-in-law and his "Cousin Jane," the last very like him, but with a certain refinement which the rest lacked, and with a twitch of humor about her wide, strong mouth which showed that William Dorman had not deceived her.

The dinner was all that he promised, and before we were through, Mme. M. came in in her quaint costume, tightly laced over her buxom figure, touched off with jewels, and beamed on us out of her handsome eyes which had once, so report said, ensnared one of the most celebrated men of France; and Dorman drank her health in "the best bottle of wine in Europe," as he declared.

As we dined he told me something of his history—of the struggle he had made, the difficulties he had encountered, and the reverses he had suffered; in all of which, he said, Mary had stood by him, like the trump she was. And as he talked and ate and drank—enormously—he recounted his experiences with the same zest with which he drained his champagne. He certainly was not modest. His boasting, however, was relieved by his grim humor. In the midst of his relation of some *coup* which had cost him or someone else a million or more, he would burst out into real laughter over the recollection of the ridiculous figure he used to cut in the boarding-house in his short breeches and his patched coat.

"By Jove, they were worth a good pile to me, too!" he declared. "I played them in New York against some of those slick fellows till they were more threadbare than they ever were in the old boarding-house. I used to look dull and talk like a countryman until they tumbled to it and began to shy off when I put on my country-boy air."

He had been office boy, telegraph operator, bookkeeper, confidential clerk, general factotum: "pretty much everything, in fact," he said, "from head-man to little dog under the wagon.

"I didn't keep a place long," he laughed; "I was just learnin'. I learnt telegraphin' so 's I could send my own ciphers and take theirs; bookkeepin' so 's I could tell where I stood and how they stood; but I could carry a whole set of books in my head then. I took a private-secretaryship so as to get a good gauge of a man I wanted to gauge—and I got it." He chuckled at a reminiscence and then broke out: "I'll tell you about it. I had got in with the old man." He named the grandfather of the young spendthrift at the table across the room with the *danseuse*. "He liked me because I was smart and could look dull, and because I could do twice as much work as most men. He knew I was smart and he thought he could use me and fool me too—that was his way. Oh, he was a keen one! There was where I got my real start." He threw back his head and laughed. "You see I had learnt all his ciphers and I could read 'em almost at sight, and he didn't know that I could even telegraph. So that gave me considerable advantage. Then, when I threw up the secretaryship he wanted to know what I was going to do. Told him I'd let him know soon. I'd already done it. I staked every dollar on the ace—and won."

His wife turned and laid her hand on his arm. "Now, William, you are talking about those cards again."

"Oh, no! I'm not. I'm only talking about those I used to play." This seemed to satisfy her, for she turned to me with a pleasant smile. "You know he used to play cards right smart; but——"

"But now I've seen the error of my ways," he said quickly with a candid look at me, and then added, "The man that would deceive as good a woman as that ought to be damned—I'll be d——d if he oughtn't!"

Without giving me time to reflect on this bit of casuistry he swept on, giving me a glimpse of his career and methods which was certainly startling and at times astound-

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He was at least a full-blooded man.—Page 138.

ing. He had often been hard pushed, sometimes to the very wall, at times much worse than insolvent. "But I always knew I'd win out," he declared vehemently. "You see, I always paid in the end, with interest; so that at last I could always get staked. I was often destroyed, but never cast down, and they never knew it. And that little woman there—" he looked at his wife, with a nod and smile of real affection, and she blushed like a delighted girl—"she stood by me like a brick. When I was up, she wore *my* diamonds, and when I was down, she gave me *hers*."

"And why not?" she said simply.

Her husband smiled and went on: "Till at last we began to be really somebody. By the time they had had me stretched out and nailed to the floor with a stake through my body some five or six dozen times, they began to find I was really alive, and then they began to come around. Oh, I know 'em, the snivelling hounds! they fawn on you when you are up and fall on you and try to tear you to pieces when you are down. But no one ever heard me whine when I was hit or knew me to hector when I was up. It is when I am down that I bluster. *You* know that," he said, with a glint

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of a smile in his blue eyes; "and I have bluffed many a one.

"But my biggest bluff was my wheat deal. I'll tell you about it. I was young then, but it made me old. And it came mighty near settling my hash." He cast his eye just halfway toward his wife, and I asked him how it was. "You mean you went broke?"

"Oh, no!" he laughed; "I *was* broke, but that wa'n't anything. I was generally broke those days. But by pawning everything we had and brazening it out, and knowing where every bushel of wheat was on the earth—every bushel, mind you—and just how long it would take to get it to market, I pulled it off. But, by Heaven! it made me old. Any fool can make a corner, but it takes a strong head to get out of it yourself."

"Well, you had good luck. Very few men have tried that and come out safe."

"She saved me." He nodded over toward his wife. "And it cost me a cool million dollars, too."

"How was that?"

"Why, the gang who had been trying for weeks to skin me waked up one day to find that judgment-day had come. I had closed out every bushel and had gone home to go to sleep, which I needed mightily, when they began to roll in. She, there, had known something big was up by the way I acted: figgerin' and cussin' and fumin' and drinkin' coffee and not sleepin' a wink sometimes all night, and she hadn't liked it any too much while it was goin' on. But when I came home and told her it was all right and I had got out safe, she said: 'Thank God! Well now, William, I don't want you to do that sort of thing any more, no, not for three millions.'—I had told her I had made three millions.—But she thought three millions was a good, comfortable sum, too. Her father had made three hundred and fifty dollars once on his wheat crop, and whenever I made anything on wheat, which I had done several times, a few hundred thousand or so, she had always brought up those three hundred and fifty, and I never could make her feel that mine was so much more till I put on a few hundreds and sixty or seventy odd besides. She understood it all right, but she couldn't feel it. In fact, she hasn't much confidence in any arithmetic that she can't do on her fingers; but, by Jove! she can do the addition with those fingers—they just fly.

"Well, as I say, I hadn't more than got home when they began to come in, pleadin' the baby-act, with white faces and shakin' chins, to tell me they was busted—the whole d——d gang—cleaned up, as though I didn't know it. They had looked into the pit of hell expecting to see me sizzling there and found out 'twas themselves. I knew 'em, and knew what every one of 'em was worth, an' what they were, too, down in the bottom of their souls. Some of 'em were good fellows, too; but they didn't know how to play the game. Others knew how to play it, but got caught and come to tell me so, like men—not to whine. Well, I never had it in me to be hard on a man when he was down. I never hit a man real hard but once—I mean since I was a boy, when I had to fight pretty hard now and then—that was when a fellow, one day, knocked another one down and then began to kick him. Well, I reached over, and got a grab of his neck, and when I let him go, he kind of flopped down by the other in a lump—he didn't know whether he had a rib left stickin' to his backbone or not. So now, when they came rollin' in that away" (he always said "that away"), "I began to size 'em up and ask 'em how much they were worth. Well, so much. And how much 'd it take 'em to begin on again; would so much do it? 'Yes, indeed.' 'Well, I'll leave you that and I'll take the rest,' I'd say; and you ought to have seen 'em pearten up. It really was a big thing for 'em; for it saved 'em from liquidatin'. I got so in the way of doing it that when two or three of 'em come in who I knew had been layin' for me, I took the high horse and let 'em off easy in the same way. One of 'em broke down and blubbered—said I was a white man after all, and he'd never say another word against me 's long as he lived. I came near tellin' him what a white-livered hound I knew he was, but I was feelin' kind o' good, and it was only when they'd all gone that I began to think, maybe, I'd been a blazed-faced fool to let 'em off that away. However, I was feelin' pretty virtuous and was thinkin' what a good, kind sort of fellow I was, when the door opened and in walked Mary. As soon as she come in, I knew there was something up, by the way she began. She just plumped herself right in front of me and opened up:

"'Why, Will-iam!' When she calls me 'Will-iam!' I have to look out. But she generally calls me 'Popper' or 'Popsy' or

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Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

"I don't play with children," he said scornfully.—Page 139.

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"Mais, il est un Goth!"—Page 139.

'Deary' or 'Billy.' But 'William' means business, and 'Will-iam!' means hell to pay. This time she says, 'Why, Will-iam, I am surprised! Is it possible!' Well, I was so stuck on myself that for a minute when she said she'd been listening and was surprised, I thought she must be put out at my bein' so generous. But 'twarn't but a minute; for in a minute, she was just goin' it: head up, cheeks flamin', eyes blazin', body straight and stiff as a poplar and words a-comin' about five hundred to the minute.

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'Why, William,' she says, 'you've been gamblin'—gamblin'! and you told me, and I was foolish enough to believe you 't you'd been buyin' wheat.' Well, for a while I thought I'd brazen it out, but no good. 'What if they were tryin' to do you? What if they were in a clique to rob you? Is that any reason why you should rob them? I know you are smarter than they. I knew you were smarter than anybody else when I married you, but I also thought you were honester, too! Because a thief is layin' for *you* to rob you, is that any reason why you should lay for him and rob *him*? You know what that makes you? I am ashamed to hear you use such a—a—dishonest argument.'

"Well, sir, I tried to recoup by pretending to be mad, but it didn't work,—no sir, she had the call on that, and she played it well, I tell you. 'I am an honest woman,' she says, 'and my father was an honest man and—' 'Oh, yes!' I says, 'I know, and he made three hundred and fifty dollars on his wheat-crop one year!' I says, 'and here I've made three millions on wheat and you are abusing me like a pickpocket.' 'Yes,' she says, cutting in and getting sort of high and mighty, 'and that's what you are—by your own confession—a *pick*pocket—justified to yourself because you've picked the pockets of other pickpockets. No use of your sneerin' at my father!' she says, 'he was an honest man and he wouldn't have made a dollar dishonestly, not for three millions, and I thought when I married you that I was marrying an honest man.'

"'Well, so I am,' I says. 'I thought so till to-night,' she says. 'But now—' I waited for her to finish; but she just steadied herself and looked at me straight and clear; 'I am an honest woman; I have tried to live so and I mean to die so, and as God is in Heaven, I will take my children and go back home and live down there with them.'

"'Now, look ahere, Mary; be reasonable,' I says, for I saw she meant it. When she gets that way she always says '*my* children,' she don't allow me a hair of 'em. 'I will,' she says, 'as God is my Maker, I don't mean them to be brought up by a gambler.' 'Mary,' I says— 'And I will take them away and try to bring them up honest, at least—however poor they may be, unless you'll pay every one of those men who came here to-night what you've won from 'em and give me your word of honor that you won't ever again as long as you live gamble in wheat.'

"'How long will you give me?' I says.

"'Just till I can get this ring off my hand,' she says. And by ——! you know, she began to tug at my wedding-ring.

"'I promise,' I says, and I said it d——d quick, too, for I saw my finish right there.

"'Your word of honor as a gentleman?' she says, looking right through me.

"'Yes, my word of honor as a gentleman, I'll never gamble in wheat again,' and I've kept it, too, for I never gave my word of honor to anyone and broke it. I was glad to get off so easy, too; for the cold sweat was breakin' out on me when I saw her tuggin' at that ring. I was glad she was fat that night."

The dinner was about over, and I must say it had been one of the best I ever ate. He showed a surprising knowledge not only of the cookery, but of the cooks themselves. At one time, he had every high official in the café at the back of his chair, and was telling them just how he wanted a certain dish cooked.

He suddenly branched off.

"Have you ever seen Nice?"

I said I had seen something of it when I spent a winter there.

"Oh! I don't mean that," he said, with a touch of his old arrogance. "You saw only the streets and the cafés where boys go——"

"Well, not altogether," I interrupted; but he swept on.

"I mean the real Nice, the Nice of men and—of fools," he added. "You come with me, and I'll show you."

"My dear," he said, turning to his wife, "my old friend wants me to show him a little of Nice, so I am going out with him for a little while. Don't be disturbed about me if I should be out late."

"Well, I'll try not; but don't be out too late, dear," she said, with a look of idolatry at him and of some misgiving at me.

It was just then that young Newman, in pearl shirt-studs, monocle and frizzled mustache, passed us with his beautiful companion, all glittering in pearls and diamonds. As I stood face to face with him, I bowed and he barely lowered his eyelids; but he bowed to my friend, and I thought half-paused to bow to his wife. But if he had this idea, he thought better of it; for my friend looked him straight in the eye, with a sudden contraction of his own that made him look dangerous. His return to New-

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man's "*Bon soir, m'sieur,*" was a grunt that sounded as though it might burst into a roar. The other passed on and a good deal of his haughty assumption seemed to have fallen under our table.

"Who is that?" asked Mrs. Dorman.

"Oh! just a damned little fool who ought to be in an idiot asylum," said her husband easily.

A half hour later, having dropped his wife and cousin at their hotel, his carriage stopped at a fine establishment in the Place de Messina, and a minute later we climbed the great marble stairway, and, having left our coats in the hands of an attendant whom my friend called by his name, "Emil," he ushered me into the great apartments of the club, a miracle of gilding and marble and frescoes, resembling an old Venetian palace.

His entrance created what might without exaggeration be called a sensation. Perhaps two hundred or more men and nearly as many women were present, seated or standing about the tables where the regular game was going on. At the mention of my friend's name, however, there was a stir all through the room, and nearly every eye was turned on him, while a good many of the *habitués* greeted him, and gathered around him. He was evidently a man of consequence among them, and to my surprise he spoke French, if not well, at least with great fluency, never hesitating a moment or staggering at any rule of grammar. Even the stony faces of the *croupiers* changed and took on something of a human expression as he greeted them in hearty, if execrable French: "Eh! bien—braves garçons; comment va 'ça c'longtemps? Très bien? Ah! bien."

Then in English to me, over his shoulder, "I'll show these Frenchmen a thing or two in a few minutes. You watch. I'll rattle 'em, till they look like old Step. Hopkins's signature to the Declaration of Independence." And without further ado, he made his way to the big baccarat table, and after a few minutes, took the banker's seat. He pulled out a wad of thousand-franc notes, which showed that his promise to Mary had been given a liberal construction and that he had come prepared for a big game. The stolid face of the *croupier* opposite actually looked interested.

From the start, the luck was against him, but the loser only grew the cheerier, and began to jolly his opponents to raise the bets. They soon became so large and his losses were so constant, that many who had at first held back, began to edge into the game, betting on one side or the other, and soon the other tables were deserted.

I confess, that as he sat there with his solid bulk, his ruddy face and his cheerful air, his hat on the back of his round head, a big black cigar in his mouth, I could not but feel that he was at least a full-blooded man; and as the thousands passed from his hands, I was aghast. His credit, however, seemed better than his luck; for, as often as he nodded to the money-changer in his cage for more cash, the checks were furnished—so far as I could see without the least reckoning, though of course, a strict account was kept. He seemed to be making everyone rich, when luck, with its usual inconsistency, shifted. A few of the most noted high-players in France had come into the game. Bets that would have staggered Mary's confidence were being made on the turn of a card, and soon my friend was recouping himself from the most redoubted gamesters in Nice. As he had borne himself gallantly in his reverses, so now he began actually to be modest. He became more polite than I had ever seen him, his serene blue eyes softened and his manner grew almost polished. One of his opponents, a well-known plunger, Baron ——, after a persistent run of bad luck, pushed back his chair and bowed to him grandly; my friend scribbled something on a card, and with a bow which I would not have given him credit for, handed it to the banker at his back. Five minutes later, the baron, with a nod and smile to him, resumed his seat and the deal began again, to end in the same way. Dorman had scribbled him a friendly note, asking permission to act as his banker for two hundred thousand francs.

It was just then that young Newman entered the apartment, and with a word to his gay companion, came up to the table. I saw my friend's face change, and following his glance, knew the cause. The young man made his way to the table, with a slow, affected saunter, and insinuated his approach through the crowd, his monocle in his eye, a set simper on his dissipated face, exchanging bows with his acquaintances, who stared at him with half-amusement. As he approached the table, he made some observation over his shoulder to his companion,

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which caused a titter among those nearest him. I did not hear, or at least, I did not understand, but William's face hardened just a trifle, and when Newman spoke to him, he barely nodded. It seemed that he had said that if she would wait he would keep his word and show her that the great banker was not so terrible after all, and all that was needed was a man to stand up to him to back him down.

In a moment he took a seat at the table, yielded him by an unlucky player, and asked for checks. My friend glanced at him.

"I don't play with boys."

The other flushed.

"I am not a boy—I will show you as I have shown some others," he added in French.

"Oh, well, of course," said my friend, and in a few moments they were really the only two playing in the room; the rest were mere spectators. It was a duel indeed. Newman was a high player, but fortune, like his companion, smiled on him only to betray him. At first the luck was with him, and there were many titters at Dorman's expense, as the pile of checks grew larger and larger before the younger man. But suddenly the wind of fortune veered. My friend's perfect coolness exasperated the other, and he soon began to plunge. Dorman, with inscrutable eyes, dealt the cards like clockwork, and the broad, sword-like paddles lifted the winnings and deftly distributed them about the table, sweeping the major part into the pile in the middle, till the banker's net winnings were up in the hundreds of thousands. Suddenly the younger man threw his head back and said, "Banco." A gasp ran around the table and every other player drew his money back across the line. It meant that Newman would play for the entire stake on the table. Dorman glanced at him with a curious light in his eyes, and then as Newman met his gaze he dealt the cards. Newman hesitated, and Dorman's lips opened. "Withdraw." Newman's reply was to examine his cards, and just as Dorman offered him a third card lay a trey and a five on the table. Dorman, of course, had to keep the card himself. He exposed his hand and had a nine. The last card was an ace. Newman almost reeled in his seat. His hand shook as he took the glass of *fine champagne* which he had asked for. Stimulated by the *cognac*, he called for another bank. After a moment of reflection, my friend took him up and again won—the biggest stake ever played in the club. By this time everyone was crowded around, some on chairs, peering over the shoulders of those in front, the *danseuse* paling, even through her delicate rouge, and standing frigidly at Newman's back. Newman, by this time perfectly wild, insisted upon again doubling the bet. My friend looked at him with a warning light in his blue eyes, and I wondered what he would do. Then he shook his head, put a fresh cigar in his mouth, and rose slowly from his chair. The younger man turned as white as death, and began to bluster. My friend watched him with amusement, while the *croupier*, at a nod, filled his silk hat with the checks. Then deliberately taking a handful of long checks from the piled-up hat and with a nod of thanks chucking them over to the *croupier* opposite him, he picked up his hat carefully and pushed back his arm-chair, suddenly turned, and leaning over the end of the table, threw the whole hatful into the younger man's lap.

"I don't play with children," he said scornfully, "or if I do, I do not take their fathers' money."

He turned off unconcernedly and slowly made his way through the crowd. As I followed through the throng of excited, gesticulating, chattering, shouting Latins, in the wake of the broad-shouldered, slow-moving, full-blooded, masterful man who had so astonished them, and who now passed through them as serene and unconcerned as though he were alone in one of the forests of his native hills, all sorts of expressions came to my ears. He was "extraordinaire," "prodigieux," "épouvantable," etc. One of these struck me and stuck to me afterward. A smallish, dark man, with sharp black eyes and peaked nose, a curled and tightly waxed mustache over thin, bloodless lips, piped in a shrill, fife-like voice, "Mais, il est un Goth!" And he was right. On the instant stood revealed, as though he had blown down the ages, a pure Goth, unchanged in any essential since his fathers had left their forests and through all obstacles, even through ranks of Roman legionaries, sword in hand had hewn their way straight to the goal of their desire. He was a Goth in all his appetites and habits, a Goth unchanged, unfettered. True to his instincts, true to his traditions, fearing noth-

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ing, loving only his own, loving and hating with all his heart, a Goth.

As he tramped heavily down the broad marble steps with the attendants bowing before him, I said, "Well?"

He took it as a question.

"D——d slow after the Stock Exchange! Then, after a moment's reflection: "That fool! no, not fool—he doesn't rise to the dignity of a fool—the d——d jackass! He is a disgrace to his family and his country. He an American! He ain't even a foreigner. He's a counterfeit—an empty-headed sham, expatriated jackass! If he had dared to speak to my wife with that—that woman on his arm I'd have broke his neck, and he knew it. It's that sort of Americans that make me sick!"

He spat out his disgust.

Next morning Newman sent a friend to see him. I happened to call at the same time, and heard the challenge given. Dorman's reply was: "I neither play with children nor fight them. Tell him for me that it will be time enough for me to think about killing him when he pays me what he owes me."

As the second left the room, he repeated the phrase I had caught the night before: "Mais, il est un Goth!"

THE WHITE FATHERS OF NORTH AFRICA

By Charles Wellington Furlong

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

LATE one afternoon, hot and dusty, I followed a rough and indefinite trail on my way through central Barbary. Early in the day I had met a caravan, passing by the great lurching, soft-footed *jemal* (camels) and their swarthy Arab drivers. Then a Jew merchant, in black fez and *haik*, astride an overburdened ass trotted by. Some hours after, rounding a rise of ground, I overtook a lone figure, and as I turned in my saddle to reply to his kindly word, he acknowledged my salute by lightly touching the cord of camel's hair which bound his turban.

The late sun glow threw into strong relief his long white robe of Arab pattern and turned to a brilliant orange his swarthy face, which, notwithstanding exposure to deserts and storms, heats and rains, leaving it tanned and seamed, bore indisputably the hall-mark of a man to the manor born. "Bon voyage," he replied in his native tongue. "Deux kilomètres et vous arriverez à Sabra." As I pushed on toward my destination I turned again. His picturesque figure stood out against red rocks and green halfa grass, over which his long shadow shed its violet shape. On his breast a black rosary scintillated and the silver-mounted crucifix glistened in the light. His garb was the simple dress of his order, the cross the symbol of his faith, for the stranger was a Père Blanc, a member of the band of French missioners of Our Lady of the African Mission, more commonly known as the "White Fathers of North Africa."

From time to time I had run across these white-robed, bearded priests in the crowded *suks* of North African towns and isolated mountain villages. As I rode along under the hot African sun, my thoughts drifted back to the time when once in far-away Paris I had stood long before Bonnat's masterful painting in the Luxembourg, of Cardinal Charles Martel Lavigerie, the founder of the order in which are men through whose veins flowed the best blood of France. His name is as closely identified with the history of Algeria and Tunis as it is with that of the order he founded. Since 1892 his body has lain beneath the stones of the cathedral he erected, St. Louis of Carthage, near Tunis, but his spirit is abroad among the plains and the hills.

At forty-two Lavigerie gave up the important bishopric of Nancy and the honors it forecast to become archbishop of the obscure see of Algiers. As the steamer bore him toward the African coast in the spring

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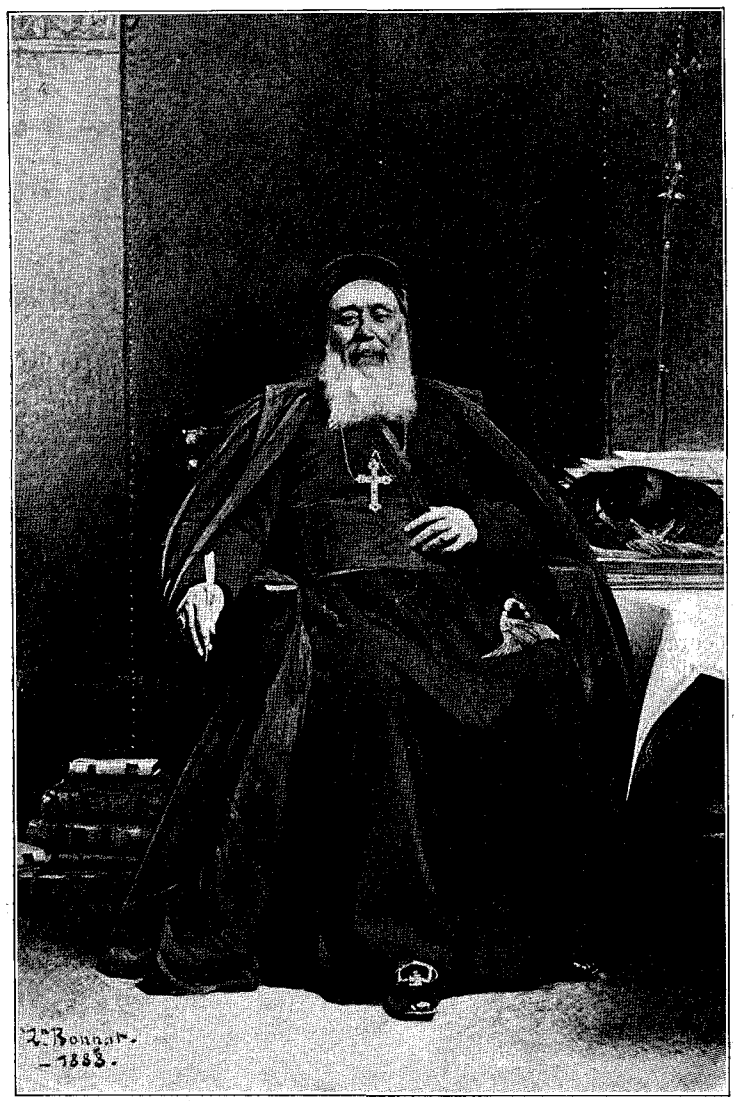

Cardinal Charles Martel Lavigerie, founder of the order of the White Fathers.

of 1867 and the loom of the land grew clear and distinct, no fertile hillsides and valleys such as I was passing through met his eyes. All was barren and parched; instead of oleander-fringed *wadees* (river-beds) and a countryside bursting with color, a cholera and famine-stricken land stared him in the face.

Thousands of starving Arabs roamed its withered surface or begged in vain for help at the gates of the fever-stricken cities, in most cases to wander away again and die. Besides orphanages which he at once established, means were found for nursing many aged through the scourge, and the close of the famine left dependent upon him several thousand Arab orphans.

The year after his arrival at Algiers Lavigerie organized the White Fathers.* Through almost superhuman efforts they educated and trained these children in industrial pursuits, particularly in farm work,

* A number of years later, through Lavigerie, a military corps, called the Armed Brethren of the Sahara, was organized. Its purpose was to assist in the papal crusade against slavery by protecting its missions and missioners, but chiefly to extend French influence. Lavigerie also formed an independent order of women, called Sisters of Our Lady of African Missions, known as the White Sisters, for work among Arab women and girls.

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for Lavigerie realized that agriculture was the foundation of Algerian and Tunisian colonial life. Furthermore, these young Arabs were to serve as a nucleus for Christian villages, and large tracts of barren land which Lavigerie purchased soon blossomed into fruitful vineyards, olive groves, and fields of golden grain. In time, intermarriages took place, and under the supervision of the White Fathers small town colonies sprang up. Strange as it may seem, the French colonial government not only failed to realize the value of the work and to co-operate in it, but at times spared no effort to block its way and to force Lavigerie to abandon it altogether.

This radicalism and opposition were undoubtedly due in no small part to the influence of the criminal element among the colonists, which France had seen fit to shovel intermittently out of her back door since 1848. Here, perhaps, more than in any other crisis, Lavigerie's intelligence and indomitable courage showed his worth. After a hard fight, despite intrigue and jealousy, Lavigerie broke down certain official opposition and eventually succeeded in shifting the support of the orphanages and villages upon the state.

While the evangelization of Mohammedans and pagans was one part of Lavigerie's general plan, to teach knowledge and love of France was another. There is no doubt that the half thousand White Fathers were as patriotic as they were spiritual and formed part of an elaborate scheme to extend French influence from the Mediterranean to the Congo. However, despite their importance in weaving the cordon of French influence about the Sahara and Soudan, it is as opponents of the African slave trade that they will blaze their mark on the mileposts of its history.

Lavigerie's methods were those of a man as broad-minded as he was charitable and far-seeing, for he knew that no more destructive shaft could be hurled against the barrier of Mohammedanism than the abolition of slavery, upon which its whole social structure is built.

Several years before he took up his anti-slavery crusade as Archbishop of Algiers, which included the mission of the West Sahara, the exportation of slaves to the United States had ceased to exist and the coast trade of the low rakish slave dhows had been so broken up by the watchfulness of Britain's cruisers that slavery by sea had been reduced to a minimum. But inland it had assumed proportions of greater magnitude and of more revolting character under the Arabs and negro chiefs who were associated with them, at least over half a million being sacrificed yearly to the Molech, slavery. To-day recent investigations in Portuguese West Africa have shown that these atrocities have in no wise diminished under certain European control.

Slavery in French Barbary no longer existed, so Lavigerie extended his campaign to the south. Finding it impossible to reach Central Africa by the dangerous caravan routes across the Sahara, the White Fathers at last had recourse to the trails which strike inland from the east and west coasts, and established themselves not only in isolated tracts of the Sahara, but upon far-away table-lands in Central Africa, south even of Nyanza and Tanganyika.

"Indorsed for martyrdom," wrote Lavigerie on papers authorizing a young missioner to say mass in the interior. "It is for this that I have come," was his reply. With such imperturbable faith many of these white burnoused men disappeared from the eyes of the world and were lost in the oblivion of Central Africa, to work among a black people who alone were accustomed to the suffocating heat, chilly nights, and pestilential vapors. Fifteen missioners met the indorsement; fatigue and hardship have claimed some sixty more.

It is not easy for one unfamiliar with French colonial Africa to appreciate the difficulty under which the White Fathers have labored. To overcome the fanatical prejudice of the Moslem on the one hand, and the bitter opposition of the Algerian press and certain state officialdom on the other, required not only a broad and lasting charity, but great caution, firmness, and tact.

Methods used for reaching the natives make still more unique the distinctive character of the order. They have not only adopted the dress of the Arabs, but in many instances eat the same kind of food and so far as possible in language and customs adapt their manner of living to that of the Moslems about them. They incorporate Mohammedan forms with their religious teaching, refrain from coercion, and through example show the natives that they may

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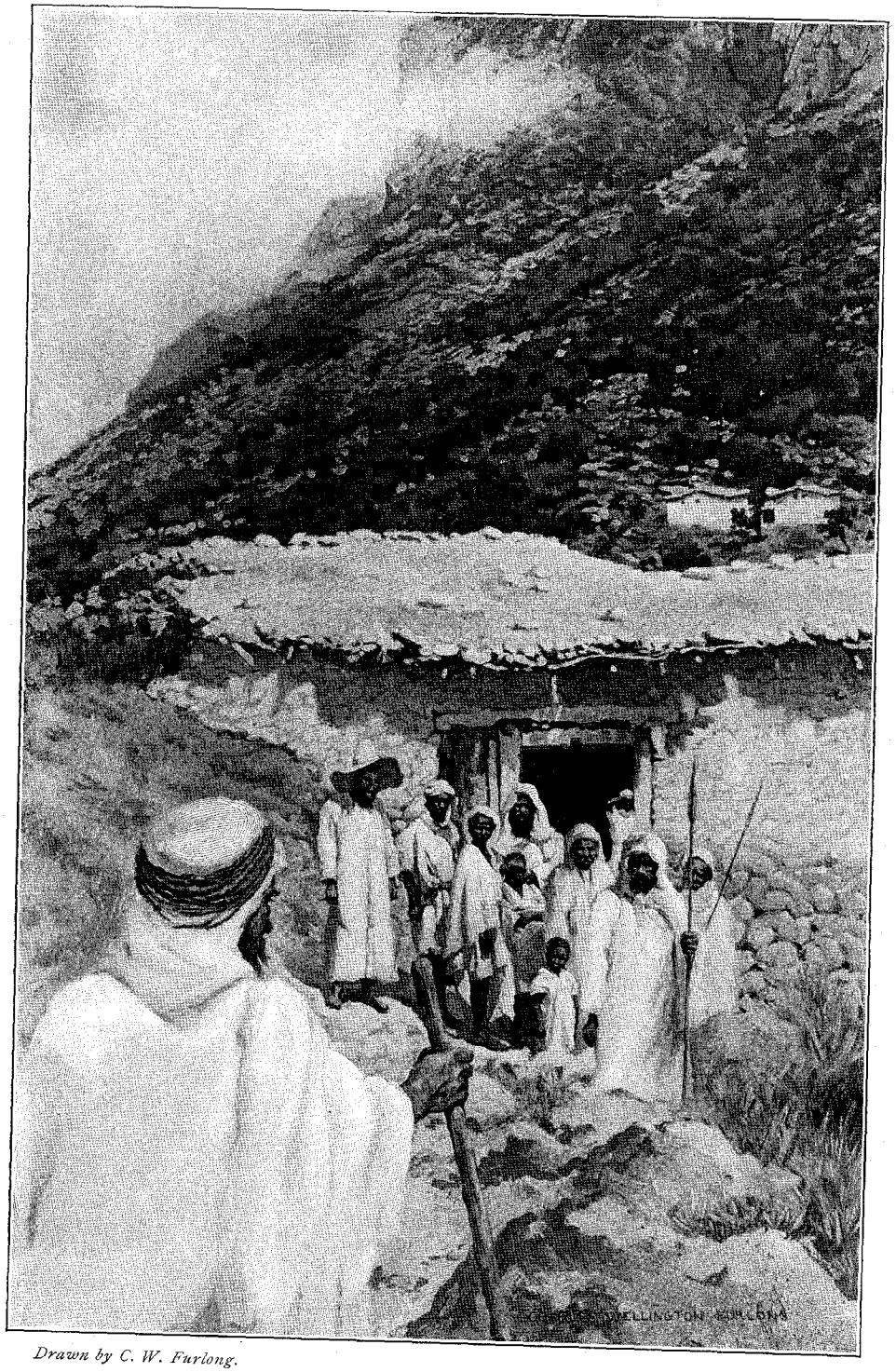

Drawn by C. W. Furlong.

A missioner visiting the wild Berbers in the mountains of Kabylia.

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glean a comfortable living at the very doors of their tents and houses. To receive bread for a stone by one who had power created a new sensation in the Arab mind, nor were they slow to appreciate certain reforms. The laborer was worthy of his hire, so voluntary labor for the day's wage in place of the curse and the lash were introduced, education encouraged, industrial arts developed, and higher forms of social morality inculcated. Lavigerie was known among his followers as Grandfather Bishop, and among the Arabs with whom he came in touch as the Christian *marabout* (holy man). Even the Algerian Government once publicly did him full justice, at least in recognition of his agricultural labors, by bestowing upon him the title, "Head Farmer of Algeria." He was as proud of these as of his ecclesiastical title, Primate of Africa.

Part of my journey lay through the Berber hill country, and sometimes, as I suddenly rounded a bend or entered a valley, I stumbled upon a little village of their small stone houses or hive-shaped huts. From the doorways wild-eyed Kabyle children peered, while the parents sold me fodder, goat's milk, and fruit. The men's heads were closely cropped save for a short cue to serve as a handle by which at the last day they may be hauled up to Allah and the Fields of the Blessed.

These villages were ensconced well up on the mountain sides, whose lower slopes and valleys the inhabitants till with their crude wooden ploughs. Some Kabyles are shepherds, with homes among the clouds just below the snow-capped peaks of the greater Atlas, and are as untamed as the wild mountain goats among whom they dwell.

It is to these wild hill-folk in particular that the White Fathers have turned their attention, for Lavigerie believed it was through them the conversion of Arab Africa to France and the Church could be brought about. Nor was it strange; of ancient Berber origin, these swarthy but white-raced people would assimilate well with the French colonists; furthermore, despite the distaste of the Moslem for Rome's ritualism and state, the Kabyles were more amenable to its doctrines. They are, for the most part, peaceable and industrious when not interfered with, if we except certain of their tribes, more particularly the Riffs of Morocco, to any of whom one can offer no greater insult than to say, "Your father died in his bed."

Within the low, white walls of Maison-Carrée.

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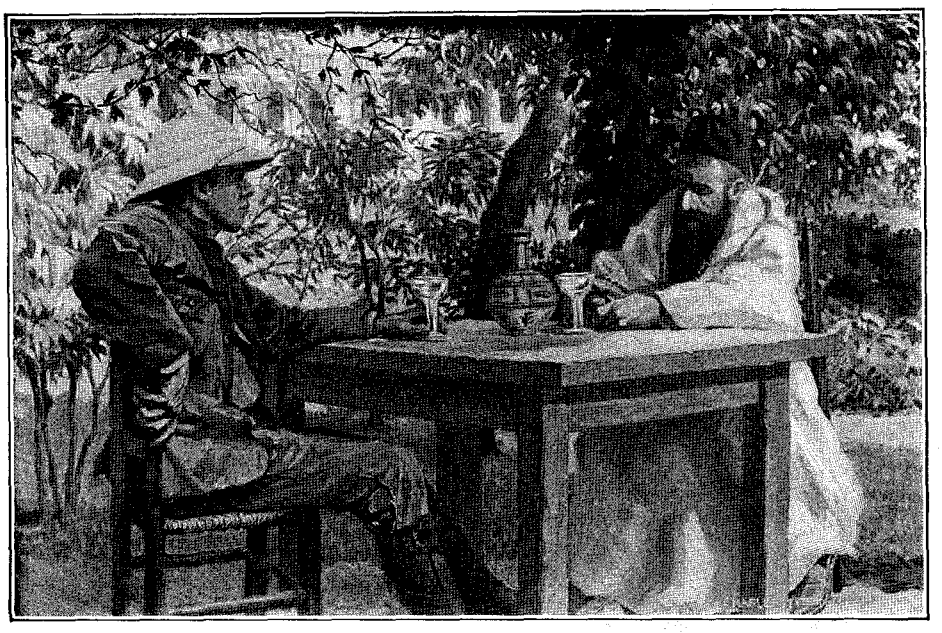

Père Michel paused . . . and gazed thoughtfully at the crucifix.—Page 146.

The Kabyles have never fully accepted the Moslem yoke of their Arab conquerors. Besides, centuries ago the people of these mountain ranges had once been Christian, and the influence of the Roman crops out now and again, as in their use, for instance, of the Roman mile as a measure of distance and their retention of a municipal form of government patterned after that of the Romans.

My route from the south did not leave the Kabyle country until it almost emptied into Algiers itself, in whose vicinity the first important headquarters of the Pères Blancs were established.

One morning in midsummer, shortly after my arrival in that city, I drove out some eleven kilomètres from Algiers proper. Ahead of me a prison, originally a Turkish fort, crowned the top of a distant hill. At one time this building was used by the White Fathers as a novitiate, and is known as Maison-Carrée, or Square House, which is also the name of the little village which has sprung up about it. The Pères Blancs now occupy a tract of land adjoining the village. Here the novices study, going afterward to the headquarters of the White Fathers at St. Louis of Carthage to complete their training.

Leaving the outskirts, the carriage soon whirled from the dusty road and entered a shaded avenue of eucalyptus-trees which the French have introduced throughout malarial districts. On either side were well-tilled, prosperous fields and vines.

The green shades with their purple clusters of fruit were broken here and there by the white-garbed missioners, and one of them directed a group of young Arabs at farm work in an open field. The buildings of the White Fathers, the Monastery of St. Joseph, came into view and soon, within its low, white walls, I was greeted by one of the missioners, Père Michel, who came down a gravel path to meet me. As we strolled through the garden of the monastery surrounded by its cloistered buildings, I remarked that on my approach I noticed some large black letters of a firm's name which defaced one of the picturesque outer walls.

"The vines have been sold, monsieur," said Père Michel, with a touch of sadness, "but we still have charge of them that the wine may bear our mark." We wandered among many rare African plants until we reached a summer-house thatched after the manner of the native huts of the interior. In its shadow we seated ourselves at a heavy wooden table, upon which an earthen *carafe* of wine from the vines of Muscat had been placed for our refreshment. About us lazy insects droned and the monotonous sizzing of cicadas and an occasional locust broke the

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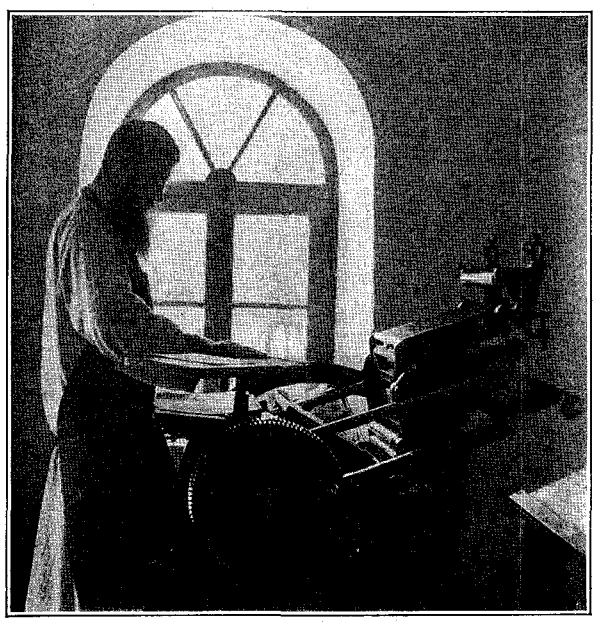
stillness of the heat. Across from me sat the kindly, unassuming missioner. Such men as he had traversed the Sahel and the Sahara and entered the miasmic and fever-laden swamps of the interior.

With difficulty my host was led to speak of their work and achievements. "It was in the Algerian outposts at Biskra and several other towns skirting the Sahara," he said, "that we first obtained a footing, although our missioners have since penetrated the dark interior with its brutal barbarism."



A young missioner stood at one of the presses.—Page 147.

"But the expedition to Timbuctu?" I queried. Père Michel paused a moment and his eyes gazed thoughtfully at the crucifix which he held in his hand. "Ah, the expedition to Timbuctu, monsieur, it is a sad story.

"It was the desire of our order to establish a station in the southwest Soudan, and so Pères Paulmier, Menoret, and Bouchaud started on their mission. They spoke Arabic well, for they had been living with the tribes in the Algerian Sahara, acquainting themselves with the language and customs of many of the desert tribes.

"South lay the great territory controlled by the Touaregs. Père Paulmier and his associates occasionally came in touch with some of these nomads who strayed north with the caravans or entered the towns to trade. On several occasions the missioners had dressed their wounds or sores. In return the Touaregs invited them to their homes in the desert, and later gave them assurances of their protection and a safe conduct south, which they accepted."

"With Touaregs, Père Michel?" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Touaregs from the west of Igidi, I believe, monsieur." I knew the reputation these robbers of caravans bore from Lake Tchad to the Mediterranean, a reputation for all that is fierce, treacherous, and cruel. I had run across them in the *suks* of desert towns down in Tripoli where they came to buy camels and dates. Tall, sinewy, cat-like fellows with a cloth—blue, black, or white—covering the lower half of the face to lessen evaporation, and long, cross-hilted knives in scabbards attached by leather bracelets to their wrists.

"But it was suicide, Père Michel, to have placed their lives in the hands of Touaregs from the Igidi Desert."

"Ah, monsieur, the Arabs among whom they dwelt tried to dissuade them, but the possibility of reaching their long-desired goal, Timbuctu, now seemed assured. So Monseigneur Lavigerie authorized their departure, and a little caravan of three missioners and an escort of five Touaregs with camels and baggage began its toilsome journey over the great burning wastes toward Timbuctu. From the time when they passed beyond the sand-hills their whereabouts and happenings were shrouded in the greatest mystery, and they disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed them up. No communication from them of any kind ever reached their friends here at Maison-Carrée or elsewhere.

"Many months afterward vague rumors of their murder drifted across the desert and were given credence among the tribes of the northern Sahara. Then there came up from the south a party of ostrich hunters. Not a great distance from the very gates of Timbuctu itself, as they had scoured the sandy

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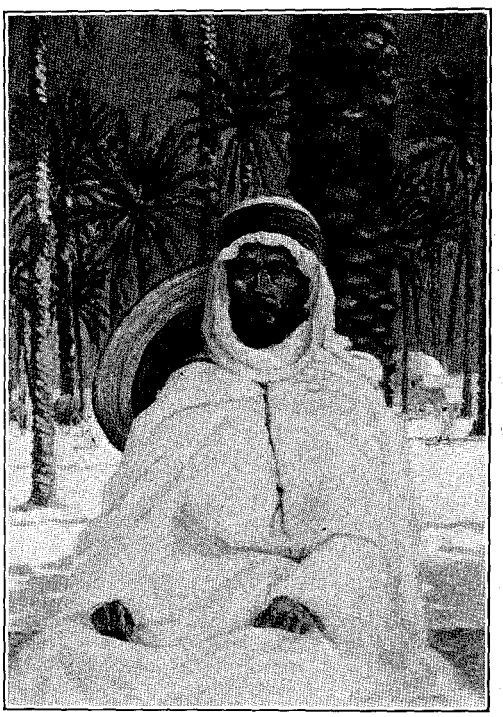
wastes for quarry, they suddenly came upon the headless bodies of the three missioners. Thus were the rumors confirmed. But, monsieur," and he smiled quietly, "we are now established in Timbuctu."

"Mais allons," said Père Michel, rising, "I must show you our printing establishment. Close in the wake of our schools and pharmacies, which always precede preaching, have followed the printing-presses, so that we are able to present to the natives the written word in Arabic or their local dialect," and he led the way through the garden across a hot space of sunlight to a large basement room.



A White Father.

At first I could distinguish only indistinct forms in the semi-darkness of its cool interior, entering so suddenly from the outer glare, but soon my eyes adjusted themselves. Along one side of the room some novices were engaged sorting type, and the rhythmic sound of a number of hand presses gave a tone of industry to the whole setting. The hot wind through the doorway caused a leaf of manuscript to flutter to the floor. A missioner bent over and placed it on the table at which he was seated amid a confusion of manuscript, binding material, and a pile of completed books. One of these, in its orange-red binding, lies beside me as I write. "Souvenir de L'imprimerie des Pères Blancs, P. Michel, Maison-Carrée, le août 18, 1904," is the inscription it bears on its fly-leaf.

But the most lasting impression which I carried away with me stood out, simple and unassuming, in contrast with those of previous weeks of rough travelling. A young missioner stood at one of the presses. His form seemed to unify itself with its surroundings. The sharpness and edges of things were softened in the luminous shadow. The dark mass of his figure and the press silhouetted against the brilliant glare of an arched window. An open door shed a cross-light down the back of his white tunic and rays from the window diffused themselves in a bright halo about his slightly bent head. A sad and sweet thoughtfulness seemed to emanate from him, as methodically he fed the blanks to the roll click of the press. Perhaps he was contemplating the contents of the little breviary of "Truths" which he was printing or looking forward to the time when he should carry the word to the peoples beyond the sands.

The desert and the region of parched halfa grass had faded away south. Faint, vapid airs, hot and odor-laden, drifted over the Bay of Tunis as the train skirted its northern shores. Tunis herself fringed the inland edge and the placid water miraged in replica her white opalescent walls and tiled minarets.

The train soon rounded a spur which terminates a range of hills overlooking the Mediterranean, immortalized as the site where mighty Carthage rose from the sea, flourished and sank again. I alighted at the little wayside station of Mäalaka. Above me, capping the summit like a white turban, was the famous Seminary of St. Louis of Carthage and its cathedral. I reached the grateful shade of its garden walls, pulled a rope which dangled through a hole, and was ushered into a reception-room in the Séminaire. Here, with no little expectation,

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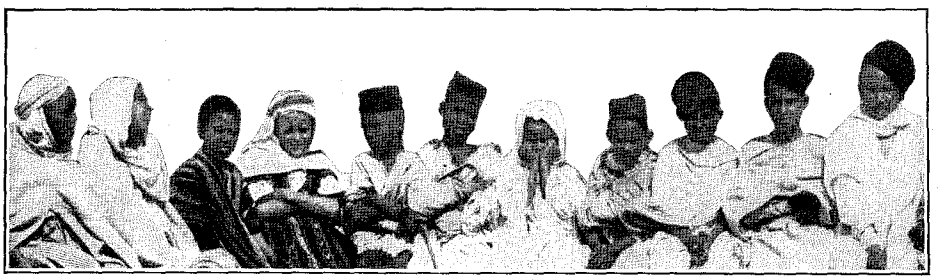


Arab boys under the care of the White Fathers at El Goléa in the Sahara.

I awaited the chaplain of St. Louis, that indefatigable explorer and archæologist, Rev. Père Delattre. For more than a quarter of a century he has been engaged in bringing to light the remains of ancient Carthage, which lay beneath the smooth-combed surface of grass and desert sand. As the name of Cardinal Lavigerie will always be inseparably associated with the history of Algeria and Tunis, so will that of Pére Delattre be linked with the history of St. Louis of Carthage.

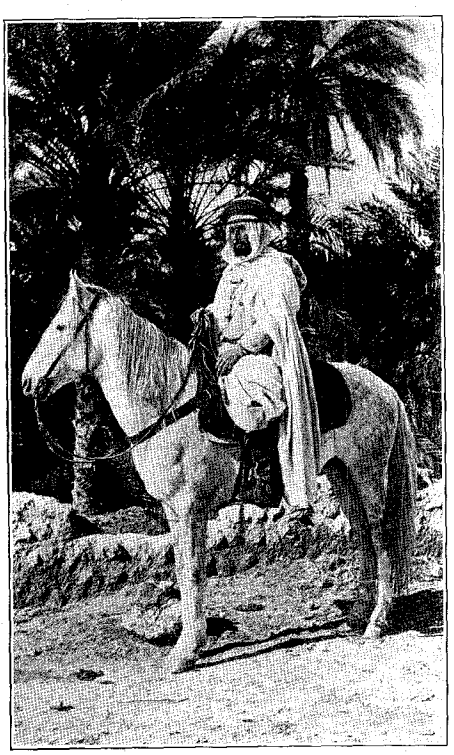
A door in a dark corner opened and shut quietly. Through it, in the softened light, I caught a glimpse of the interior of the cathedral, with its vista of Byzantine columns and ornate Moorish tracery and arches. A figure moved quickly toward me and I arose to meet Père Delattre.

"Your journey has been long, monsieur?" he asked, offering me a seat.

"From the Sahel and the south," I replied, and the conversation shortly drifted to my purpose in coming to Carthage and my desire to see the results of the work which had been carried on there, both by Lavigerie and himself. But I was interested as much in the man with whom I was talking as in what he was saying. He left me for a moment in search of some books in another part of the room.

Of average height, the quick movements of his well-knit figure bespoke a man of nervous temperament, but of untiring energy and endurance. Though a little gray sprinkled his hair and beard and he had undoubtedly seen half a century, much of which had been spent in the enervating Tunisian climate, time had touched him lightly.

"*Voila*, monsieur! These books describe the results of our excavations here at Carthage. These," he said, graciously handing me several paper-bound volumes, "I am pleased to present to you." I observed him more carefully as he went on to explain their contents. The severe line of his straight-cropped mustache bristled from under his finely cut aquiline nose, hiding the more delicate mouth line. The African sun glare had made deep furrows across his forehead, and one of these, because of its prominence and shape, attracted my attention. His ruddy, sunburned face and the red fez he wore served but to



A White Father travelling.

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A Saharan mission station of the White Fathers at El Goléa.

intensify the blueness of his keen, expressive eyes, as they looked out from heavy, overhanging brows.

To all questions regarding results and methods of the archæological work he spared no pains to enlighten me. But concerning his part in the work and certain inquiries about the White Fathers he became not only modest but reticent, and refused to tell me anything personal, even his age. "For," he replied, "it is not necessary, monsieur. All that you need to know about me is in the *dictionnaire*."

The most interesting room in the Grande Séminaire was the Musée Lavigerie. In it was a most remarkable collection of relics illustrative of the Punic, Roman, Christian, and Crusade periods of Carthage. Passing through the Hall of the Crusades, we ascended the stairs leading to the upper cloisters of the Séminaire.

"Are all the young men trained here to become White Fathers, Frenchmen, Père Delattre?"

"Not at all, monsieur," he replied, throwing back his burnous. "The Pères Blancs are essentially composed of Frenchmen, but there are representatives among us from Italy, Great Britain, and even your own country, and we have some Arabs in our number. In all of our seminaries, as was the case in the College of St. Charles in Tunis,* Arab and French youths work side by side. It is but one of the means by which we may aid France in bringing about complete assimilation, for she has by no means enough men to people these colonies, and we must turn to making Frenchmen of the few million Arabized Berbers of Kabylia."

The great, cool reach of the Mediterranean stretched away in one direction; in the other, the landscape moved and wriggled through the rising heat waves. Near a headland we could see the beautiful suburb of Sidi bou Said, also the Bey's palace.

Père Delattre pointed to a distant group of Arab habitations. "The story of how

*Several years ago the College of St Charles was ceded to the Tunisian government and became a lay institution.

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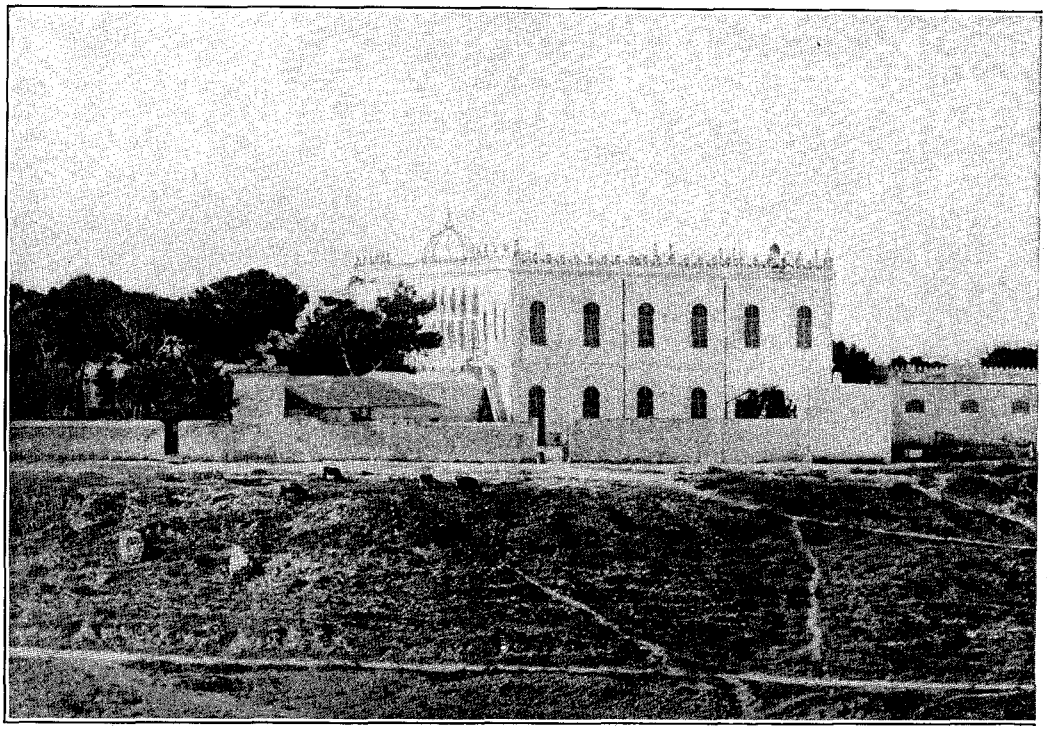

The famous seminary of St. Louis

we were first led to dig in ancient Carthage is a simple one, monsieur. Once, while on my way to visit a sick Arab in that village yonder, two Arab shepherd boys importuned me to buy some rusty coins. Refusing, I was about to go along, when a piece of marble slab lying by the path, caught my eye. From its mutilated inscription it bore every evidence of being a fragment of an ancient Christian funereal tablet. I took the fragment and gave the boys a few *sous* to bring other pieces to the Séminaire, believing the spot to be the site of an ancient Christian cemetery. The Arabs brought me many fragments in their *baracans* (garments), and as the custodians of St. Louis, we soon began excavating. Such was the beginning of this valuable collection.

"On this spur where we now stand, known as the Byrsa," he continued, "the Phœnicians, twenty-eight centuries ago, erected their first fortress about which sprang up their mighty city. Here, too, nearly thirteen centuries after Christ the courageous but enfeebled Louis IX of France, during a crusade against Tunis, spread his camp over the fallen stones of Carthage."* We now descended to the garden, and shortly emerged from under some low tamarisks. In an open space was a beautiful chapel, a memorial erected by Louis Philippe to his illustrious ancestor St. Louis.

"To this little edifice," said Père Delattre, "are attached the history and sentiment of the place, for it occupies the very spot where St. Louis lay down for the last time his knightly arms." At the advent to Carthage of the White Fathers, this beautiful structure was considered unworthy of such an illustrious man, so the cathedral was subsequently built. To me this small but dignified chapel is a more worthy memorial to the simple crusader king than its rather overelaborate neighbor.

Late in the afternoon I left the White Father. As I was about to go I requested the privilege of making a sketch of him. Again what I took to be the self-abnegation of the man showed itself.

"Ah, monsieur, it is not necessary."

* Sixty-five years ago the site of Carthage was ceded in perpetuity by the regency of Tunis to Charles X of France. Tunisia to-day, though nominally under a bey, is no less a French colony than Algeria.

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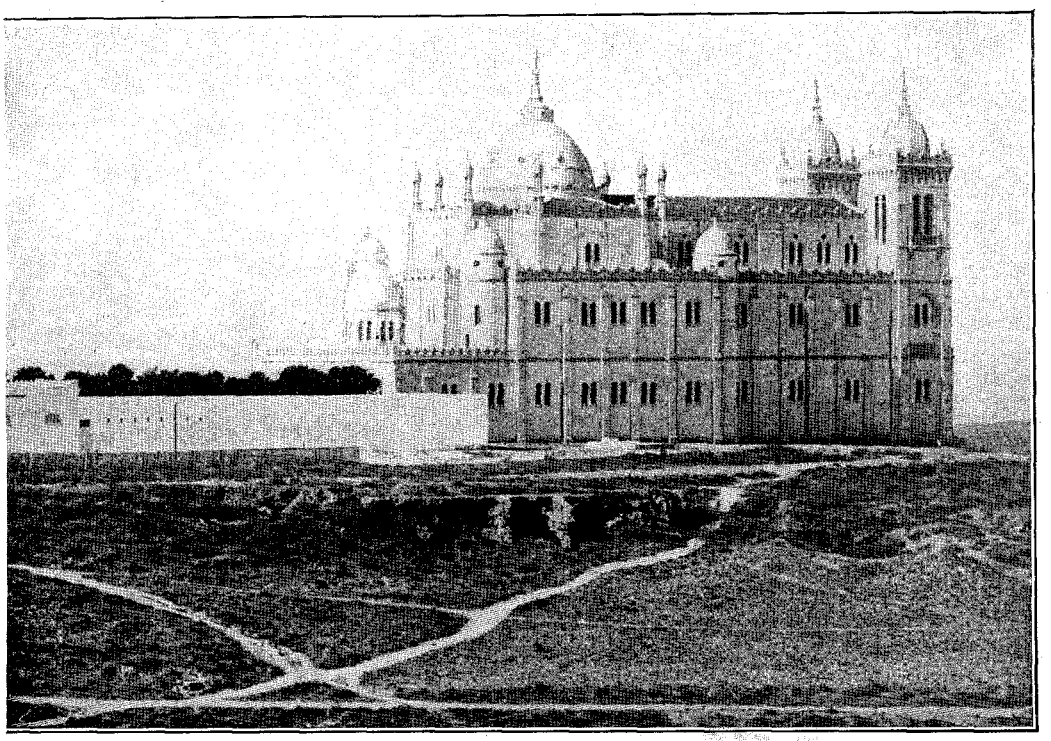

of Carthage and its cathedral.

"But I have come a long way, Père Delattre," I urged. His mouth seemed to harden to the line of his straight-cropped mustache and a deep flush overspread his face.

"This is my figure, my beard," he said. "No, monsieur, I object," and extending his hand he bade me farewell.

"*Au revoir*, monsieur."

"*Au revoir*," I replied. He moved quickly up the garden, the great bell of the cathedral tonged out the vespers and, passing down one of the paths which covered the steep hillside like the web of a meadow spider, I left St. Louis.

Great works, enterprises, and institutions depending on the efforts of one man are often buried with him, but to-day the White Fathers and their work are stronger, better organized, and better equipped than ever before. Incredible as it may seem, it is from France herself, as much as she is indebted to the order, that the worst is to be feared.

Ten years before Lavigerie's death, which occurred in 1892, his fearlessness and reasoning averted, in Algeria, the execution of decrees for the expulsion of the religious communities, especially the teaching orders, which had been enforced in France.

To-day the recent energy displayed by the French Government in regard to the separation law has again caused the political thunder clouds of radicalism to float across the Mediterranean and hang threateningly over Algeria and Tunis. Whether a second "Christian Marabout" will arise and ward off the storm or the requiem of Cardinal Charles Martel Lavigerie will be that of his order remains to be seen. Whatever happens the self-sacrificing spirit of the White Fathers will be written large in the history of French colonial Africa.

In a corner of my room the late afternoon sunlight of our Indian summer falls across an earthern lamp of Punic workmanship; St. Louis on the heights of Carthage, low-lying Maison-Carée, the scorched Atlas, the arid plateaus of the Sahel and the reeking, hot sands of the Sahara pass before me. I see a white burnoused figure going his quiet way, his face bronzed as those of the Arabs among whom he labors and his crucifix reflecting the hot rays of a brilliant African sun.

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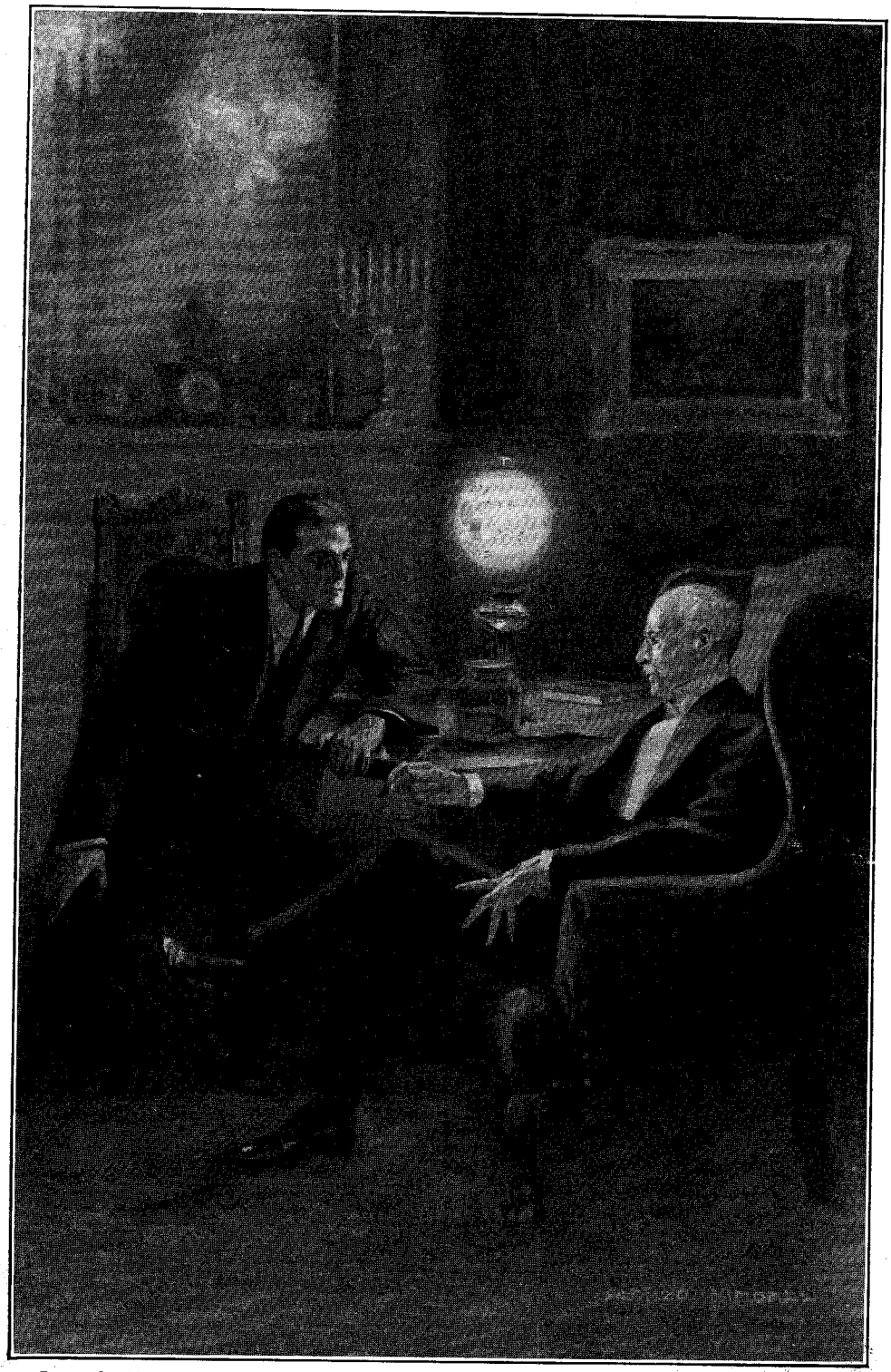

Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"No—I shall have to ask you to take my word for it."—Page 163.

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THE FRUIT OF THE TREE

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY ALONZO KIMBALL

BOOK I—(Continued)

IV

JOHN AMHERST was no one-sided idealist. He felt keenly the growing complexity of the relation between employer and worker, the seeming hopelessness of permanently harmonizing their claims, the recurring necessity of fresh compromises and adjustments. He hated rant, demagogy, the rash formulating of emotional theories; and his contempt for bad logic and subjective judgments led him to regard with distrust the immediate panaceas offered for the cure of economic evils. But his heart ached for the bitter throes with which the human machine moves on. He felt the menace of industrial conditions when viewed collectively, their poignancy when studied in the individual lives of the toilers among whom his lot was cast; and clearly as he saw the need of a philosophic survey of the question, he was sure that only through sympathy with its personal, human side could a solution be reached. The disappearance of the old familiar contact between master and man seemed to him one of the great wrongs of the new industrial situation. That the breach must be further widened by the ultimate substitution of the stock-company for the individual employer, was obvious to any student of economic tendencies, and presented to Amherst's mind one of the most painful problems in the scheme of social readjustment. But it was characteristic of him to dwell rather on the removal of immediate difficulties than in the contemplation of those to come, and while the individual employer was still to be reckoned with, the essential thing was to bring him closer to his workers. Till he entered personally into their hardships and aspirations—till he learned what they wanted and why they wanted it—Amherst believed that no mere law-making, however enlightened, could suffice to create a wholesome relation between the two.

This feeling was uppermost as he sat with Mrs. Westmore in the carriage which was carrying them to the mills. He had meant to take the trolley back to Westmore, but at a murmured word from Mr. Tredegar, Bessy had offered him a seat at her side, leaving the others to follow in a second carriage. This culmination of his hopes—the unlooked-for chance of a half-hour alone with her before reaching the mills—left Amherst oppressed with the swiftness of the precious minutes. He had so much to say—so much to prepare her for—yet how begin, while he was in utter ignorance of her character and her point of view, and while her lovely nearness left him so little chance of perceiving anything except itself?

But he was not often the victim of his sensations, and presently there emerged, out of the very consciousness of her grace and her completeness, an acuter sense of the conditions which, in a measure, had gone to produce them. Her dress could not have hung in such subtle folds, her white chin have nestled in such rich depths of fur, the pearls in her ears have given back the light from such unblemished curves, if thin shoulders in shapeless gingham had not bent, day in, day out, above the bobbins and carders, and weary ears throbbed even at night with the relentless tumult of the looms. Amherst, however, felt no sensational resentment at the contrast. He had lived too much with ugliness and want not to believe in human nature's abiding need of their opposite. He was glad there was room for such beauty in the world, and sure that its purpose was an ameliorating one, if only it could be used as a beautiful spirit would use it.

The carriage had turned into one of the nondescript thoroughfares, half incipient street, half decaying lane, which dismally linked the mill-village to Hanaford. Bessy looked out on the ruts, the hoardings, the starved trees dangling their palsied leaves in

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the radiant October light; then she sighed and said: "What a good day for a gallop!"

Amherst felt a momentary chill, but the naturalness of the exclamation disarmed him, and the words called up thrilling memories of his own college days, when he had ridden his grandfather's horses in the famous hunting valley not a hundred miles from Hanaford.

Bessy met his smile with a glow of understanding. "You like riding too, I am sure?"

"I used to; but I haven't been in the saddle for years. Factory managers don't keep hunters," he said laughing.

Her embarrassed murmur showed that she took this as an apologetic allusion to his reduced condition, and in his haste to correct this impression he added: "If I regretted anything in my other life, it would certainly be a gallop on a day like this; but I chose my trade deliberately, and I've never been sorry for my choice."

He had hardly spoken when he felt the inappropriateness of this personal avowal; but her prompt response showed him, a moment later, that it was, after all, the straightest way to his end.

"You find the work interesting? I'm sure it must be. You'll think me very ignorant—my husband and I came here so seldom . . . I feel as if I ought to know so much more about it," she explained.

At last the note for which he waited had been struck. "Won't you try to—now you're here? There's so much worth knowing," he broke out impetuously.

Mrs. Westmore coloured, but rather with surprise than displeasure. "I'm very stupid—I have no head for business—but I will try to," she said gently.

"It's not business that I mean; it's the personal relation—just the thing the business point of view leaves out. Financially, I don't suppose your mills could be better run; but there are over seven hundred women working in them, and there's so much to be done, just for them and their children."

He caught a faint hint of withdrawal in her tone. "I have always understood that Mr. Truscomb did everything——"

Amherst flushed; but he was beyond caring for the personal rebuff. "Do you leave it to your little girl's nurses to do everything for her?" he asked.

Now indeed her surprise seemed about to verge on annoyance: he saw the preliminary ruffling of the woman who is put to the trouble of defending her dignity. "Really, I don't see—" she began with distant politeness; then her face changed and melted, and again her blood spoke for her before her lips.

"I am glad you told me that, Mr. Amherst. Of course I want to do whatever I can. I should like you to point out everything——"

Amherst's resolve had been taken while she spoke. He *would* point out everything, would stretch this matchless opportunity to its limit. All thoughts of personal prudence were flung to the winds—her blush and tone had routed the waiting policy. He would declare war on Truscomb at once, and take the chance of immediate dismissal. At least, before he went he would have brought this exquisite creature face to face with the wrongs from which her luxuries were drawn, and set in motion the regenerating impulses of indignation and pity. He did not stop to weigh the permanent advantage of this course. His only feeling was that the chance would never again be given him—that if he let her go away, back to her usual life, with her eyes unopened and her heart untouched, there would be no hope of her ever returning. It was better that he should leave for good, and that she should come back, as come back she must, more and more often, if once she could be made to feel the crying need of her presence.

But where was he to begin? How give her even a glimpse of the packed and intricate situation?

"Mrs. Westmore," he said hastily, "there's no time to say much now, but before we get to the mills I want to ask you a favour. If, as you go through them, you see anything that seems to need explaining, will you let me come and tell you about it tonight? I say tonight," he added, meeting her look of enquiry, "because later—tomorrow even—I might not have the chance. There are some things—a good many—in the management of the mills that Mr. Truscomb doesn't see as I do. I don't allude to business questions: wages and dividends and so on—those are out of my province. I speak merely in the line of my own work—my care of the hands, and what I believe they need and don't get under the present system. Naturally, if Mr. Truscomb were well, I shouldn't have had this chance of putting

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the case to you; but since it's come my way, I must seize it and take the consequences."

Even as he spoke, by a swift reaction of thought, those consequences rose before him in all their seriousness. It was not only, or chiefly, that he feared to lose his place; though he knew his mother had not spoken lightly in instancing the case of the foreman whom Truscomb, to gratify a personal spite, had for months kept out of a job in his trade. And there were special reasons why Amherst should heed her warning. In adopting a manual trade, instead of one of the gentlemanly professions which the men of her family had always followed, he had not only disappointed her hopes, and to a great extent thrown away the benefits of the education she had pinched herself to give him, but had disturbed all the established habits of her life by removing her from her normal surroundings to the depressing exile of a factory-settlement. However much he inwardly blamed himself for exacting this sacrifice, it had been made with such cheerfulness of spirit that the consciousness of it never clouded his daily life with his mother; but her self-effacement made him the more alive to his own obligations, and having placed her in a difficult situation he had always been careful not to increase its difficulties by any imprudence in his conduct toward his employers. Yet, grave as these considerations were, they were really less potent than his personal desire to remain at Westmore. Lightly as he had just resolved to risk the chance of dismissal, all his future was bound up in the hope of retaining his place. His heart was in the work at Westmore, and the fear of not being able to get other employment was a small factor in his intense desire to keep his post. What he really wanted was to speak out, and yet escape the consequences: by some miraculous reversal of probability to retain his position and yet effect Truscomb's removal. The idea was so fantastic that he felt it merely as a quickening of all his activities, a tremendous pressure of will along undetermined lines. He had no wish to take the Superintendent's place; but his dream was to see Truscomb superseded by a man of the new school, in sympathy with the awakening social movement —a man sufficiently practical to "run" the mills successfully, yet imaginative enough to regard that task as the least of his duties. He saw the promise of such a man in Louis Duplain, the overseer who boarded with Mrs. Amherst: a young fellow of Alsatian extraction, a mill-hand from childhood, who had worked at his trade in Europe as well as in America, and who united with greater manual efficiency, and a greater nearness to the workman's standpoint, all Amherst's enthusiasm for the experiments in social betterment that were being made in some of the English and continental factories. His strongest wish was to see such a man as Duplain in control at Westmore before he himself turned to the larger work which he had begun to see before him as the sequel to his factory-training.

All these thoughts swept through him in the instant's pause before Mrs. Westmore, responding to his last appeal, said with a graceful eagerness: "Yes, you must come tonight. I want to hear all you can tell me —and if there is anything wrong you must show me how I can make it better."

"Yes, I'll show her, and Truscomb shan't turn me out for it," was the vow he passionately registered as the carriage drew up at the office-door of the main building.

How this impossible result was to be achieved he had no farther time to consider, for in another moment the rest of the party had entered the factory with them, and speech was swallowed up in the vast roar of the machinery.

Amherst's zeal for his cause was always quickened by the sight of the mills in action. He loved the work itself as much as he hated the conditions under which it was performed; and he longed to see on the operatives' faces something of the ardour that lit up his own when he entered the work-rooms. It was this irresistible passion for machinery that at school had turned him from his books, at college had drawn him to the courses least in the line of his destined profession; and it always mastered him afresh when he was face to face with the monstrous energies of the mills. It was not only the sense of power that thrilled him—he felt a beauty in the ordered activity of the whole intricate organism, in the rhythm of dancing bobbins and revolving carders, the swift continuous outpour of doublers and ribbon-laps, the steady ripple of the long ply-frames, the terrible voracious play of the gnashing looms—all these varying subordinate motions, gathered up

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into the throb of the great engines which fed the giant's arteries, and which were in turn ruled by the invisible action of quick thought and obedient hands, always produced in Amherst a responsive rush of life.

He knew this sensation was too specialized to affect his companions; but he expected Mrs. Westmore to be all the more alive to the other side—the dark side of monotonous human toil, of the perpetual banquet of flesh and blood and brain served up to the monster whose jaws the insatiable looms so grimly typified. Truscomb, as he had told her, was a good manager from the profit-taking standpoint. Since it was profitable to keep the machinery in order, he maintained throughout the factory a high standard of mechanical supervision, except where one or two favoured overseers —for Truscomb was given to favouritism— shirked the duties of their departments. But it was of the essence of Truscomb's policy —and not the least of the qualities which made him a "paying" manager—that he saved money scrupulously where its outlay would not have resulted in larger earnings. To keep the floors continually scrubbed, the cotton-dust swept up, the rooms freshly whitewashed and well-ventilated, far from adding the smallest fraction to the quarterly dividends, would have deducted from them the slight cost of this additional labour; and Truscomb therefore economized on scrubbers, sweepers and window-washers, and on all expenses connected with improved ventilation and other hygienic precautions. Though the whole factory was over-crowded, the newest buildings were more carefully planned, and had the usual sanitary improvements; but the old mills had been left in their original state, and even those most recently built were fast lapsing into disrepair and squalor. It was no wonder, therefore, that workers imprisoned within such walls should reflect their long hours of brain-deadening toil in dull eyes and anæmic skins, and in the dreary lassitude with which they bent to their tasks.

Surely, Amherst argued, Mrs. Westmore must feel this; must feel it all the more keenly, coming from an atmosphere so different, from a life where, as he instinctively divined, all was in harmony with her own graceful person. But a deep disappointment awaited him. He was still under the spell of their last moments in the carriage, when her face and voice had promised so much, when she had seemed so deeply, if vaguely, stirred by his words of passionate appeal. But as they passed from one resounding room to the other—from the dull throb of the carding-room, the groan of the ply-frames, the long steady pound of the slashers, back to the angry shriek of the fierce unappeasable looms—the light faded from her eyes and she looked merely bewildered and stunned.

Amherst, hardened to the merciless din of the factory, could not measure its effect on nerves accustomed to the subdued sounds and spacious stillnesses which are the last refinement of luxury. Habit had made him unconscious of that malicious multiplication and subdivision of noise that kept every point of consciousness vibrating to a different note, so that while one set of nerves was torn as with pincers by the dominant scream of the looms, others were thrilled with a separate pain by the accompaniment of drumming, hissing, grating and crashing that shook the great buildings with a relentless torment of sound. Amherst felt this tumult only as a part of the atmosphere of the mills; and to ears trained like his own he could make his voice heard without difficulty. But his attempts at speech were unintelligible to Mrs. Westmore and her companions, and after vainly trying to communicate with him by signs they hurried on as if to escape as quickly as possible from the pursuing whirlwind.

Amherst could not allow for the depressing effect of this enforced silence. He did not realize that if Bessy could have questioned him the currents of sympathy might have remained open between them, whereas, compelled to walk in silence through interminable ranks of meaningless machines, to which the human workers seemed mere automatic appendages, she lost all perception of what the scene signified. He had forgotten, too, that the swift apprehension of suffering in others is as much the result of training as the immediate perception of beauty. Both perceptions may be inborn, but if they are not they can be developed only through the slow discipline of experience.

"That girl in the hospital would have seen it all," he reflected, as the vision of Miss Brent's small resolute profile rose before him; but the next moment he caught the light on Mrs. Westmore's hair, as she

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bent perfunctorily above a carder, and the paler image was submerged like a late moon in the sunrise.

Meanwhile Mrs. Ansell, seeing that the detailed inspection of the buildings was as trying to Mr. Langhope's lameness as to his daughter's nerves, had proposed to turn back with him and drive to Mrs. Amherst's house, where he might leave her to call on her old friend while the others were completing their rounds. It was one of Mrs. Ansell's gifts to detect the first symptoms of *ennui* in her companions, and produce a remedy as patly as old ladies whisk out a peppermint or a cough-lozenge; and Mr. Langhope's look of relief showed the timeliness of her suggestion.

Amherst was too preoccupied to wonder how his mother would take this unexpected visit; but he welcomed Mr. Langhope's departure, hoping that the withdrawal of his ironic smile would leave his daughter open to gentler influences. Mr. Tredegar, meanwhile, was projecting his dry glance over the scene, trying to converse by signs with the overseers of the different rooms, and pausing now and then to contemplate, not so much the workers themselves as the special tasks which engaged them.

How these stolid spectators of the party's progress took Mrs. Westmore's appearance among them, even Amherst, for all his sympathy with their views, could not detect. They knew that she was the "boss," that a disproportionate measure of the result of their toil would in future pass through her white hands, spread carpets for her steps, and hang a setting of beauty about her lovely eyes; but the knowledge seemed to produce no special interest in her personality. A change of employer was not likely to make any change in their lot: they knew their welfare would probably continue to depend on Truscomb's favour. The men hardly raised their heads as Mrs. Westmore passed; the women stared, but with curiosity rather than interest; and Amherst could not tell whether their sullenness reacted on Mrs. Westmore, or whether they were unconsciously chilled by her apparent indifference. The result was the same: the distance between them seemed to increase instead of diminishing; and he smiled ironically to think of the form his appeal had taken—"If you see anything that seems to need explaining." Why, she saw nothing—nothing but the greasy floor under her feet, the cotton-dust in her eyes, the dizzy incomprehensible whirring of innumerable belts and wheels. Once out of it all, she would make haste to forget the dreary scene without pausing to ask for any explanation of its dreariness.

In the intensity of his disappointment he sought a pretext to abridge the tour of the buildings, that he might remove his eyes from the face he had so vainly watched for any sign of awakening. And then, just as he despaired of it, the change came.

They had entered the principal loom-room, and were half-way down its long central passage, when Mr. Tredegar, who led the procession, paused suddenly before one of the looms.

"What's that?" he asked, pointing to a ragged strip of black cloth tied conspicuously to the frame of the loom.

The overseer of the room, a florid young man with dissipated eyes, who, at Amherst's signal, had attached himself to the party, stopped short and turned a furious glance on the surrounding operatives.

"What in hell . . . ? It's the first I seen of it," he exclaimed, making an ineffectual attempt to snatch the mourning emblem from its place.

At the same instant the midday whistle boomed through the building, and at the signal the machinery stopped, and a merciful silence fell upon the mills. The more distant workers at once left their posts to catch up the hats and coats heaped untidily in the corners; but those nearer at hand, attracted by the commotion around the loom, stood spell-bound, fixing the group of visitors with a stare of dull curiosity.

Amherst had reddened to the roots of his hair. He knew in a flash what the token signified, and the sight stirred the chords of pity in his breast; but it also jarred on his strong sense of discipline, and he turned sternly toward the operatives.

"What does this mean?"

There was a momentary silence; then one of the hands, a thin bent man with mystic eyes, raised his head and spoke.

"We done that for Dillon," he said.

Amherst's frown swept the press of faces. "But Dillon was not killed," he exclaimed, while the overseer, drawing out his pen-knife, ripped off the cloth and tossed it contemptuously into a heap of cotton-refuse at his feet.

"Might better ha' been." came from an-

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other hand; and a deep "That's so" of corroboration ran through the knot of workers.

Amherst felt a touch on his arm, and met Mrs. Westmore's eyes. "What has happened? What do they mean?" she asked in a startled voice.

"There was an accident here two days ago: a man got caught in the loom behind him, and his right hand was badly crushed."

"Oh——" she cried, her face paling with the shock of the words.

Mr. Tredegar intervened with his dry note of command. "How serious is the accident? How did it happen?" he enquired.

"Through the man's own carelessness—ask the Superintendent," the overseer interposed before Amherst could answer.

A deep murmur of dissent ran through the crowd, but Amherst, without noticing the overseer's reply, said to Mr. Tredegar: "He's at the Hope Hospital. He will lose his hand, and probably the whole arm."

He had not meant to add this last phrase. However strongly his sympathies were aroused, it was against his rule, at such a time, to say anything which might inflame the quick passions of the workers: he had intended to make light of the accident, and dismiss the operatives with a sharp word of reproof. But Mrs. Westmore's face was close to his: he saw the pity in her eyes, and feared, if he checked its expression, that he might never again have the chance of calling it forth.

"His right arm? How terrible! But then he will never be able to work again!" she exclaimed, in all the horror of a first confrontation with the inexorable fate of the poor.

Her eyes turned from Amherst and rested on the wan faces pressing about her. There were many women's faces among them—the faces of fagged middle-age, and of sallow sedentary girlhood. For the first time Mrs. Westmore seemed to feel the bond of blood between herself and these dim creatures of the underworld: as Amherst watched her the lovely miracle was wrought. Her pallour gave way to a quick rush of colour, her eyes widened like a startled child's, and two tears rose and rolled slowly down her face.

"Oh, why wasn't I told? Is he married? Has he children? What does it matter whose fault it was?" she cried, her questions pouring out incoherently on a great wave of anger and compassion.

"It warn't his fault. . . . The looms are too close. . . . It'll happen again. . . . He's got three kids at home," broke from the operatives; and suddenly a voice exclaimed "Here's his wife now," and the crowd divided to make way for Mrs. Dillon, who, passing through the farther end of the room, had been waylaid and dragged toward the group.

She shrank away, wincing back from the murderous machine, which she beheld for the first time since her husband's accident; then she recognized Amherst, guessed the identity of the lady at his side, and flushed up to her haggard forehead. Mrs. Dillon had been good-looking in her earlier youth, and sufficient prettiness lingered in her hollow-cheeked face to show how much more had been sacrificed to sickness and unwholesome toil.

"Oh, ma'am, ma'am, it warn't Jim's fault—there ain't a steadier man living. The looms is too crowded," she sobbed out.

Some of the other women began to cry: a wave of sympathy ran through the circle, and Mrs. Westmore moved forward with an answering exclamation. "You poor creature. . . . You poor creature. . . ." She opened her arms to Mrs. Dillon, and the scrubber's sobs were buried in the laces on her employer's breast.

"I will go to the hospital—I will come and see you—I will see that everything is done," Bessy reiterated. "But why are you here? How is it that you have had to leave your children?" She freed herself to turn a reproachful glance on Amherst. "You don't mean to tell me that, at such a time, you keep the poor woman at work?"

"Mrs. Dillon has not been working here lately," Amherst answered. "The Superintendent took her back today at her own request, that she might earn something while her husband was in the hospital."

Mrs. Westmore's eyes shone with indignation. "Earn something? But surely——"

She met a silencing look from Mr. Tredegar, who had stepped between Mrs. Dillon and herself.

"My dear child, no one doubts—none of these good people doubt—that you will look into the case, and do all you can to alleviate it; but let me suggest that this is hardly the place——"

She turned from him with an appealing glance at Amherst.

"I think," the latter said, as their eyes met,

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"that you had better let me dismiss the hands now: they have only an hour at midday."

She signed an agitated assent, and he turned to the operatives and said quietly: "You have heard Mrs. Westmore's promise; now take yourselves off, and give her a clear way to the stairs."

They dropped back at his bidding, and Mr. Tredegar drew Bessy's arm through his; but as he began to move away she turned and laid her hand on Mrs. Dillon's shoulder.

"You must not stay here—you must go back to the children. I will make it right with Mr. Truscomb," she said in a reassuring whisper; then, through her tears, she smiled a farewell at the lingering knot of operatives, and followed her companions to the door.

In silence they descended the many stairs and crossed the shabby unfenced grass-plot between the mills and the Superintendent's office. It was not till they reached the carriage that Mrs. Westmore spoke.

"But Maria is waiting for us—we must call for her!" she said, rousing herself; and as Amherst opened the carriage-door she added: "You will show us the way? You will drive with us?"

During the short drive from the factory to Mrs. Amherst's cottage, Bessy relapsed into silence, as if re-absorbed in the distress of the scene she had just witnessed; and Amherst found himself automatically answering Mr. Tredegar's questions while his own mind had no room for anything but the sense of her tremulous lips and of her eyes still enlarged by tears. He had been too much engrossed in the momentous issues of her visit to the mills to remember that she had promised to call at his mother's for Mrs. Ansell; but now that they were on their way thither he found himself wishing that the visit might have been avoided. He was too proud of his mother to feel any doubt of the impression she would produce; but what would Mrs. Westmore think of their way of living, of the cheap jauntiness of the cottage, and the smell of dinner penetrating all its thin partitions? Duplain, too, would be coming in for dinner; and Amherst, in spite of his liking for the young overseer, became conscious of a rather overbearing freedom in his manner, the kind of misplaced ease which the new-made American affects as the readiest sign of equality. All these trifles, usually non-existent or supremely indifferent to Amherst, now assumed a sudden importance, behind which he detected the uneasy desire that Mrs. Westmore should not regard him as less of her own class than his connections and his bringing-up entitled him to be thought. In a flash he saw what he had forfeited by his choice of a calling—equal contact with the little circle of people who gave life its crowning grace and facility; and the next moment he was blushing at this complete reversal of his standards, and wondering, almost contemptuously, what could be the inner nature of the woman whose mere presence could produce such a change.

But there was no struggling against her influence; and as, the night before, he had looked at Westmore with the nurse's eyes, so he now found himself seeing his house as it must appear to Mrs. Westmore. He noticed the shabby yellow paint of the palings, the neglected garden of their neighbour, the week's wash flaunting itself indecently through the denuded shrubs about the kitchen porch; and as he admitted his companions to the narrow passage they were assailed by the expected whiff of "boiled dinner," with which the steam of wash-tubs was familiarly mingled.

Duplain was in the passage; he had just come out of the kitchen, and the fact that he had been washing his hands in the sink was made evident by his rolled-back shirt-sleeves, and by the shiny redness of the knuckles he was running through his stiff black hair.

"Hallo, John," he said, in his aggressive voice, which rose abruptly at sight of Amherst's companions; and at the same moment the frowsy maid-of-all-work, crimson from stooping over the kitchen stove, thrust her head out to call after him: "See here, Mr. Duplain, don't you leave your cravat laying round here in my dough."

V

MRS. WESTMORE stayed just long enough not to break in too abruptly on the flow of her friend's reminiscences, and to impress herself on Mrs. Amherst's delighted eyes as an embodiment of tactfulness and grace—looking sympathetically about the little room, which, with its books, its casts, its photographs of memorable pictures, seemed, after all, a not incongruous setting to her

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charms; so that when she rose to go, saying, as her hand met Amherst's, "Tonight, then, you must tell me all about those poor Dillons," he had the absurd sense of having penetrated so far into her intimacy that a new Westmore must inevitably result from their next meeting.

"Say, John—the boss is a looker," Duplain commented across the dinner-table, with the slangy grossness he sometimes affected; but Amherst left it to his mother to look a quiet rebuke, feeling himself too high above such contacts to resent them.

He had to rouse himself with an effort to take in the overseer's next observation. "There was another lady at the office this morning," Duplain went on, while the two men lit their cigars in the porch. "Asking after you—tried to get me to show her over the mills when I said you were busy."

"Asking after me? What did she look like?"

"Well, her face was kinder white and small, with an awful lot of black hair fitting close to it. Said she came from Hope Hospital."

Amherst looked up. "Did you show her over?" he asked with sudden interest.

Duplain laughed slangily. "What? Me? And have Truscomb get on to it and turn me down? How do I know she wasn't a yellow reporter?"

Amherst uttered an impatient exclamation. "I wish to heaven a yellow reporter *would* go through these mills, and show them up in head-lines a yard high!"

He regretted not having seen the nurse again: he felt sure she would have been interested in the working of the mills, and quick to notice the signs of discouragement and ill-health in the workers' faces; but a moment later the thought of her was dispelled by the vivid anticipation of his visit to Mrs. Westmore. The afternoon hours dragged slowly by in the office, where he was bound to his desk by Truscomb's continued absence; but at length the evening whistle blew, the clerks in the outer room caught their hats from the rack, Duplain presented himself with the day's report, and the two men were free to walk home to supper.

An hour later Amherst was mounting Mrs. Westmore's steps; and his hand was on the bell when the door opened and Dr. Disbrow emerged. The physician drew back, as if surprised and slightly disconcerted; but his smile promptly effaced all signs of vexation, and he held his hand out good-humouredly.

"A fine evening, Mr. Amherst. I'm glad to say I have been able to bring Mrs. Westmore an excellent report of both patients—Mr. Truscomb, I mean, and poor Dillon. This mild weather is all in their favour, and I hope my brother-in-law will be about in a day or two." He passed on to his carriage with a nod.

Amherst was once more shown into the library where he had found Mrs. Westmore that morning; but on this occasion it was Mr. Tredegar who rose to meet him, and curtly waved him to a seat at a respectful distance from his own. Amherst at once felt a change of atmosphere, and it was easy to guess that the lowering of temperature was due to Dr. Disbrow's recent visit. The thought roused the young man's combative instincts, and caused him to say, as Mr. Tredegar continued to survey him in silence from the depths of a capacious easy-chair—"I understood from Mrs. Westmore that she wished to see me this evening."

It was the wrong note, and he knew it as soon as he had spoken; but he had been unable to conceal his sense of the vague current of opposition in the air.

"Quite so: I believe she asked you to come," Mr. Tredegar assented, laying his hands together vertically, and surveying Amherst above the acute angle formed by his parched finger-tips. As he leaned back, small, dry, dictatorial, in the careless finish of his evening dress and pearl-studded shirt-front, his appearance put the finishing touch to Amherst's irritation. He felt the incongruousness of his rough clothes in this atmosphere of after-dinner ease, the mud on his walking-boots, the clinging cotton-dust which seemed to have entered into the very pores of the skin; and again his annoyance escaped in his voice.

"Perhaps I have come too early—" he began; but Mr. Tredegar interposed with glacial amenity: "No, I believe you are exactly on time; but Mrs. Westmore is unexpectedly detained. The fact is, Mr. and Mrs. Halford Gaines are dining with her, and she has therefore delegated to me the duty of hearing what you have to say."

Amherst hesitated. His first impulse was to exclaim: "There is no duty about it!" but a moment's thought showed the

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folly of thus throwing up the game. Since Disbrow had told him that Truscomb would be about again in a day or two, it might well be that this was his last chance of reaching Mrs. Westmore's ear; and he was bound to put his case while he could, irrespective of personal feeling. But his disappointment was nevertheless too keen to be denied, and after a moment he said: "Could I not speak with Mrs. Westmore later?"

Mr. Tredegar's cool survey deepened to a frown. The young man's importunity was really out of proportion to what he signified. "Mrs. Westmore has asked me to replace her," he said, putting his previous statement more concisely.

"Then I am not to see her at all?" Amherst exclaimed; and the lawyer replied indifferently: "I am afraid not, as she leaves tomorrow."

Mr. Tredegar was in his element when refusing a favour. Not that he was by nature an unkind man; he was, indeed, capable of acts of a cold beneficence; but to deny what it was in his power to accord was the readiest way of proclaiming his authority, that power of loosing and binding which made him regard himself as almost consecrated to his office.

Having sacrificed to this principle, he felt free to add, as a gratuitous concession to politeness: "You are perhaps not aware that I am Mrs. Westmore's lawyer, and one of the executors under her husband's will."

He dropped this negligently, as though conscious of the absurdity of presenting his credentials to a subordinate; but his manner no longer incensed Amherst: it merely strengthened his resolve to sink all sense of affront in the supreme effort of obtaining a hearing.

"With that stuffed canary to advise her," he reflected, "there's no hope for her unless I can assert myself now"; and the unconscious wording of his thought expressed his inward sense that Bessy Westmore stood in greater need of help than her work-people.

Nevertheless he hesitated, hardly knowing how to begin. To Mr. Tredegar he was no more than an underling, without authority to speak in his superior's absence; and the lack of an official warrant, which he could have disregarded in appealing to Mrs. Westmore, made it hard for him to find a good opening in addressing her representative. He saw, too, from Mr. Tredegar's protracted silence, that the latter counted on the effect of this embarrassment, and was determined not to minimize it by giving him a lead; and this perception had the effect of increasing his caution.

At length he looked up and met the lawyer's eye. "Mrs. Westmore," he began, "asked me to let her know something about the condition of the people at the mills——"

Mr. Tredegar raised his hand. "Excuse me," he said, "I understood from Mrs. Westmore that it was you who asked her permission to call this evening and set forth certain grievances on the part of the operatives."

Amherst reddened. "I did ask her—yes. But I don't in any sense represent the operatives. I simply wanted to say a word in their behalf."

Mr. Tredegar folded his hands again, and crossed one lean little leg over the other, bringing into his line of vision the glossy tip of a patent-leather pump, which he studied for a moment in silence.

"Does Mr. Truscomb know of your intention?" he then enquired.

"No, sir," Amherst answered energetically, glad that he had forced the lawyer out of his passive tactics. "I am here on my own responsibility—and in direct opposition to my own interests," he continued with a slight smile. "I know that my proceeding is quite out of order, and that I have, personally, everything to lose by it, and in a larger way probably very little to gain; but I thought Mrs. Westmore's attention ought to be called to certain conditions at the mills, and no one else seemed likely to speak of them."

"May I ask why you assume that Mr. Truscomb will not do so when he has the opportunity?"

Amherst could not repress a smile. "Because it is owing to Mr. Truscomb that they exist."

"The real object of your visit then," said Mr. Tregedar, speaking with deliberation, "is—er—an underhand attack on your Superintendent's methods?"

Amherst's face darkened, but he kept his temper. "I see nothing especially underhand in my course——"

"Except," the other interposed ironically, "that you have waited to speak till Mr. Truscomb was not in a position to defend himself."

"I never had the opportunity before. It was at Mrs. Westmore's own suggestion that I took her over the mills, and feeling as

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I do on the subject I should have thought it cowardly to shirk the chance of pointing out to her the conditions there."

Mr. Tredegar mused, his eyes still bent on his gently-oscillating foot. Whenever a sufficient pressure from without parted the thick fog of self-complacency in which he moved, he had a shrewd enough outlook on men and motives; and it may be that the vigorous ring of Amherst's answer had effected this momentary clearing of the air.

At any rate, his next words were spoken in a more accessible tone. "To what conditions do you refer?" he asked.

"To the conditions under which the mill-hands work and live—to the whole management of the mills, in fact, in relation to the people employed."

"That is a large question. Pardon my possible ignorance——" Mr. Tredegar paused to make sure that his hearer took in the full irony of this—"but surely in this state there are liability and inspection laws for the protection of the operatives?"

"There are such laws, yes—but most of them are either a dead letter, or else so easily evaded that no employer thinks of conforming to them."

"No employer? Then your specific charge against the Westmore mills is part of a general arraignment of all employers of labour?"

"By no means, sir. I only meant that, where the hands are well treated, it is due rather to the personal good-will of the employer than to any fear of the law."

"And in what respect do you think the Westmore hands unfairly treated?"

Amherst paused to measure his words. "The question, as you say, is a large one," he rejoined. "It has its roots in the way the business is organized—in the traditional attitude of the company toward the operatives. I hoped that Mrs. Westmore might return to the mills—might visit some of the people in their houses. Seeing their way of living, it might have occurred to her to ask a reason for it—and one enquiry would have led to another. She spoke this morning of going to the hospital to see Dillon."

"She did go to the hospital: I went with her. But as Dillon was sleeping, and as the matron told us he was much better—a piece of news which, I am happy to say, Dr. Disbrow has just confirmed—she did not go up to the ward."

Amherst was silent, and Mr. Tredegar pursued: "I gather, from your bringing up Dillon's case, that for some reason you consider it typical of the defects you find in Mr. Truscomb's management. Suppose, therefore, we drop generalizations, and confine ourselves to the particular instance. What wrong, in your view, has been done the Dillons?"

He turned, as he spoke, to extract a cigar from the box at his elbow. "Let me offer you one, Mr. Amherst: we shall talk more comfortably," he suggested with distant affability; but Amherst, with a gesture of refusal, plunged into his exposition of the Dillon case. He tried to put the facts succinctly, presenting them in their bare ugliness, without emotional drapery; setting forth Dillon's good record for sobriety and skill, dwelling on the fact that his wife's ill-health was the result of perfectly remediable conditions in the work-rooms, and giving explicit reasons for the belief that the accident had been caused, not by Dillon's carelessness, but by the over-crowding of the loom-room. Mr. Tredegar listened attentively, though the cloud of cigar-smoke between himself and Amherst masked from the latter his possible changes of expression. When he removed his cigar, his face looked smaller than ever, as though desiccated by the fumes of the tobacco.

"Have you ever called Mr. Gaines's attention to these matters?"

"No: that would have been useless. He has always refused to discuss the condition of the mills with any one but the Superintendent."

"H'm—that would seem to prove that Mr. Gaines, who lives here, sees as much reason for trusting Truscomb's judgment as Mr. Westmore, who delegated his authority from a distance."

Amherst did not take this up, and after a pause Mr. Tredegar went on: "You know, of course, the answers I might make to such an indictment. As a lawyer, I might call your attention to the employé's waiver of risk, to the strong chances of contributory negligence, and so on; but happily in this case such arguments are superfluous. You are apparently not aware that Dillon's injury is much slighter than it ought to be to serve your purpose. Dr. Disbrow has just told us that he will probably get off with the loss of a finger; and I need hardly say that, whatever may have been Dillon's own share

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in causing the accident—and as to this, as you admit, opinions differ—Mrs. Westmore will assume all the expenses of his nursing, besides making a liberal gift to his wife." Mr. Tredegar laid down his cigar and drew forth a silver-mounted note-case. "Here, in fact," he continued, "is a cheque which she asks you to transmit, and which, as I think you will agree, ought to silence, on your part as well as Mrs. Dillon's, any criticism of Mrs. Westmore's dealings with her operatives."

The blood rose to Amherst's forehead, and he just restrained himself from pushing back the cheque which Mr. Tredegar had laid on the table between them.

"There is no question of criticizing Mrs. Westmore's dealings with her operatives—as far as I know, she has had none as yet," he rejoined, unable to control his voice as completely as his hand. "And the proof of it is the impunity with which her agents deceive her—in this case, for instance, of Dillon's injury. Dr. Disbrow, who is Mr. Truscomb's brother-in-law, and apt to be influenced by his views, assures you that the man will get off with the loss of a finger; but some one equally competent to speak told me last night that he would lose not only his hand but his arm."

Amherst's voice had swelled to a deep note of anger, and with his tossed hair, and eyes darkening under furrowed brows, he presented an image of revolutionary violence which deepened the disdain on Mr. Tredegar's lip.

"Some one equally competent to speak? Are you prepared to name this anonymous authority?"

Amherst hesitated. "No—I shall have to ask you to take my word for it," he returned with a shade of embarrassment.

"Ah—" Mr. Tredegar murmured, giving to the expressive syllable its utmost measure of decent exultation.

Amherst quivered under the thin lash, and broke out: "It is all you have required of Dr. Disbrow—" but at this point Mr. Tredegar rose to his feet.

"My dear sir, your resorting to such arguments convinces me that nothing is to be gained by prolonging our talk. I will not even take up your insinuations against two of the most respected men in the community—such charges reflect only on those who make them."

Amherst, whose flame of anger had subsided with the sudden sense of its futility, received this rebuke in silence and the lawyer, reassured, continued with a touch of condescension: "My only specific charge from Mrs. Westmore was to hand you this cheque; but, in spite of what has passed, I take it upon myself to add, in her behalf, that your conduct of today will not be allowed to weigh against your record at the mills, and that the extraordinary charges you have seen fit to bring against your superiors will—if not repeated—simply be ignored."

When, the next morning at about ten, Mrs. Eustace Ansell joined herself to the two gentlemen who still lingered over a desultory breakfast in Mrs. Westmore's dining-room, she responded to their greeting with less than her usual animation.

It was one of Mrs. Ansell's arts to bring to the breakfast-table just the right shade of sprightliness, a warmth subdued by discretion as the early sunlight is tempered by the lingering coolness of night. She was, in short, as fresh, as temperate, as the hour, yet without the concomitant chill which too often marks its human atmosphere: rather her soft effulgence dissipated the morning frosts, opening pinched spirits to a promise of midday warmth. But on this occasion a mist of uncertainty hung upon her smile, and veiled the glance which she turned on the contents of the heavy silver dishes successively presented to her notice. When, at the conclusion of this ceremony, the servants had withdrawn, she continued for a moment to stir her tea in silence, while her glance travelled meditatively from Mr. Tredegar, sunk in his morning mail, to Mr. Langhope, who leaned back resignedly in his chair, trying to extract what solace he might from the Hanaford Banner, till the midday post should revive him with a sight of the metropolitan press.

"I suppose you know," she said suddenly, "that Bessy has telegraphed for Cicely, and made her arrangements to stay here another week."

Mr. Langhope's stick slipped to the floor with the sudden displacement of his whole lounging person, and Mr. Tredegar, removing his tortoise-shell reading-glasses, put them hastily into their case, as though to declare for instant departure.

"My dear Maria——" Mr. Langhope gasped, while she rose and restored his stick.

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"She considers it, then, her duty to wait and see Truscomb?" the lawyer enquired; and Mrs. Ansell, regaining her seat, murmured discreetly: "She puts it so—yes."

"My dear Maria——" Mr. Langhope repeated helplessly, tossing aside his paper and drawing his chair up to the table.

"But it would be perfectly easy to return: it is quite unnecessary to wait here for his recovery," Mr. Tredegar pursued, as though setting forth a fact which had not hitherto presented itself to the more limited intelligence of his hearers.

Mr. Langhope emitted a short laugh, and Mrs. Ansell answered gently: "She says she detests the long journey."

Mr. Tredegar rose and gathered up his letters with a gesture of annoyance. "In that case—if I had been notified earlier of this decision, I might have caught the morning train," he interrupted himself, glancing resentfully at his watch.

"Oh, don't leave us, Tredegar," Mr. Langhope entreated. "We'll reason with her—we'll persuade her to go back by the three-forty."

Mrs. Ansell smiled. "She telegraphed at seven. Cicely and the governess are already on their way."

"At seven? But, my dear friend, why on earth didn't you tell us?"

"I didn't know till a few minutes ago. Bessy called me in as I was coming down to breakfast."

"Ah——" Mr. Langhope murmured, meeting her eyes for a fraction of a second. In the encounter, she appeared to communicate something more than she had spoken, for as he stooped to pick up his paper he said, more easily: "My dear Tredegar, if we're in a box there's no reason why we should force you into it too. Ring for Ropes, and we'll look up a train for you."

Mr. Tredegar appeared slightly ruffled at this prompt acquiescence in his threatened departure. "Of course, if I had been notified in advance, I might have arranged to postpone my engagements another day; but in any case, it is quite out of the question that I should return in a week—and quite unnecessary," he added, snapping his lips shut as though he were closing his last portmanteau.

"Oh, quite—quite," Mr. Langhope assented. "It isn't, in fact, in the least necessary for any of us either to stay on now or to return. Truscomb could quite well come to Long Island when he recovers, and answer any questions we may have to put; but if Bessy has sent for the child, we must of course put off going for to-day—at least I must," he added sighing, "and, though I know it's out of the question to exact such a sacrifice from you, I have a faint hope that our delightful friend, with the altruistic spirit of her sex——"

"Oh, I shall enjoy it—my maid is unpacking already," Mrs. Ansell gaily affirmed; and Mr. Tredegar, shrugging his shoulders, said curtly: "In that case I will ring for the time-table."

When he had withdrawn to consult it in the seclusion of the library, and Mrs. Ansell, affecting a sudden desire for a second cup of tea, had reseated herself to await the replenishment of the kettle, Mr. Langhope exchanged his own chair for a place at her side.

"Now what on earth does this mean?" he asked, lighting a cigarette in response to her slight nod of consent.

Mrs. Ansell's gaze lost itself in the depths of the empty tea-pot.

"A number of things—or any one of them," she said at length, extending her arm toward the tea-caddy.

"For instance——?" he rejoined, following appreciatively the movements of her long slim hands.

She raised her head and met his eyes clearly. "For instance: it may mean—don't resent the suggestion—that you and Mr. Tredegar were not quite well-advised in persuading her not to see Mr. Amherst yesterday evening."

Mr. Langhope uttered an exclamation of surprise. "But, my dear Maria—in the name of reason. . . . Why, after the doctor's visit—after his coming here last night, at Truscomb's request, to put the actual facts before her—should she have gone over the whole business again with this interfering young fellow?—How, in fact, could she have done so," he added, after vainly waiting for her reply, "without putting a sort of slight on Truscomb, who is, after all, the only person entitled to speak with authority?"

Mrs. Ansell received his outburst in silence, and the butler, reappearing with the kettle and fresh toast, gave her the chance to prolong her pause for a full minute. When

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the door had closed on him, she said: "Judged by reason, your arguments are unanswerable; but when it comes to a question of feeling——"

"Feeling? What kind of feeling? You don't mean to suggest anything so preposterous as that Bessy——?"

She made a gesture of smiling protest. "I confess it is to be regretted that his mother is a lady, and that he looks—you must have noticed it?—so amazingly like the portraits of the young Schiller. But I only meant that Bessy forms all her opinions emotionally; and that she must have been very strongly affected by the scene Mr. Tredegar described to us."

"Ah," Mr. Langhope interjected, replying first to her parenthesis, "how a woman of your good sense stumbled on that idea of hunting up the mother——!" but Mrs. Ansell answered, with a slight grimace: "My dear Henry, if you could see the house they live in you'd think I had been providentially guided there!" and, reverting to the main issue, he pursued fretfully: "But why, after hearing the true version of the facts, should Bessy still be influenced by that sensational scene? Even if it was not, as Tredegar suspects, cooked up expressly to take her in, she must see that the hospital doctor is, after all, as likely as any one to know how the accident really happened, and how seriously the fellow is hurt."

"There's the point. Why should Bessy believe Dr. Disbrow rather than Mr. Amherst?"

"For the best of reasons—because Disbrow has nothing to gain by distorting the facts, whereas this young Amherst, as Tredegar pointed out, has the very obvious desire to give Truscomb a bad name and shove himself into his place."

Mrs. Ansell contemplatively turned the rings upon her fingers. "From what I saw of Amherst I'm inclined to think that, if that is his object, he is too clever to have shown his hand so soon. But if you are right, was there not all the more reason for letting Bessy see him and find out as soon as possible what he was aiming at?"

"If one could have trusted her to find out—but you credit my poor child with more penetration than I've ever seen in her."

"Perhaps you've looked for it at the wrong time—and about the wrong things. Bessy has the penetration of the heart."

"The heart! You make mine jump when you use such expressions."

"Oh, I use this one in a general sense. But I want to help you to keep it from acquiring a more restricted significance."

"Restricted—to the young man himself?"

Mrs. Ansell's expressive hands seemed to commit the question to fate. "All I ask you to consider for the present is that Bessy is quite unoccupied and excessively bored."

"Bored? Why, she has everything on earth she can want!"

"The ideal state for producing boredom—the only atmosphere in which it really thrives. And besides—to be humanly inconsistent—there's just one thing she hasn't got."

"Well?" Mr. Langhope groaned, fortifying himself with a second cigarette.

"An occupation for that rudimentary little organ, the mention of which makes you jump."

"There you go again! Good heavens, Maria, do you want to encourage her to fall in love?"

"Not with a man, just at present, but with a hobby, an interest, by all means. If she doesn't, the man will take the place of the interest—there's a void to be filled, and human nature abhors a void."

Mr. Langhope shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "I don't follow you. She adored her husband."

His friend's fine smile was like a magnifying glass silently applied to the gross stupidity of his remark. "Oh, I don't say it was a great passion—but they got on perfectly," he corrected himself.

"So perfectly that you must expect her to want a little storm and stress for a change. The mere fact that you and Mr. Tredegar objected to her seeing Mr. Amherst last night has roused the spirit of opposition in her. A year ago she hadn't any spirit of opposition."

"There was nothing for her to oppose—poor Dick made her life so preposterously easy."

"My ingenuous friend! Do you still think that's any reason? The fact is, Bessy wasn't awake, she wasn't even born, then. . . . She is now, and you know the infant's first conscious joy is to smash things."

"It will be rather an expensive joy if the mills are the first thing she smashes."

"Oh I imagine the mills are pretty sub-

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stantial. I should, I own," Mrs. Ansell smiled, "not object to seeing her try her teeth on them."

"Which, in terms of practical conduct, means——?"

"That I advise you not to disapprove of her staying on, or of her investigating the young man's charges. You must remember that another peculiarity of the infant mind is to tire soonest of the toy that no one tries to take away from it."

"*Que diable!* But suppose Truscomb turns rusty at this very unusual form of procedure? Perhaps you don't realize how completely he represents the prosperity of the mills."

"All the more reason," Mrs. Ansell persisted, rising at the sound of Mr. Tredegar's approach. "For don't you perceive, my poor distracted friend, that if Truscomb turns rusty, as he undoubtedly will, the inevitable result will be his manager's dismissal—and that thereafter there will presumably be peace in Warsaw?"

"Ah, you divinely wicked woman!" cried Mr. Langhope, snatching at an appreciative pressure of her hand as the lawyer reappeared in the doorway.

(To be continued.)

THE SLEEPER

By George Cabot Lodge

I

To-day the Lord sleeps in the House of Life.
Round him the dark is dumb, deserted, deep;
And all the haste we make, the feast we keep,
The law we serve with cross and cord and knife,
The gods we supplicate, the tears we weep,
The crowns we win as victors in the strife,
The forms and fears with which our days are rife,
Like vague, fantastic dreams perturb his sleep.
He sleeps and dreams to-day and yesterday . . .
When shall he wake?—and in his eyes the breath
Of day-break burn with truth's eternal beams?
When shall he wake? We ask in wild dismay!—
Haste! lest he sleep, as now he sleeps and dreams,
Dreamless to-morrow in the House of Death!

II

Yet, as the truth's new testament contrives,
Daily within the meditative mind,
Orbits of light where thought before was blind,
And where was doubt supreme imperatives;
So, in the high adventure of our lives,
As we are real, receptive, unresigned,
Seeking the Lord we shall not fail to find,
Till strength by strength his regency revives!
Then shall his will and work alone be done
In all we do, his voice alone resound
In all we say, and he alone confound—
Imperishable when all else perisheth—
With eyes of daring and dominion,
The void, vast vision of the Sphinx of Death!

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HIS OTHER ENGAGEMENT

By Henry van Dyke

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. E. SCHOONOVER

AMONG the annals of the Petrine Club, which has for its motto the wise words of St. Peter, "I go a-fishing," there are several profitable tales. Next to the story of Beekman De Peyster's fatal success in transforming a fairly good wife into a ferocious angler, probably the most instructive is the singular adventure that befell Bolton Chichester in taking a brief vacation while he was engaged to be married. And having already told the former story as an example of the vicissitudes of "Fisherman's Luck," I now propose to narrate the latter as a striking illustration of what may happen to a man who takes "a day off."

Chichester is known among his intimate friends as "Chinchin." This nominal appendix was given to him not in allusion to his habits of speech, for he is rather a small talker, but with reference to the prominence of that feature of his countenance which is at once the organ of utterance, the instrument of mastication, the sign of firmness, and (at least in the Gibsonian period of facial architecture) the chief point of manly beauty.

Point is an absurd word to apply to Chichester's chin. It might better be called a surface, a region, a territory. Smooth, spacious, square, kept always in perfect order and carried with a what-do-I-care-for-that air, it gives him a most distinguished appearance, and makes you think, when you meet him, that you are in the presence of a favorite matinée actor, the hero of a modern short-story, or a man of remarkable decision of character.

The last, of course, is the correct interpretation of the sign. Bolton Chichester is the most decided man that I have ever known. He can make up his mind more quickly, on a greater variety of subjects, and adhere to each determination more firmly, than all the other members of the Petrine Club put together. For this reason we always anticipated for him a large success in life, and some even predicted that he would become President of the United States—unless he made up his mind to do something else on the way to the White House. At all events, we felt sure, he would get what he wanted; and when he became decidedly attentive to Ethel Asham it was taken for granted that he would woo, win, and marry her in short order.

She was rather a difficult person, to be sure; the eldest daughter of that cryptic old millionaire, Watson Asham, who lived in New York and resided, for purposes of taxation, at West Smithfield; a graduate of Brainmore College; president of the Social Settlement of Higher Lighters; a frequent contributor in brief fiction to the Contrary Magazine; a beauty of the tea-after-tennis type; the best dancer in St. Swithin's Lenten Circle, and the most romantic creature that ever took up the cause of Progress with a large P. It would not be fair to call her strong-minded, because the adjective seems to imply some kind of a limitation in her strength. She was even stronger in her impulses than in her mind; original in every direction; in fact, originality was a kind of convention with her. It was wonderful how many things she accomplished; but then she never lost any time; she was precise, punctual, inevitable in her sweet, feminine, self-possessed way; and her varied and surprising modern programme went through on schedule time, while she cherished in her heart the dream of a romance in the style of "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Naturally, such a many-sided young woman would be difficult to please; and a number of eligible young men had acquired personal knowledge of the fact. But the difficulty seemed to attract Chichester. He went at it in his bold, decided manner, with his chin forward; and he conquered. After the February campaign no one was surprised to hear, in March, that the engagement of Miss Ethel Asham to Mr. Bolton Chichester was announced, and that the wedding would occur in June.

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The place was not specified. Conjectures were hazarded that it might be Dunfermline Abbey, the Castle of Chillon, Bridal Veil Falls in the Yosemite, the Natural Bridge in Virginia, or St. George's, Hanover Square. Little Pop Wilson, the well-known dialect novelist of the southeastern part of northern Kentucky, suggested that there was something to be said in favor of the Mammoth Cave—"always cool, you know. Artificial lights, pulpit rock, stalactites—all that sort of thing!" Even this was felt to be within the bounds of possibility. The one thing that was not open to doubt was that the wedding would certainly be celebrated in an original way and a romantic place, at precisely the appointed hour. If anyone had foretold that it would be broken off, and that the reason given would be "another engagement" on the part of Mr. Bolton Chichester, we should have laughed in the face of such a ridiculous prophet and advised him to take something to cool his brain.

Yet this is exactly what happened; and the secret of that other engagement is the subject of this brief, simple, but I hope not unmoral narrative.

Chichester had been with the Ashams at the residential farm-house in West Smithfield during the first fortnight of April, and had devoted the remainder of that showery month to his affairs in the city, diversified with a few afternoons of trout-fishing on Long Island: for like all the members of the Petrine Club he was a sincere angler. It was during this period that Ethel took up, in her daily correspondence with him, the question of the cruelty of angling. She was not yet quite clear in her mind upon the subject, but she wanted him to consider it seriously; and she quoted Byron, Leigh Hunt, and Aurora W. Chime's book, "The Inwardness of the Outward." Chichester promised to consider it.

The second week in May they spent together at a house-party near Portland, Maine; and he tried the landlocked salmon in Sebago Lake twice. Ethel continued the subject of the cruelty of angling, in conversation, and illuminated her increasing conviction with references to the Reverend Wilbur Short's "Tales of Strange Things in Woods and Waters," and "Songs of the Scaly," by Alonzo Sweetbread.

"You would not allow any difference of thought or feeling to mar the perfect chord of our love, would you, dear Bolton?" she asked.

"Of course not," said Bolton.

"Then promise me faithfully that you will think about this pastime which gives so much anguish to the innocent fish—think about it very, very seriously."

"I do. I have to. It costs me five or six hundred a year."

"But you must think in a different way. Put yourself in the place of the fish."

"I did once. Fellow with a rod and line tried to land me in the tank at the gymnasium. Lots of fun. Never had a better fight."

"But suppose you had a hook in your mouth. How would you like that?"

"Better than the dentist's chair, I'm sure. I spent three afternoons there, last month."

"You're absurd," said Ethel, "you're perverse. Don't hold your chin up in that aggravating way. I don't believe—you—love——"

The rest of the conversation followed the usual course, which may be supplied from the pages of any of the fifteen-cent magazines, and ended with a promise on the part of Chichester that he would think again, and very, very seriously.

Meantime, you will understand, the preparations for the wedding had been going forward, in the regular way, modified, however, in one most important particular by Ethel Asham's passion for romantic originality. She insisted that the day and the place should be left entirely to her. She did not wish to have the ordinary, commonplace, fashionable wedding performance. She wanted something really and truly poetic and fitting, something to remember. She had a plan. The wedding should be in June? Yes. And she would be ready? Yes. And all the family, at least, should be there? Yes. But she asked that she might keep the secret of the precise time and the exact place as long as possible; it would make it all seem so much more spontaneous and natural.

The situation was a little peculiar, I grant you, and somewhat embarrassing to the rest of the family, including Chichester. But he took it like a man, and backed Ethel up with the utmost decision, just as if her idea was what he had always thought of and determined to do. What was his chin for, if

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he could not give her a firm support in a thing like this? As a matter of fact he did not care in the least where the wedding might be. A man never does. It does not seem to be his business. Ethel's paternal parent, however, had some misgivings which must be satisfied.

"Is it a church?" he growled; "none of your dusty, shabby little Higher Light shrines, eh?"

"Yes, it's a church," said Ethel solemnly, "and a very old and beautiful church."

"And a Christian ceremony," he insisted; "parson, robes, prayer-book—regular thing—no side-show performance, eh?"

"Of course," said she, "what do you think? Do you suppose that just because I see things in an original way, I don't know what's proper? I like to hear the Swami Abikadanda talk; and I don't want a regular cut-and-dried wedding; but I'm not going to take any risks about a thing like that. The clergyman will be there, and you will give me away, and Gladys and Victoria will be the bridesmaids, and Arthur will be the best man, and Howard and Willis——"

"Well, well," grunted her father, with his chuckling laugh, "it's all right, I suppose, seeing that it's your wedding. Have it your own way while you can." For the old man had formed his idea of the significance of Chichester's chin.

So it was settled that the affair should remain unsettled for every one except Ethel; and the whole family was plunged into a cheerful state of evasion, prevarication, and downright falsification; and Chichester grinned and smoothed the left side of his chin with his forefinger and said, "What do I care for that? It's all right, I know," and everybody predicted that Ethel Asham was about to do something very original.

In the middle of June she marshalled her party for a little Canadian *giro*: There were her father and mother; and the inseparable twins, Gladys and Victoria, one of whom always laughed when the other was amused; and the three preternaturally important brothers, representing the triple-x output of Harvard, Yale and Columbia; and Aunt Euphemia van Benschoten, who had inherited the van Benschoten nose, a block on Fifth Avenue, and a pew in St. Mark's church (two of which possessions she was entitled to devise by will); and Miss Nancy Bangs, Ethel's most intimate friend; and the Reverend Julian Cotton Jones, her favorite clergyman of the period; and—oh, yes! of course—there was Bolton Chichester.

It was quite a large party. They went first to Niagara, which Pop Wilson said was "premature, if not improper." Then they went down through the Thousand Islands, where Ethel pointed out the inhuman and cruel expression of the many fishermen, to which Chichester answered, "I don't know that it's cruel to catch pickerel, but it's certainly childish."

Then they descended the ridiculous rapids of Lachine, which splashed and murmured like a very mild surf at Shelter Island. They spent a couple of days in exploring the antiquities of Montreal, trying to find the romantic atmosphere of New France under the *ancien régime*. Then they went to Quebec, and found it.

Dear, delightful old Quebec, with her gray walls and shining tin roofs; her precipitous, headlong streets and sleepy squares and esplanades; her narrow alleys and peaceful convents; her harmless antique cannon on the parapets and her sweet-toned bells in the spires; her towering chateau on the heights and her long, low, queer-smelling warehouses in the lower town; her spick-and-span *calêches* and her dingy trolley-cars; her sprinkling of soldiers and sailors with Scotch accent and Irish brogue and Cockney twang on a background of *petite bourgeoisie* speaking the quaintest of French dialects; her memories of an adventurous, glittering past and her placid contentment with the tranquil grayness of the present; her glorious daylight outlook over the vale of the St. Charles, the level shore of Montmorenci, the green Isle d'Orleans dividing the shining reaches of the broad St. Lawrence, and the blue Laurentian Mountains rolling far to the eastward—and at night, the dark bulk of the Citadel outlined against the starry blue, the trampling of many feet up and down the wooden pavement of the terrace, the chattering and the laughter, the music of the military band, and far below, the huddled housetops, the silent wharves, the lights of the great warships swinging with the tide, the intermittent ferry-boats plying to and fro, the twinkling lamps of Levis rising along the dim southern shore and reflected in the lapsing, curling, seaward-sliding waves of the great river! What city of the New World keeps so much of the charm of the Old?

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The camp which Samuel de Champlain made in the wilderness three hundred years ago, has become one of the last refuges of the romantic dream and the courtly illusion, still haunted by the shades of impecunious young noblemen with velvet cloaks and feathered hats and rapiers at their hips; of delicate, high-spirited beauties braving the snowy wildwood in their silks and laces; of missionary monks, tonsured and rope-girdled, pressing with lean faces and eager eyes to plant the banner of the Church upon the shores of the West and win the fiery crown of martyrdom. Other figures follow them—gold-seekers, fur-traders, empire-builders, admirals and generals of France and England, strugglers for dominion, soldiers of fortune, makers of cunning plots, and dreamers of great enterprises—and round them all flows the confused tide of war and love, of intrigue and daring, of religious devotion and imperial plot. The massive walls of the old city have been broken, the rude palaces have vanished in fire or sunken in decay, but the past is still indomitable on Cape Diamond, and the lovers of romance can lose themselves in pleasant reveries among the winding streets and on the lofty, sun-bathed ramparts of Quebec.

It was there, in a shady corner of the Grand Battery, that Ethel disclosed to her mother and Chichester and the Reverend Father Cotton Jones her plan for the wedding; since, indeed, it was hardly possible to keep it a secret any longer.

"The day after to-morrow, you know," said she, "we are going to take the Saguenay boat for Tadousac. Do you know that village curving along the cliff at the base of the Mamelous; and the half-circle of the bay opening out into the big St. Lawrence, full of sunshine and blue water; and the steep, shaggy mountains of the Saguenay in the background; and the tiny old mission chapel of the Jesuit Fathers where the same bell has been ringing for nearly three hundred years? I was there the summer after I graduated; and I've never forgotten it. It's a picture and a dream. That is where I want to have my wedding. I don't believe that anybody else would have thought of it. Perhaps it's more than a hundred years since the last Indian wedding was held in that little deserted chapel; but it's all right, kept in good order, just as a relic beside the big new church. I think"—turning to the clergyman—"that it will be perfectly delightful and original to have you marry me there, at high noon, on the last day of June."

Well, of course, there was a good deal of astonishment and confusion and reluctance when this extraordinary plan came out. No one had imagined precisely this turn in Ethel's originality. Her mother was in a state of paralyzed dismay at an idea so wildly unconventional; the twins and her brothers and Miss Nancy Bangs bubbled over with practical difficulties and protests; Father Cotton Jones was doubtful and embarrassed. "Would it be possible—decorous—regular? The Roman Branch, you know, has not yet openly acknowledged the Anglican position in The Church. Might not objections arise—misunderstanding—refusal of permission to use the chapel? I should hesitate very much, you know!"

But Ethel carried things through with her usual sweet, sparkling high-handedness; and Chichester supported her with irresistible determination, as if he had decided on exactly this thing years ago.

"Certainly," he said, "Splendid idea—entirely novel—quite correct—nothing could be better. Telegraph for one wing of the Tadousac Hotel, with drawing-rooms and private dining-room. Send down plenty of flowers and cakes and wines and whatever we need from here by boat on the twenty-ninth. Get a letter of introduction from my friend Paradol, the Minister of Fisheries and Lighthouses, to the archbishop here—letter from him to the curé at Tadousac—keys of the chapel—permission to make drawings and photographs of the interior every morning of next week. I've been at Tadousac almost every summer for the last five or six years, on the way to my salmon-fishing at the Ste. Marjorie Club. It's all perfectly easy and it shall be done."

The difficulties seemed to vanish before his masterful air, and everybody fell into line with sudden enthusiasm. Ethel smiled discreetly and moved along her pathway of inflexible originality with gentle triumph. The voyage down the river was delightful. The arrangements at the big white wooden hotel on the curving bay were rather primitive but quite comfortable; and three of the five days which were to pass before the ringing of the antique wedding-bell slipped away as if by magic.

On the fourth day, June twenty-ninth,

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Chichester having been assured by telegraph that all the things from Quebec had been safely shipped on the *Ste. Irenée*, was spending a morning hour with Ethel in the pavilion of the Government Fish Station at Anse á l'Eau, watching the great herd of captive salmon, circling round and round in restless imprisonment in their warm shallow pool. The splendid fish were growing a little dull and languid in their confined quarters, freshened only by the inflowing of a small brook, and exposed to the full glare of the sun. Many of them bore the scars of the nets in which they had been captured. Others had red wounds on the ends of their noses where they had butted against the rocks or the timbers of the dam. There were some hundreds of the fish, and every now and then a huge thirty-pounder would wallow on top of the water, or a small, lively one would spring high into the air and fall back with a sounding splash on his side. Here they must wait through the summer, the pool becoming daily hotter, more crowded, more uncomfortable, until the time came when the hatchery men would strip them of their spawn. To an angler the sight was somewhat disquieting, though he might admit the strength of the arguments for the artificial propagation of fish. But to Ethel it seemed a pretty spectacle and a striking contrast to the cruelty of angling.

"Look at them," she said, "how happy they are, and how safe! No fly-fishermen to stick a hook in their mouths and make them suffer. How can you bear to do it?"

"Well," said Chichester, "if it comes to suffering, I doubt whether the fish are conscious of any such thing as we mean by it. But even if they are, they suffer twice as much and a thousand times as long, shut up in this hot, nasty pool, as they would in being caught in proper style."

"But think of the hook!"

"Hurts about as much as a pin-prick."

"But think of the fearful struggle, and the long, gasping agony on the shore!"

"There's no fear in the struggle; it's just a trial of strength and skill, like a game of football. A fish isn't afraid of death, he doesn't know anything about it. And there is no gasping on the shore; but a quick rap on the head with a stick and it's all over."

"But why should he be killed at all?"

"Well," said he, smiling, "there are reasons of taste. You eat salmon, don't you?"

"Ye-e-es," she answered a little doubtfully—then with more assurance, "but remember what Wilbur Short says in that lovely chapter on 'Communion with the Catfish': I want them brought to the table in the simplest and most painless way."

"And that is angling with the fly," said he, still more decidedly. "The fly is not swallowed like a bait. It sticks in the skin of the lip where there is least feeling. There is no torture in the play of a salmon. It's just a fair fight with an unknown opponent. Compare it with the other ways of bringing a fish to the table. If he's caught in a net he hangs there for hours, slowly strangled. If he's speared, half the time the spear slips and he struggles off badly wounded; and if the spear goes through him, he is flung out on the bank to bleed to death. Even if he escapes, he is sure to come to a pitiful end some day—perish by starvation when he gets too old to catch his food—or be torn to pieces by a seal, an otter, or a fish-hawk. Fly-fishing really offers him——"

"Never mind that," said Ethel, "what does it offer you?"

"A gentleman's sport, I suppose," he answered rather slowly. "That is, a fair and exciting effort to get something that is made for human use, in a way that involves some hardship, a little risk, a good deal of skill and patience and perseverance, and plenty of out-of-door life. I guess it must be an inheritance of the old days when people lived by the chase; but, whatever it is, almost every real man feels a certain kind of gratification in being able to get game or fish by the exertion of his own pluck or skill. Some day perhaps this will all be changed, and we shall be contented to take our exercise in the form of massage or croquet, and our food in compressed tablets. But not yet!"

Ethel shook her head and smiled rather sadly. "Bolton," she said, "you discourage me. You argue in this way because you like fishing."

"I do," he answered, promptly. "And so far as I can see, that is the principal reason why your friends, Aurora W. Chime and the Reverend Wilbur Short, and the rest of them, condemn it. They object to the evident pleasure of the fishermen more than to the imaginary suffering of the fish."

"Bolton!" she exclaimed earnestly, "that is not a fair thing to say. They are truly

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good and noble teachers. They live on a lofty plane and labor for the spreading of the Higher Light. You will know them when we are married. They will be far better company for you than the thoughtless fishermen in your clubs."

Bolton looked a little glum. But he behaved like a gentleman, and cheered up. "Well, well," he said, "of course—you know—your friends, my friends! I'll be glad to meet them, and hear what they have to say, and consider it all very, very seriously. I promised you that, dearest, you remember. But that reminds me—there are two of the men on the *Ste. Marjorie* now, at the clubhouse—Colonel Lang and the Doctor—old Harvey, you know—fine old chap. It's only twenty miles away. Couldn't we send word to them and ask them to come down for to-morrow? I'm so proud and happy about it all; I'd like to have them here, if you don't mind."

"Why, certainly," she answered, smiling with manifest pleasure, "that will be delightful. We'll send a messenger at once with a note to them. But stop a moment—I have a better plan than that! Why not drive over yourself, this afternoon, to invite them? You'll be glad to see them again; and if you stay here you'll only be in the way until to-morrow," laughed she. "Why not go over and spend the night at the clubhouse and come back early in the morning? That will be quite like the ancient days—the young adventurer hurrying out of the forest to meet his bride."

Bolton insisted that he couldn't think of it—didn't want to go—would much rather stay where he was. But Ethel was captivated with the novelty of the idea. She always liked her own plans. Besides, she really wished to have him out of the way for the rest of the day and the evening. There was a good deal to be done—letters to be written—a long, personal, uplifting talk with Nancy Bangs, and with Gladys, and with Victoria, and with each of her brothers separately—just half-an-hour of soul-counsel for each one: three hours altogether. She would see them in regular succession, beginning with the youngest brother, and winding up with Nancy. Then she was charmed with the picture of Bolton coming in, post haste, in the morning, as if he had just arrived from a journey across the great northern wilderness. So she carried her point, and when he had agreed to it, he found that he rather liked the plan too. It gave him something to do, a chance to practise his habit of putting things through with determination.

He sent a messenger over to Sacré Cœur at once, to say that he was coming and that a canoe should meet him at the landing-place on the North-East Branch. He finished up all the arrangements that remained to be made at Tadousac for the smooth running of to-morrow's affair. He ordered a good horse and a "*quatre roue*" to be ready for him at five o'clock; and having parted with Ethel in the manner appropriate even for so brief a separation, he was away for the river in due season.

The long road, with its heavy stretches of sand, its incredibly steep clay hills, its ruts and bumpers over which the buckboard rocked like a boat in a choppy sea, and its succession of shadeless *habitant* houses and discouraged farms, had never seemed to him so monotonous. At eight o'clock, when it was growing dusk, and the moon rising, he reached the landing-place on the Branch, and found his canoe, with his two old canoemen, P'tit Louis, and Vieux Louis, waiting for him. With their warm, homely greeting his spirits began to revive; and the swift run through foaming rapids and eddying pools, along the four miles of the Branch, brought him into a state of mind that was thoroughly cheerful, not to say exhilarated. There was Brackett's Camp on the point above the Forks Pool; and there was the veteran painter-angler himself, with his white beard and his knickerbockers, standing on the shore to wave a salutation as the canoe shot by the point. There was the main river, rushing down with full waters from the northwest, and roaring past the island. There was the clubhouse among the white birches and the balsams on the opposite bank, with the two flags fluttering in the moonlight, and the lights twinkling from the long, low veranda. And there were half a dozen canoe-men with a lantern at the landing-steps, and old John the steward in his white apron rubbing his hands, and the Colonel and the Doctor blowing the conch and the fish-horn in merry welcome. It was all very jolly, and Chichester knew at once that he was at home.

Dinner at nine o'clock, before the big open hearth, with a friendly fire. Much

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Chichester was spending a morning hour with Ethel.—Page 171.

chaffing and pleasant talk about the arrangements for to-morrow. A man to be sent off at daybreak to have two buckboards ready at the landing at seven for the drive to Tadousac. Then a reprehensible quantity of tobacco smoked in the book room, and the tale of the season's angling told from the beginning with many embellishments and divagations. There were stories of good luck and bad; vituperations of the lumbermen for leaving tree-tops and broken branches in the stream to get caught among the rocks and ruin the fishing; accounts of the immense number of salmon that had been seen leaping in the estuary, waiting to come up the river. The interest centred in the story of a huge fish that had taken up his transient abode in the pool called *La Fourche*. The Colonel had pricked and lost the monster two days

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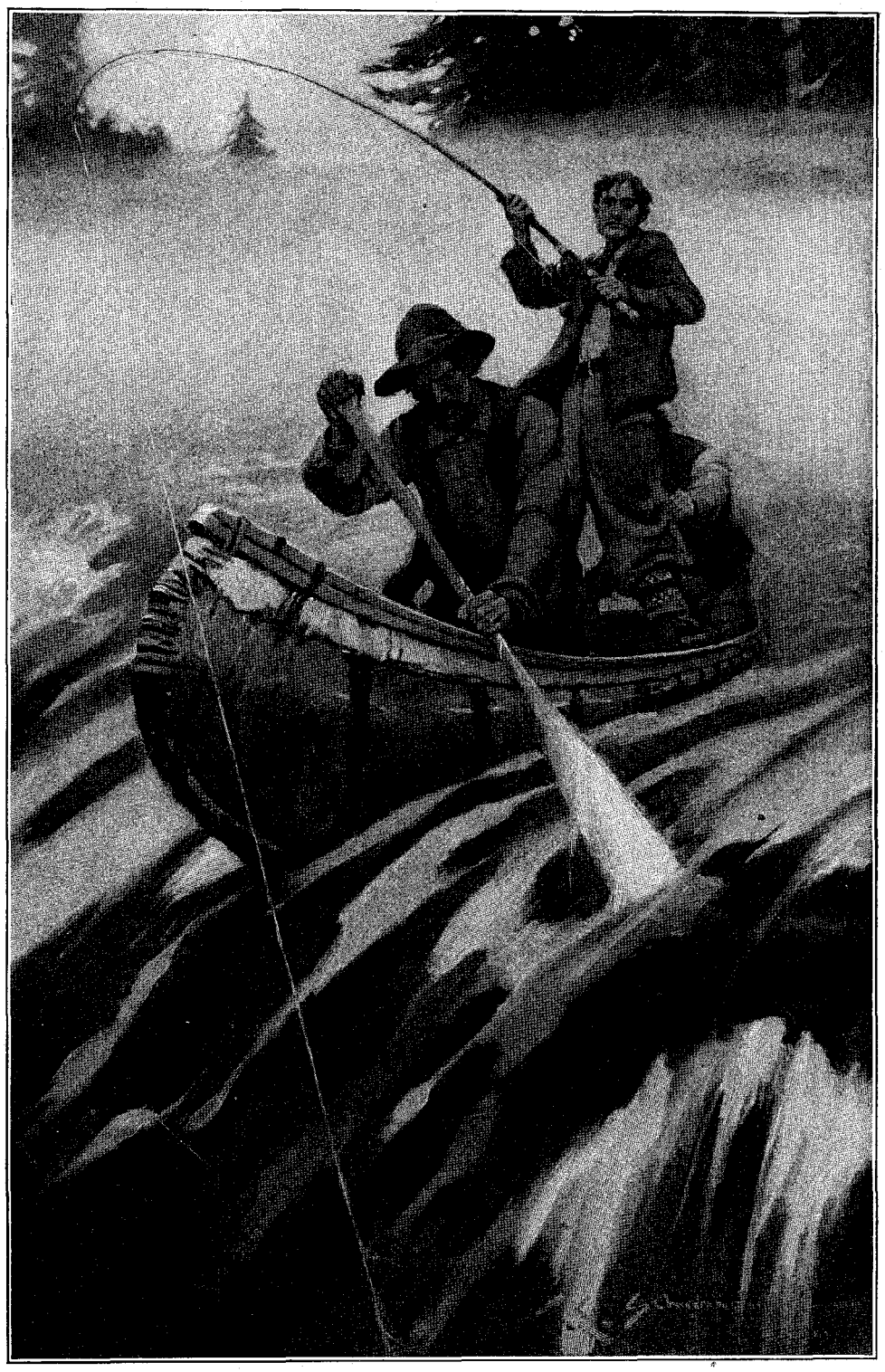

Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

A notion to go down stream struck the salmon.—Page 177.

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ago, and had seen him jump twice yesterday. The Colonel was greatly excited about it, and vowed it was the largest salmon seen in the river for ten years—"a whale, I tell you, a regular *marsouin*!" he cried, waving his hands in the air. The Doctor was provokingly sceptical about the size of the fish. But both agreed that there was one thing that must be done. Chichester must try a few casts in *La Fourche* early in the morning.

"Yes," said the Doctor, puffing slowly at his pipe, "plenty of time between daylight and breakfast—good hour for a shy, old fish—we give up our rights to you—the pool is yours—see what you can do with it—may be your last chance to try your luck—" for somehow a rumor in regard to Miss Asham's views on angling had leaked out, and Chichester's friends were inclined to make merry about it.

He rose to the fly decidedly. "I don't know about this being the last chance," said he, "but I'll take it, any way. John, give me a call at half-past three sharp, and tell the two Louis to be ready with the canoe and the rod and the big landing-net."

The little wreaths of gray mist were curling up from the river, and the fleecy western clouds were tinged with wild rose behind the wooded hills, as Chichester stepped out on the slippery rocks at the head of the pool, loosened his line, gave a couple of pulls to his reel to see that the click was all right, waved his slender rod in the air, and sent his fly out across the swift current. Once it swung around, dancing over the water, without result. The second cast carried it out a few feet further, and it curved through a wider arc, but still without result. The third cast sent it a little further still, past the edge of a big sunken rock in the current. There was a flash of silver in the amber water, a great splash on the surface, a broad tail waved in the air and vanished—an immense salmon had risen and missed the fly.

Chichester reeled in his line and sat down. His pulses were hammering, and his chin was set at the angle of solid determination. "The Colonel was right," he said, "that's an enormous fish, *and he's mine*!"

He waited the full five minutes, according to ancient rule, before making the next cast. There was a tiny wren singing among the Balm-o'-Gilead trees on the opposite shore, with a voice that rose silverly above the noise of the rapids. "Cheer up, cheer up," it seemed to say, "what's the matter with you? Don't hurry, don't worry, try it again—again—again!"

But the next cast was made in vain. There was no response. Chichester changed his fly. The result was the same. He tried three different flies in succession without effect. Then he gave the top of the pool a rest, and fished down through the smooth water at the lower end, hooking and losing a small fish. Then he came back to the big salmon again, and fished a small Durham Ranger over him without success. A number four Critchley's Fancy produced no better result. A tiny double Silver Grey brought no response. Then he looked through his fly-box in despair, and picked out an old three-nought Prince of Orange—a huge, gaudy affair with battered feathers, which he had used two years before in flood-water on the Ristigouche. At least it would astonish the salmon, for it looked like a last season's picture-hat, very much the worse for wear. It lit on the ripples with a splash, and floated down stream in a dishevelled state till it reached the edge of the sunken rock. Bang! The salmon rose to that incredible fly with a rush, and went tearing across the pool.

The reel shrieked wildly as the line ran out. The rod quivered and bent almost double. Chichester had the butt pressed against his belt, the tip well up in the air, the reel-handle free from any possible touch of coat-flap or sleeve. To check that fierce rush by a hundredth part of a second meant the snapping of the delicate casting-line, or the smashing of the pliant rod-tip. He knew, as the salmon leaped clear of the water, once, twice, three times, that he was in for the fight of his life; and he dropped the point of the rod quickly at each leap to yield to the sudden strain.

The play, at first, was fast and furious. The salmon started up the stream, breasting the rapids at a lively rate, and taking out line as rapidly as the reel could run. Chichester followed along the open shore, holding his rod high with both hands, stumbling over the big rocks, wading knee-deep across a side-channel of the river, but keeping his feet somehow, until the fish paused in the lower part of the pool called *La Batture*. Here there was a chance to reel in line, and the men poled the canoe up from below, to be ready for the next turn in the contest.

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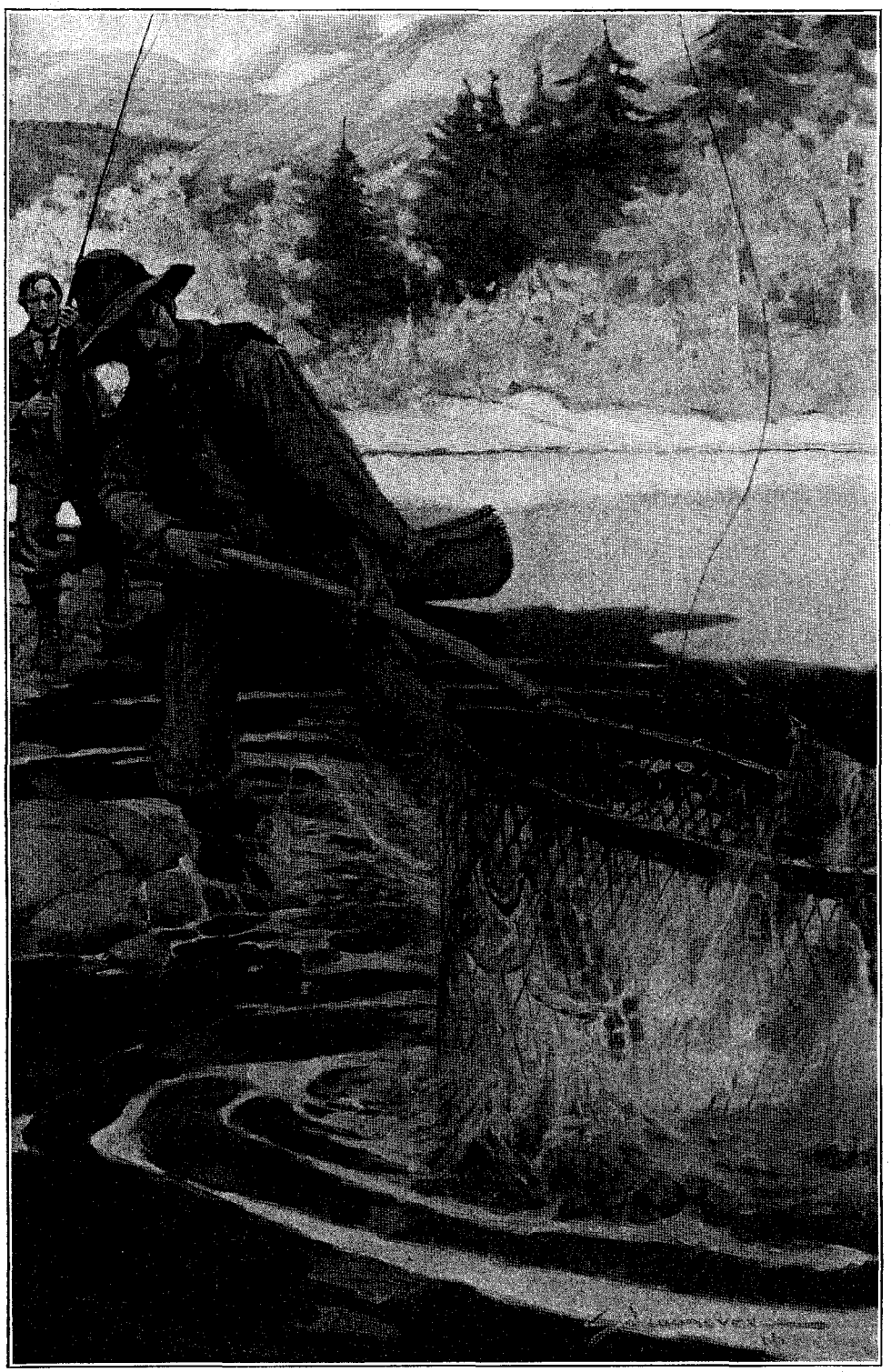

Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

There was the gleam of an immense mass of silver in its meshes.—Page 178.

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The salmon was now sulking at the bottom, with his head down, balanced against the current, and boring steadily. He kept this up for a quarter of an hour, then made a rush up the pool, and a sidelong skittering leap on the surface. Coming back with a sudden turn, he threw a somersault in the air, close to the opposite shore, sank to the bottom and began jigging. Jig, jig, jig, from side to side, with short, heavy jerks, he worked his way back and forth twice the length of the pool. Chichester knew it was dangerous. Any one of these sharp blows might snap the leader or the hook. But he couldn't stop it. There was nothing to do but wait, with tense nerves, until the salmon got through jigging.

The change came suddenly. A notion to go down stream struck the salmon like a flash of lightning; without a moment's warning he took the line over his shoulder and darted into the rapids. "*Il va descendre! Vite, vite! Le canot! Au large!*" shouted the two Louis; but Chichester had already stepped into his place in the middle of the canoe, and there were still forty yards of white line left on the reel, when the narrow boat dashed away in pursuit of the fish, impelled by flashing paddles and flinging the spray to right and left. There were many large rocks half hidden in the wild white water through which they were plunging, and with a long line there was danger that the fish would take a turn around one of them and break away. It was necessary to go faster than he went, in order to retrieve as much line as possible. But paddle as fast as they could the fish kept ahead. He was not towing the boat, of course; for only an ignoramus imagines that a salmon can "tow" a boat, when the casting-line that holds him is a single strand of gut that will break under a strain of ten pounds. He was running away, and the canoe was chasing him through the roaring torrent. But he held his lead, and there were still eighty or ninety yards of line out when he rushed down the last plunge into *La Fourche*.

The situation was this: The river here is shaped like a big Y. The salmon went down the inside edge of the left-hand fork. The canoe followed him down the outside edge of the same fork. When he came to the junction it was natural to suppose that he would follow the current down the main stem of the Y. But instead of that, when the canoe dropped into the comparative stillness of the pool, the line was stretched, taut and quivering, across the foot of the left-hand fork and straight up into the current of the right-hand fork. "He's gone up the other branch," shouted Chichester, above the roar of the stream, "we must follow him! Push across the rapids! Push lively!" So the men seized their setting-poles and shoved as fast as they could across the foot of the rapids, while the rushing torrent threatened at every moment to come in over the side and swamp the canoe. There was a tugging and a trembling on the line, and it led, apparently, up the North-East Branch, past Brackett's Camp. But when the canoe reached the middle of the rapids the bowman uttered an exclamation, leaned over the bow, and pulled up the end of a tree-top, the butt of which was firmly wedged among the rocks. Around the slender branches, waving and quivering in the current with life-like motion, the line was looped. The lower part of it trailed away loosely down the stream into the pool.

Chichester took in the situation in a flash of grieved insight. "Well," he said, "that is positively the worst! Good-by, Mr. Salmon. Louis, pull out that-er, er—that branch!" and he began slowly to reel in the line. But old Louis, in the stern of the canoe, had taken hold of the slack and was pulling it in hand over hand. In a second he shouted: "*Arrêtez! Arrêtez! M'sieu, il n'est pas parti, il est là!*"

It was a most extraordinary affair. The spring of the flexible branch had been enough to keep the line from breaking. The salmon, resting in the comparatively still water of the pool, had remained at the end of the slack, and the hook, by some fortunate chance, held firm. It took but a moment to get the line taut and the point of the rod up again. And then the battle began anew. The salmon was refreshed by his half-hour between the halves of the game. No centre in a rush-line ever played harder or faster.

He exhausted the possibilities of attack and defence in *La Fourche*, and then started down the rapids again. In the little pot-hole in mid-river, called *Pool à Michel*, he halted; but it was only for a minute. Soon he was flying down the swift water, the canoe after him, toward the fierce, foaming channel which runs between the island and

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the eastern bank opposite the club-house. Chichester could see the Colonel and the Doctor at the landing, waving and beckoning to him, as he darted along with the current. Intent upon carrying his fight through to a finish, he gave only a passing glance to what he thought was their friendly gesture of encouragement, took his right hand from the reel for a second to wave a greeting, and passed on, with determination written in every line of his chin, following the fish toward the sea.

Through the clear shallows of *La Pinette*, and the rapids below; through the curling depths of *Pool à Pierre*, and the rapids below; through the long, curving reach of *L'Hirondelle*, and the mad rapids below; so the battle went, and it was fight, fight, fight, and never the word "give up!" At last they came to the head of tide-water and the lake-like pool beside the old quay. Here the methods of the fish changed. There was no more leaping in the air; no more violent jigging; no more swift rushing up or down stream; but instead, there was just an obstinate adherence to the deepest water in the pool, a slow and steady circling round and round in some invisible eddy below the surface. From this he could only be moved by pressure. Now was the time to test the strength of the rod and line. The fish was lifted a few feet by main force, and the line reeled in while the rod was lowered again. Then there was another lift, and another reeling in; and so the process was repeated until he was brought close to the shore in comparatively shallow water. Even yet he did not turn over on his back, or show the white fin; but it was evident that he was through fighting.

Chichester and P'tit Louis stepped out on the shore, old Louis holding the canoe. P'tit Louis made his way carefully to a point of rock, with the wide-mouthed, long-handled net, and dipped it quietly down into the water, two or three feet deep. The fish was guided gently in toward the shore, and allowed to drop back with the smooth current until the net was around him. Then it was swiftly lifted; there was the gleam of an immense mass of silver in its meshes, an instant of furious struggle, the quick stroke of a short, heavy *baton;* and the great salmon was landed and despatched.

The hook was well set in the outside of his jaw, just underneath his chin; no wonder he played so long, with his mouth shut! Bring the spring-balance and test his weight. Forty-eight pounds, full measure, the record salmon of the river—a deep thickset fish, whose gleaming silver sides and sharp teeth proved him fresh-run from the sea! It was a signal victory for an angler to land such a fish under such conditions, and Chichester felt that fortune had been with him.

He enjoyed a quarter of an hour of great satisfaction as the men poled the canoe up-river to the club-house. But there was a shadow of anxiety, of vague misgiving, that troubled him; and he urged the men to make haste. At the landing the Colonel and the Doctor were waiting, with strange, long, inscrutable faces.

"Did you get him?" they said.

"I did," he answered; "forty-eight pounds. Hold up that fish, Louis!"

"Magnificent," they cried, "a great fish! You've done it! But, man, do you know what time it is? Five minutes to ten o'clock!"

Nearly ten, and twenty miles of rough river and road to cover before high noon. Was it possible? In a second it flashed upon Chichester what he had done, what a fearful situation he must face. "Come on, you fellows," he cried, stepping back into the canoe. "Now, Louis, shove her as you never shoved before! Ten dollars apiece if you make the upper landing in half an hour."

The other canoe followed immediately. They found the two buckboards waiting, and scrambled in, explaining to the drivers the necessity for the utmost haste. Chichester's horse was a scrawny, speedy little beast, called *Le Coq Noir*, the champion trotter of the region. "*Hé, Coq!*" shouted the driver, flourishing his whip, at the top of the first long hill; and they started off at a break-neck pace. They passed through the village of Sacré Cœur a mile and a half ahead of the other wagon. But on the first steep *côte* beyond the village, the inevitable happened. The buckboard went slithering down the slippery slope of clay, struck a log bridge at the bottom with a resounding thump, and broke an axle clean across. The wheel flew off, and the buckboard came to the ground, and Chichester and the driver tumbled out. The Black Cock gave a couple of leaps and then stood still, looking back with an expression of absolute dismay.

There was nothing to do but wait for the

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other buckboard, which arrived in ten or fifteen minutes. "Will you have the kindness to lend me your carriage?" said Chichester elaborately. "Oh, don't talk! Get out quick. You can walk!" They changed horses quickly, and Chichester took the reins and drove on. Quarter past eleven; half past; quarter to twelve—and three miles yet to go! It was barely possible to do it. And perhaps it would have been done, if at that moment the good little Black Cock had not stumbled on a loose stone, gone down almost to his knees, and recovered himself with a violent wrench—lame! Chichester was a fair runner and a good walker. But he knew that the steep sandy hills which lay between him and Tadousac could never be covered in fifteen minutes. He gave the reins to the driver, leaned back in the seat, and folded his arms.

At twenty-five minutes past twelve the buckboard passed slowly down the main street of Tadousac, bumped deliberately across the bridge, and drew up before the hotel. The little white chapel on the other side of the road was shut, deserted, sleeping in the sunlight. On the long hotel piazza were half a dozen groups of strangers, summer visitors, evidently in a state of suppressed curiosity and amusement. They fell silent as the disconsolate vehicle came to a halt, and Arthur Asham, the Harvard brother, in irreproachable morning costume and perfect form, moved forward to meet it.

"Well?" said Chichester, as he stepped out.

"Well!" answered the other; and they went a few paces together on the lawn, shaking hands politely and looking at each other with unspoken interrogations.

"I'm awfully sorry," Chichester said, "but it couldn't be helped. A chapter of accidents—I'll explain."

"My dear fellow," answered young Asham, "what good will that do? You needn't explain to me, and you can't explain to Ethel. She is in her most lofty and impossible mood. She'll never listen to you. I'm awfully sorry, too, but I fear it's all over. In fact, she has driven down to the wharf with the others to wait for the Quebec boat, which goes at one. I am staying to get the luggage together and bring it on to-morrow. She gave me this note for you. Will you read it?"

Asham politely turned away, and Chichester read:

MY DEAR MR. CHICHESTER:

Fortunate indeed is the disillusion which does not come too late. But the bridegroom who comes too late is known in time.

You may be sure that I have no resentment at what you have done; I have risen to those heights where anger is unknown. But I now see clearly what I have long felt dimly—that your soul does not keep time with the music to which my life is set. I do not know what *other engagement* kept you away. I do not ask to know. I know only that ours is at an end, and you are at liberty to return to your fishing. That you will succeed in it is the expectation of

Your well-wisher, E. ASHAM.

Chichester's chin dropped a little as he read. For the first time in his life he looked undecided. Then he folded the note carefully, put it in the breast pocket of his coat, and turned to his companion.

"You will be going up in to-morrow's boat, I suppose. Shall we go together?"

"My dear fellow," said Arthur Asham, "really, you know—I should be delighted. But do you think it would be quite the thing?"

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THE MOVEMENT AGAINST PETERSBURG

BY GENERAL E. P. ALEXANDER

Of the Confederate Army

GRANT'S movement against Petersburg, I think, more than any battle or other incident constituted what may be called the crisis of the war. Possibly the South never had any real chance of success from the first, and the actual crisis was passed when she fired the first gun. But, though the North was immensely her superior in all the resources of war, the South was able to win many hard-fought battles, and her armies to cherish the hope, as year after year elapsed, that the desperation of her resistance might exact such a price in blood and treasure as would exhaust the enthusiasm of her adversary. Certainly at no other period was there such depression among the people at home, in the army, in the field, or among the officials of the Government in Washington. The expenses of the war were nearly $4,000,000 a day. Gold was at a high premium and advancing rapidly. It went from 168 in May to 285 in July.*

Enlisting had almost ceased, although stimulated by enormous bounties. A thousand dollars per man was the ordinary price and single regiments would sometimes take from their counties one thousand men, and draw a million dollars in bounties the day of their muster. There was growing bitterness in political circles in view of the approaching presidential election. The terrible lists of casualties in battle were daily bringing mourning and distress to every hamlet in the country.

*The following table shows the fluctuations for each month of 1864:

Month	Day	Highest	Day	Lowest
Jan.	19	159⅜	6	151½
Feb.	16	161	27	157⅛
Mar.	26	169¾	1	159
April	26	186¼	4	166¼
May	27	190	10	168
June	30	250	8	193
July	11	285	1	222
Aug.	5	261¾	30	231½
Sept.	2	254½	30	191
Oct.	31	227¼	3	189
Nov.	8	260	18	210
Dec.	7	243	18	212¾

Swinton writes of this period as follows (p. 494):

"War is sustained quite as much by the moral energy of a people as by its material resources, and the former must be active to bring out and make available the latter. . . . For armies are things visible and formal, circumscribed by time and space, but the soul of war is a power unseen, bound up with the interests, convictions, passions of men. Now so gloomy was the outlook after the action on the Chickahominy, and to such a degree, by consequence, had the public mind become relaxed, that there was, at this time, great danger of a collapse of the war.*

"Had not success come elsewhere to brighten the horizon, it would have been difficult to have raised new forces to recruit the Army of the Potomac, which, shaken in its structure, its valor quenched in blood, and thousands of its ablest officers killed and wounded was the Army of the Potomac no more."

It was under these circumstances that Grant made his first move after the week of indecision which followed the battle of Cold Harbor. The most natural movement, and the one which Lee expected, was that he would merely cross the Chickahominy and take position on the north bank of the James at Malvern Hill, adjoining Butler on the south bank at Bermuda Hundreds. This would unite the two armies at the nearest point to Richmond, and they would have the aid of the monitors on the river in a direct advance. But Grant determined to cross the James at Wilcox's Landing, ten miles below City Point, and entirely out of Lee's observation, and to move thence directly upon Petersburg with his whole army. He would thus pass in rear of Butler and attack the extreme right flank of the Con-

*Swinton adds a foot-note: "The archives of the State Department, when one day made public, will show how deeply the Government was affected by the want of military success and to what resolutions the Executive had in consequence come."

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federate line, which, it was certain, would now be held by only a small force. It involved the performance of a feat in transportation which had never been equalled and might well be considered impossible without days of delay.

It was all accomplished, as will be seen, without mishap and in such an incredibly short time that Lee refused for three days to believe it. During these three days, June 15th, 16th and 17th, Grant's whole army was arriving at and attacking Petersburg, which was defended at first only by Beauregard with about 2,500 men. Lee, with Longstreet's and Hill's corps, for the same three days, lay idle in the woods on the north side, only replacing some of Beauregard's troops taken to Petersburg from in front of Butler.

But for this, Longstreet's corps might have manned the intrenchments of Petersburg when Grant's troops first appeared before them, and it is not too much to claim that his defeat would have been not less bloody and disastrous than was the one at Cold Harbor. For while the intrenchments at Cold Harbor were the poorest and slightest in which we ever fought, the Petersburg lines had been built a year before, and were of the best character, with some guns of position mounted and all the forest in front cleared away to give range to the artillery.

This, then, was really the nearest approach to "a crisis" which occurred during the war, as will more fully appear as we follow the details. Instead of "success elsewhere," Grant here escaped a second defeat more bloody and more overwhelming than any preceding. Thus the last, and perhaps the best chances of Confederate success were not lost in the repulse of Gettysburg, nor in any combat of arms. They were lost during three days of lying in camp, believing that Grant was hemmed in by the broad part of the James below City Point, and had nowhere to go but to come and attack us. The entire credit for the strategy belongs, I believe, to Grant, though possibly it may be shared by his chief of staff, Humphreys, whose modest narrative makes no reference to the subject.

On Saturday, June 11th, the Fifth Corps was moved down the Chickahominy, about ten miles, to the vicinity of Bottom's Bridge. The next night it crossed on two pontoon bridges and inclining to the right, it took position east of Riddle's shop, where it intrenched to cover the passage of the other corps. All of the other corps moved at the same time. The Second Corps crossed at the same bridge and marched to Wilcox's Landing on the James. The Sixth and Ninth Corps crossed the Chickahominy at Jones's Bridge and marched to the same place. The Eighteenth Corps, under Smith, was sent back to the White House, where it took transports for City Point, and was landed there the night of the 14th. Here it was joined by Kautz's cavalry, about 2,400 strong, and by Hink's colored division, 3,700, making in all about 16,000 men, who were ordered to march at dawn on the 15th for Petersburg, about eight miles, which they were to attack. Here we may leave them for a while.

Hancock's Second Corps reached Wilcox's Landing at 6 P. M. on Monday, the 13th, after an all-night march of about thirty miles. The Fifth Corps, under Warren, held its position, covering the passage of other corps until night of the 13th, when it followed Hancock and reached Wilcox's Landing the next noon. The cavalry and infantry had had some sharp skirmishing, and reported their casualties as three hundred killed and wounded. The Sixth and Ninth Corps, whose marches had been from five to ten miles longer than Hancock's, arrived in the afternoon of the 14th.

During the 14th the transports, which had brought the Eighteenth Corps around from the White House to City Point, were employed in ferrying Hancock across the James. By the morning of the 15th his whole corps was across, with most of its artillery, and at 10.30 A. M. it set out for Petersburg, following Smith, who had gone from City Point for the same destination about sunrise. Hancock had about twenty thousand men, and about sixteen miles to go. All the complicated movements involved in this manœuvre, and in the capture of Petersburg at which it was aimed, had been as usual well thought out, and covered in the orders and instructions to the different commanders, with a single exception.

This exception was very serious in its results, as it postponed the capture of Petersburg for over nine months. It had its rise in the division of command and responsibility between the co-operating armies. This, in its turn, had arisen from the political necessity of placing Butler in com-

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mand of the Army of the James. Smith's corps was a part of that army, and Grant, feeling that secrecy was essential to success, visited Butler on the 14th, and at his quarters prepared the orders for Smith's advance and attack on Petersburg the next day. When he returned to the Army of the Potomac he failed to notify Meade of the hour of Smith's march and other details, and Meade, of course, did not inform Hancock. It resulted that Hancock was not ordered to march until 10.30 A. M., when he might just as easily have marched at sunrise, and he was directed by a route an hour or two longer than he might have used. Finally he came upon the field at Petersburg after dark, when he might have arrived in time to unite in Smith's assault.

Meanwhile the Fifth, Sixth, and Ninth Corps, on the banks of the James, awaited the construction of the greatest bridge which the world has seen since the days of Xerxes. At the point selected the river was 2,100 feet wide, ninety feet deep, and had a rise and fall of tide of four feet, giving very strong currents. A draw was necessary for the passage of vessels. The approaches having been prepared on each side, construction was begun at 4 P. M. on the 14th by Major Duane, simultaneously at both ends. In eight hours the bridge was finished and the artillery and trains of the Ninth, Fifth, and Sixth Corps began to cross in the order named, that being the order in which the corps would follow. For forty-eight hours without cessation the column poured across, and at midnight on the 16th Grant's entire army was south of the James.

Let us now turn to Lee. On the morning of the 13th, finding the enemy gone, he at once put his army in motion, crossed the Chickahominy and that afternoon took position between White Oak Swamp and Malvern Hill. Hoke's Division went on to Drury's Bluff. His cavalry came in contact with Wilson's cavalry, and also with Warren's infantry, which had intrenched itself on the Long Bridge road not far in front of his position. Some sharp skirmishing took place, as shown by Warren's report of 300 casualties. The presence of Warren was taken as assurance that Grant's army was about to advance on the north side of the James, and Warren's withdrawal at dark, discovered the next day, was supposed to mean only a drawing nearer to Butler's position where the narrowness of the river would permit the easy establishment of pontoon bridges. On the 14th a staff officer of Beauregard's came over from Petersburg to lay before Lee the defenceless position of that city, and to beg for re-enforcements. Lee consented that Beauregard should take Hoke's division, which had already gone to Drury's Bluff, but would not consent to weaken Longstreet or Hill, who were near Riddle's Shop. Hoke was accordingly started for Petersburg early on the 15th with eighteen miles to go. His leading brigade, Hagood's, was picked up by railroad trains and reached Petersburg about sunset, the rest of the division arriving about 9 P. M. Until Hoke came the whole force at Petersburg consisted of Wise's brigade of infantry "not more than twelve hundred strong," two small regiments "of cavalry under Dearing." "Some light artillery with twenty-two pieces . . . besides a few men manning three or four heavy guns in position."*

Besides these there were some old men and boys, called local reserves, who on June 9th, under Col. F. H. Archer, a veteran of Mexico, and Gen. R. E. Colston, disabled at Chancellorsville, had acted with great gallantry in repelling a raid by Kautz's cavalry. The total gross of all arms is given as 2,738.

After Beauregard's staff officer had left him, Lee gave orders to our corps to march the next morning, the 15th, to Drury's Bluff. About sunrise we broke camp and took the road, but there was a demonstration of the enemy's cavalry about Malvern Hill and we were halted to learn what it meant. About midday the report came that the enemy had fallen back, but our march was not resumed, and we later returned to our bivouac.

On the 16th, the First Corps headquarters, with Pickett's and Field's divisions, were hurried across the pontoon bridge at Drury's Bluff and down to the Bermuda Hundreds lines, which had been held by Bushrod Johnson's division, but had been abandoned the night of the 15th, when Beauregard had withdrawn it for the defence of Petersburg. Kershaw's division followed us only as far as Drury's Bluff and was halted there. We reached the ground in time to drive off one of Butler's brigades which had come out to the railroad and begun to tear it up. We drove his brigade

* Roman's "Beauregard," ii, p. 229.

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back very nearly into their original lines, and on the next afternoon, the 17th, a charge of Pickett's division entirely regained our lines which had been abandoned by Bushrod Johnson.

During these three days, the 15th, 16th, and 17th, Beauregard, while defending Petersburg with great skill and tenacity, had repeatedly reported to Lee the arrival of Grant's army at Petersburg, and begged for re-enforcements. Lee's replies were as follows:

June 16th, 10.30 A. M. "I do not know the position of Grant's army and cannot strip the north bank of troops."

June 17th, 12 M. "Until I can get more definite information of Grant's movements I do not think it prudent to draw more troops to this side of the river."

On this day, Grant's entire force being now on the field, his attacks were urged with increasing vigor, and at 6.40 P. M. Beauregard telegraphed Lee as follows:

"The increasing number of the enemy in my front, and inadequacy of my force to defend the already too much extended lines, will compel me to fall back within a shorter one, which I will attempt to-night. This I shall hold as long as practicable, but, without re-enforcements, I may have to evacuate the city very shortly. In that event I shall retire in the direction of Drury's Bluff, defending the crossing of Appomattox River and Swift Creek."

After the receipt of this despatch, Kershaw's division was ordered to proceed during the night to Bermuda Hundreds, and a little later the order was extended to continue the march to Petersburg. The fighting on Beauregard's lines lasted until nearly midnight. But when it was over, and the transfer of his troops to their new line was fairly under way, he began to take more radical measures to convince Lee of the situation. He sent three of his staff, one after the other, within two hours, with details about the prisoners captured from different corps of the Federal army, with the stories told by each of their marches since leaving Cold Harbor on the 12th. The first messenger was Beauregard's aide, Col. Chisolm, who interviewed Lee, lying on the ground in his tent near Drury's Bluff, between 1 and 2 A. M. on the 18th. Lee seemed very placid and heard many messages, but still said he thought Beauregard mistaken in supposing that any large part of Grant's army had crossed the river. He said, also, that Kershaw's division was already under orders to Petersburg, and he promised to come over in the morning.

Chisolm was soon followed by Col. Alfred Roman, but he had to leave his messages, as Lee's staff would not disturb him again. About 3 A. M. Major Giles B. Cooke arrived and insisted upon an interview. He brought further statements by prisoners, which, laid before Lee, thoroughly satisfied him that Grant's army had now been across the James for over forty-eight hours. The following telegrams, which were immediately sent, will indicate his change of view.

June 18th, 3.30 A. M. "Superintendent R. & P. R. R. Can trains run to Petersburg? If so, send all cars available to Rice's Turnout. If they cannot run through, can any be sent from Petersburg to the point where the road is broken? It is important to get troops to Petersburg without delay."

"To General Early, Lynchburg.

"Grant is in front of Petersburg. Will be opposed there. Strike as quick as you can. If circumstances authorize, carry out the original plan or move upon Petersburg without delay."

At the same time orders were sent Anderson for Field's division and the corps headquarters and artillery to follow Kershaw's division into Petersburg. Kershaw arrived there about 7.30 A. M.; the rest of us about nine.

We must now return to Smith's column, which we saw start to Petersburg, about sixteen thousand strong, at daylight on the 15th, with about eight miles to go, 2,500 of the command being cavalry, 3,700 of them colored troops. Beauregard awaits them in the lines of Petersburg which encircle the city, about two miles out, from the river above to the river below, a development of about ten miles. The intrenchments had no abatis or obstructions in front and consisted only of a small outside ditch and a parapet, with platforms and embrasures for guns at suitable intervals. As Beauregard expected Hoke's division about dark, every moment of delay was valuable; to prolong it he used the old device of sending forward a regiment of cavalry and a battery. These delayed the approach for about three hours, at the expense of a gun captured. The march was then resumed, and about 9 A. M.

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the head of the column came to the zone of felled forest in front of the intrenchments. Beauregard, fortunately, had a good supply of guns and ammunition which he used freely in preventing the enemy from establishing his batteries or moving his troops within sight, and it was 1.30 P. M. when the column was deployed. Smith had still to make his reconnoissance, and this occupied him until 5 P. M. But it had been efficiently made, for he learned that our infantry was stretched out in a very thin line, and it led him to decide that his charge should be made not with a column, but with clouds of skirmishers. Another hour was taken to form the troops, and at 6 P. M. all would have been ready, but it was now found that the chief of artillery had sent all the horses to water, and it required an hour to get them back. Tall oaks from little acorns grow! By such small and accidental happenings does fate decide battles! Petersburg was lost and won by that hour.

At 7 P. M. the guns returned and opened a severe fire, to which the Confederate guns did not reply, reserving their fire for the columns which they expected to see. These never appeared, but instead the cloud of skirmishers overran the works and captured the guns still loaded with double canister and defended by only a skirmish line of infantry. Hink's colored division, which made the charge, lost 507 killed and wounded from the fire of the skirmishers. It captured four guns and 250 prisoners. Lines of battle followed, and by 9 P. M. occupied about one and a half miles of intrenchment, from redan No. 7 to No. 11, inclusive (counting from the river below), getting possession of sixteen guns. Hancock's corps had arrived on the ground during the action, and when it was over, at Smith's request, it relieved his troops. Smith had been informed of the approach of re-enforcements to both sides, and he thought it wiser to hold what he had than to venture more and risk disaster. Kautz's cavalry had been kept beyond the intrenchments all day by Dearing's cavalry and a few guns, which fired from the redans in the vicinity of No. 28. About 6 P. M., hearing no sounds of battle from Smith, Kautz withdrew, with a loss of forty-three men, and went into bivouac.

After the fighting began, Beauregard had recognized that he would need every available man to defend the city, and he ordered Johnson to leave only Gracie's brigade in his lines, and to come to Petersburg with the rest of his division. Johnson brought about 3,500 men, which with Hoke, gave Beauregard in the morning an effective force of about fourteen thousand infantry. During the night he built a temporary line, throwing out the captured portion, while his efficient chief engineer, Col. D. B. Harris, laid out and commenced a better located permanent line at an average distance of a half mile in the rear.

On the 16th Hancock was in command, and the Ninth Corps arrived on the field, giving him about 48,000 effectives. He devoted the day to attacks upon each flank of the broken line and succeeded in capturing one redan, No. 4, on Beauregard's left, and three, Nos. 12, 13, and 14, on his right.

On the 17th the fighting began at 3 A. M., and was continued until 11 P. M. The attack at 3 A. M. was conducted by Potter's division of the Ninth Corps, and was a complete surprise. Extraordinary precautions had been adopted to make it so. No shot was fired. Canteens had been packed in knapsacks, and all orders were transmitted in whispers. The Confederates were so exhausted by their incessant fighting by day and working by night that they were sound asleep, with arms in their hands, and double canister in their guns. Only a single gunner was waked in time to pull a single lanyard before the enemy swept over and got possession of redan No. 16, with four guns and six hundred prisoners. Nowhere else during the long day were they able to make any headway.

The Fifth Corps had now arrived, and one division of the Sixth. About dark in the afternoon, redan No. 3 on the left had been taken and held temporarily by Ledlie's division of the Ninth Corps. Gracie's brigade, which had just come in from Bermuda Hundreds, was put to charge them, and drove them out, capturing over one thousand prisoners. After the fighting ceased, Colonel Harris superintended the withdrawal of the troops from the temporary line to the new location which had been prepared in the last forty-eight hours.

At 4 A. M. on the 18th a general advance was made by the Second, Fifth, and Ninth Corps, the Sixth and Eighteenth supporting in reserve. The ground in front of the points which had been assaulted was thick-

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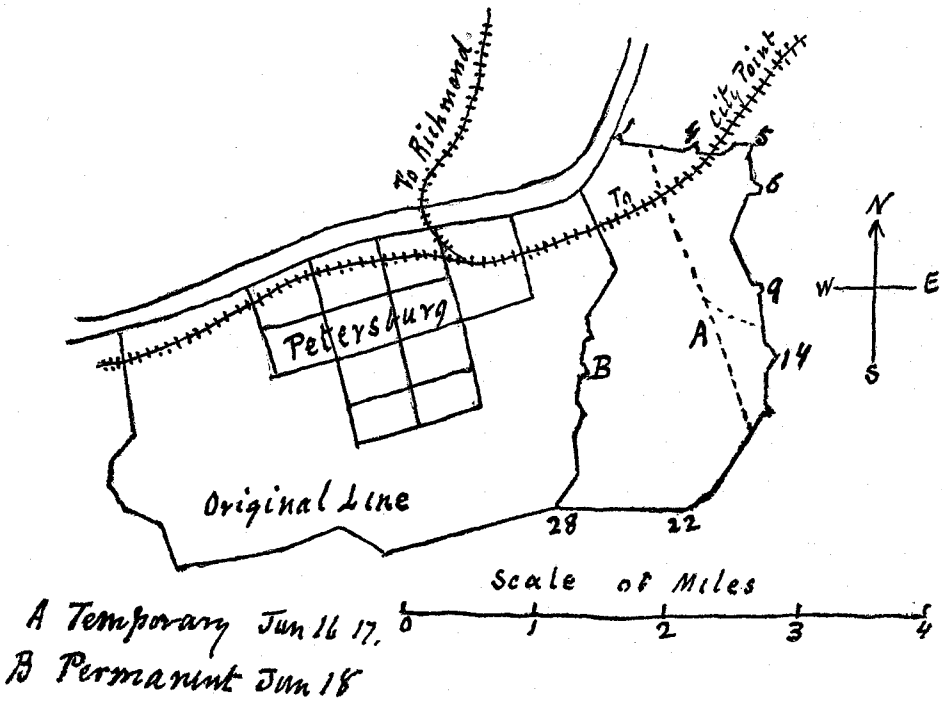
ly strewn with the Federal dead, and the slight trenches, from which they had fought so long and desperately, were filled with the slain there had been no opportunity to bury or remove. A few deserters or prisoners were picked up, and from them Meade learned that Beauregard's whole force had been but two divisions and Wise's brigade, now reduced by heavy losses, but trying to occupy a hastily constructed line a half mile, more or less, in the rear. This information was conveyed to all the corps commanders, who were ordered to press forward vigorously and overwhelm our lines in their unfinished condition.

No army could ask a more favorable chance to destroy its antagonist than was here presented. Their whole army was at hand and the re-enforcement of Longstreet's corps even now coming to Beauregard was not over twelve thousand men and was still about three to five hours away. The little which was accomplished during the whole day is striking evidence of the condition to which the Federal army had now been reduced.

At first much time was lost in driving in our pickets and in efforts to arrange for simultaneous assaults by the different corps. Meade himself at last fixed upon twelve o'clock, and ordered each corps at that hour to assault with a strong column. By that time Kershaw's division had relieved Johnson's, taking its place in the trenches. Hoke, Wise, and none of the artillery could be relieved until after dark without unwise exposure of the troops. Field's division took



From a sketch by the author.

position in the trenches on Kershaw's left, but it did not become engaged.

Humphreys states that about midday the Second Corps made two assaults, "both repulsed with severe loss." Later Meade again ordered "assaults by all the corps with their whole force, and at all hazards, and as soon as possible. All the corps assaulted late in the afternoon, and at hours not widely apart. Birney with all his disposable force. Mott from the Hare house . . . supported by one of Gibbon's brigades, Barlow on Mott's left—but were repulsed with considerable loss. Burnside found the task of driving the enemy [it was but a picket force] out of the railroad cut a formidable one, and assaulting established

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his corps within a hundred yards of the enemy's main line. . . . Warren's assault was well made, some of Griffin's men being killed within twenty feet of the enemy's works, but it was no more successful than the others. His losses were very severe. . . . On the right Martindale advanced and gained some rifle pits, but did not assault the main line."

On the Confederate side the day was not considered a day of battle, but only of demonstrations and reconnoissance. None of our re-enforcements were engaged, the only fighting done having been by Hoke's division and Wise's brigade, who, under Beauregard, had already borne the whole brunt of the four days and three nights. The official diary of Longstreet's corps says of the day:

"We arrive in Petersburg and Kershaw relieves Bushrod Johnson's division, Field taking position on Kershaw's right. A feeble attack is made in the afternoon on Elliott's brigade."

No official report is given of any brigade except Hagood's, which describes only skirmishing and one attempted charge on our extreme left, "which never got closer than 250 yards."

It was necessary to wait until night before Beauregard's artillery could receive its plaudit of "Well done! good and faithful servants," and be relieved by the fresh battalions of Longstreet's corps. Of all the moonlight nights I can remember, I recall that Saturday night as perhaps the most brilliant and beautiful. The weather was exceedingly dry, the air perfectly calm, with an exhilarating electrical quality in it. The dust rose with every movement and hung in the air. The whole landscape was bathed and saturated in silver, and sounds were unusually distinct and seemed to be alive and to travel everywhere. It was not a night for sleep in the trenches. There was a great deal to be done at all points to strengthen and improve them, and every man was personally interested in working at his immediate location.

In spite of all pains, the drawing out of old guns and approach of new was attended with sounds which wandered far and with luminous clouds of dust gradually rising in the air. Then the enemy would know we were moving and there would come crashes of musketry at random and volleys of artillery from their lines. Then our infantry would imagine themselves attacked and would respond in like fashion, and the fire would run along the parapet to right and left, and gradually subside for a while, to break out presently somewhere else. I was accompanied by Lieut.-Col. Branch, chief of artillery of Beauregard's army, a very competent and gallant officer, unfortunately killed in 1869 by the falling of a bridge near Richmond.

Grant did not renew his assaults on the 19th, but expressed himself satisfied that all had been done which was possible, and he now directed that the troops should be put under cover and have some rest.

Humphreys writes: "The positions gained by the several corps close against the enemy were intrenched, and the two opposing lines in this part of the ground remained substantially the same in position to the close of the war."

In brief review, it must be said that Grant successfully deceived Lee as to his whereabouts for at least three days, and thus, at the most critical period of the war, saved himself from a second defeat, more bloody, more signal, and more undeniable than Cold Harbor. For, if Beauregard alone, with only fourteen thousand men, was able to stop Grant's whole army, even after being driven by surprise into temporary works, what would Lee and Beauregard together have done from the strong original lines of Petersburg? Grant personally was at that period not abstemious, and that his troops knew of it (perhaps sometimes exaggerating facts in speaking of it) was known even to the Confederates from the stories of prisoners captured at Cold Harbor. Such a defeat, in case of any disaster, with such rumors afloat, would have cast a baleful back-light over the campaign even to Spottsylvania and the Wilderness. He was now able to base a *quasi* claim to victory in establishing himself within the lines of Petersburg. But all the odium of repeated defeats would have been heaped upon his campaign had it terminated with a final and bloody repulse.

All this had been changed by his well-planned and successfully conducted strategy. The position which he had secured was full of great possibilities, as yet not fully comprehended. But already the character of the operations contemplated removed all risk of serious future catastrophe. However bold we might be, however desperately

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we might fight, we were sure in the end to be worn out. It was only a question of a few months more or less. We were unable to see it at once. But there soon began to spring up a chain of permanent works, the first of which were built upon our original lines captured by the skirmishers the first afternoon, and these works, impregnable to assault, finally decided our fate, when on the next March 25th, we put them to the test.

Of this period following the battles of Cold Harbor and Petersburg, the future historian may find something to say. By all the rules of statecraft the time had now arrived to open negotiations for peace. There would no longer be any hope of final success, but there would still be much of blood, of treasure, and of political rights which might be saved or lost. The time never came again when as favorable terms could have been made as now. For it was the hour of the lowest tide in Federal hopes. It remains a fact, however, that for many months, even until the very capture of Richmond, both the Confederate army and the people would have been very loath to recognize that our cause was hopeless. Lee's influence, had he advised it, could have secured acquiescence in surrender, but nothing else would. His confidence in his army, doubtless, for some months delayed his realization of the approaching end. Even when he foresaw it, his duty to his Government as a soldier was paramount, and controlled his course to the very last.

And there is this to be said. In every war there are two issues contended for. First, is the political principle involved, which with us was the right of secession. The second is prestige or character as a people. Conceding our cause, did we defend it worthily, history and posterity being the judges?

We lost the first issue; and the more utterly it was lost the better it has proved to be—for ourselves even more than for our adversaries. Without detracting from their merit, but displaying and even enhancing it, we have gained the second by a courage and constancy which could only be fully developed and exhibited under the extreme tests endured, and by the high types of men who became our leaders. Is not that end worthy of the extreme price paid for it, even to the last drop of blood shed at Appomattox? I am sure that to the army, any end but the last ditch would have seemed a breach of faith with the dead we had left upon every battle-field.

The Federal casualties for Petersburg and for the campaign are given as follows:

June 13th to 18th: Killed 1,298, wounded 7,474, missing 1,814; total, 10,586.

May 5th to June 18th: Killed 8,412, wounded 44,629, missing 9,609; total, 62,750.

No returns exist for Beauregard's losses, but they have been estimated at: killed 500, wounded 2,200, missing 2,000; total, 4,700. The losses among the general officers were severe on both sides, being of Confederates: killed 8, wounded 15, captured 2, total 25; and of Federals: killed 6, wounded 8, captured 2, total 16.

THE MINE

Our first days in the Petersburg trenches were exceedingly busy ones. From June 19th to 24th a daily entry in my note-book was "severe sharpshooting and artillery practice without intermission day or night." Our whole time was spent in improving our lines and getting our batteries protected and with good communications. Never until in this campaign had the enemy used mortar fire in the field, but now Abbott's Reserve Artillery regiment of seventeen hundred men brought into use sixty mortars ranging from twenty-four-pounder Coehorns to ten-inch Seacoast, which caused us great annoyance, as we had to keep our trenches fully manned and had no protection against the dropping shells. Fortunately I had ordered some mortars constructed in Richmond about two weeks before, and they began to arrive on June 24th, and were at once brought into use. They were only twelve-pounders, but were light and convenient and at close ranges enabled us to hold our own with less loss than might have been expected. The cannoneers in the batteries and the infantry in the lines who were exposed to this mortar fire managed to build little bomb-proofs and a labyrinth of deep and narrow trenches in rear of the lines. Abbott's siege train also included six 100-pounder and forty 30-pounder rifles besides their regular field artillery. Many of the heavy calibres were mounted on the permanent forts erected in the outer line already referred to.

These constituted a sort of intrenched citadel, consisting of isolated forts connected

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by infantry parapets with ditches and abatis and impregnable to any assault. Here a small fraction of the army could securely hold its line for days and continue to threaten Petersburg, leaving the rest free to extend lines on the south or to threaten Richmond on the north. Meanwhile, in front their offensive system of trenches and redans was pushed as close as possible to ours and we were constantly menaced with assault should we weaken our garrison.

One point in our front, called Elliott's Salient, was recognized as particularly weak. The edge of the deep valley of Poor Creek, approximately parallel to our general line of works, here approached within 133 yards of the salient, which was held by Pegram's battery, Elliott's brigade occupying the adjacent lines. Along the near edge of the valley the enemy built strong rifle pits, with elaborate head-logs and loopholes, from which a constant fire was kept up upon our works. In the valley behind was ample room for an unlimited force, which could be collected and massed without our knowledge and would have but 133 yards to advance under fire to reach our works. We soon managed to place obstructions in front of the parapet at this point and watched closely, confidently expecting that the enemy would here begin soon to make zigzag approaches as in a siege.

On June 22d Grant despatched Wilson's and Kautz's divisions of cavalry upon a raid against the Lynchburg and Danville railroads. On the same day the Second and Sixth Corps were stretched out to the left with the intent of reaching the Weldon Railroad, and perhaps even to the road to Lynchburg.

Lee, advised of this movement, sent A. P. Hill with Wilcox's and Mahone's divisions, supported by Johnson's, to meet it. With Wilcox's division he obstructed the advance of the Sixth Corps so effectively that it failed to reach even the Weldon road by at least a mile. With Mahone's and Johnson's divisions he passed through a gap carelessly left between the Second Corps, which was swinging around to its right, and the Sixth, which was advancing, and struck Barlow's division of the Second in the rear. Barlow's and Gibbon's divisions were both badly defeated, losing four guns (which were turned upon the fugitives), several colors, and about seventeen hundred prisoners. Mott's division was also routed, but retreated so precipitately as to lose few prisoners. Hill returned at night to his intrenchments, and the next morning the Second Corps reoccupied the lines from which it had been driven and the Sixth Corps formed on its left obliquely toward the Weldon road.

Wilson and Kautz were followed in their raid by W. H. F. Lee's division of cavalry which, however, was unable to prevent the tearing up of the Lynchburg Railroad from near Petersburg to Burkeville, and of the Danville road from Burkeville south to the Staunton River. Here the bridge was defended by local militia who were intrenched with artillery. The river was unfordable, and Lee, attacking in the rear, the Federals decided to rejoin Grant at Petersburg by a circuit to the east.

Unfortunately for them, Hampton's and Fitz Lee's divisions had just returned from the pursuit of Sheridan's cavalry to Trevillian's Station, where they had had a drawn battle on June 11th and 12th. These divisions, aided by W. H. F. Lee's, which had continued in the pursuit, and by two brigades of infantry under Mahone, fell upon Wilson and Kautz on the 29th at Ream's Station and routed them with the loss of fifteen hundred killed, wounded, and captured, and all of their artillery (twelve guns) and their wagon train. They finally made their escape across the Blackwater, burning the bridge behind them and thus cutting off pursuit by Hampton and Lee. They reached the James at Light House Point on July 2d.

They had been absent ten days, had marched over three hundred miles, and torn up sixty miles of railroad. The tracks, however, were soon repaired and traffic restored by all the lines. By the Weldon road, however, it soon became necessary to halt the trains short of Petersburg, and to wagon by a roundabout road into the town.

Between July 6th and 9th Grant had found it necessary to send the three divisions of the Sixth Corps to Washington to oppose Early and Breckenridge. These, whom we saw sent by Lee from Cold Harbor to check Hunter's advance upon Lynchburg, had reached Lynchburg before him. Hunter feared either to attack or to retreat by the way he had come. After a pause of two days he started on June 19th through West Viriginia, via the Great Kanawha, the Ohio River, and the Baltimore and Ohio

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Railroad, to Harper's Ferry. This left the valley open. Early at once moved down it to demonstrate against Washington. The only force available to oppose him was Wallace's command from Baltimore, with Rickett's division of the Sixth Corps, which was the first to arrive. Early had crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown and moved through the passes of South Mountain. On July 9th he attacked and defeated Wallace on the Monocacy, Ricketts being killed. The next day he moved upon Washington, Wallace being driven toward Baltimore.

Never before probably had Washington been as bare of troops as when Early arrived before it on the afternoon of July 11th. But there were regular garrisons of infantry and artillery at many of the permanent forts, District of Columbia Volunteers, regiments of Veteran Reserves, many miscellaneous detachments at the camp of instruction, and about two thousand organized employees of the quartermaster's department—in all, over twenty thousand men. These troops alone, without aid, could have defended the city indefinitely and forced Early to undertake a siege. That night there arrived the two remaining divisions of the Sixth Corps, and six thousand men of the Nineteenth Corps, under Emory, from New Orleans.

In the afternoon Early had reconnoitred, and, in consultation with his officers, had ordered an assault in the morning. It is scarcely credible that he would have made more than a demonstration, for any real attack would have been but a bloody farce. In the night he heard of the arrival of the troops and in the morning could see them. He did not attack, and that night he withdrew, marching to Leesburg, where he recrossed the Potomac. Grant had intended, on Early's repulse, not only to bring back the Sixth Corps to Petersburg, but also to bring down the Nineteenth. Had he now carried out those intentions it is likely that Lee would have brought down Early. It was Lee's policy, however, to fight for time and delay matters by division rather than to hasten them by concentration. So he left Early in the valley, where his presence would be a constant menace and would neutralize more troops than his equivalent elsewhere.

On June 30th I became convinced that the enemy were preparing to mine our position at the Elliott Salient. At that point incessant fire was kept up by their sharpshooters, while a few hundred yards to the right and left the fire had been gradually allowed to diminish and men might show themselves without being fired at. That indicated that some operation was going on, and for several days I had expected to see zigzag approaches started on the surface of the ground. When several days had passed and nothing appeared, I became satisfied that their activity was underground. On my way home I was that day wounded by a sharpshooter and received a furlough of six weeks to visit my home in Georgia. On my way to the cars next day I was driven by Lee's headquarters, where I reported my belief about the mine. There happened to be present Mr. Lawley, the English correspondent of the London *Times*, who was much interested and asked how far it would be necessary to tunnel to get under our works. I answered about five hundred feet. He stated that the longest military tunnel or gallery which had ever been run was at the siege of Delhi, and that did not exceed four hundred feet. That it was found impossible to ventilate for any greater distance. I replied that in the Federal army were many Pennsylvania coal-miners, who could be relied on to ventilate mines any distance that might be necessary, and it would not do to rely upon military precedents. It proved that my suspicion was correct.

It was June 30th when I guessed it. The gallery had been commenced on June 27th. It was undertaken in opposition to the advice of all the military engineers at Federal headquarters by Lieutenant-Colonel Pleasants of the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Regiment, a coal-miner, who saw the opportunity which the situation offered. A gallery was successfully extended 511 feet, with two branch galleries at the end, to the right and left, each thirty-seven feet long. These branch galleries were charged with gunpowder in eight parcels of one thousand pounds each, connected by open troughs of powder to be fired by safety fuses coming through the tamping and along the gallery.

His method of ventilation was very simple. When the tunnel had penetrated the hill far enough to need it, a close partition was built across it near the entrance with a close-fitting door. Through the partition on the side of this door was passed the open end of a long square box, or closed

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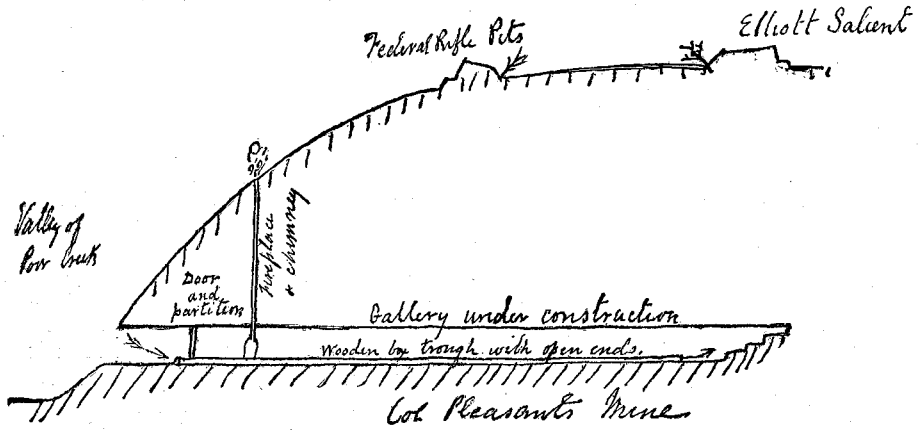
trough, which was built along on the floor of the tunnel, conveying the fresh outside air to the far end of the tunnel, where the men extending it were at work.

To create a draught through this air-box a fireplace was excavated in the side of the tunnel, within the partition, and a chimney was pierced through the hill above it. A small fire in this chimney-place, and the outside air would pass through the air-box to the far end of the tunnel, whence it would return and escape up the chimney, taking with it the foul air of the tunnel. This tunnel was finished July 17th, the galleries on the 23d, and the mine was charged and tamped on the 28th.

Lee, on receipt of my message on July 1st, ordered our engineers to start countermines at the Elliott Salient. Two shafts were sunk about ten feet and listening galleries were run out from each. Unfortunately the shafts were located on the right and left flanks of the battery, and the enemy's gallery passed at a depth of twenty feet under the apex, and was so silently built that our miners never knew of their proximity. Had they detected it they would have hastened to explode what is called a *camonflet*, an undercharged or "smothered mine," which does not disturb the surface, but caves in adjacent galleries.

By July 10th our miners had done enough work, had it been done at the apex of the salient, to have heard the enemy, who would have been directly beneath them. Work was not only kept up, however, on the flanks, but at two other positions farther to the left, known as Colquitt's and Gracie's Salients. Countermines were also begun; at Colquitt's on the 10th and at Gracie's on the 19th. All four of our mines were constantly pushed until the 30th, when the explosion occurred, the total length of our galleries being then about 375 feet. Of the two galleries on each side of the mine, one, which was unoccupied, was destroyed by the explosion. In the other the miners were at work, but, though much shaken up, the galleries were not crushed and the miners climbed out and escaped.

Meanwhile, in spite of predictions of failure, the mine had been constructed, and though we were known to suspect it, and our countermining operations could be heard, it was now determined to delay the explosion until preparations could be made to have it followed by a grand charge, supported by the concentration of a great force, both of infantry and artillery. That it might be the more effective Grant determined to combine strategy with main force, and first endeavor to draw a large part of our infantry to the north side of the James. At suitable points he had already built signal towers overlooking our lines and some of our most important roads, and now the artillery officers were directed to prepare specially to concentrate fire upon every gun in our lines which could be used for the defence of Elliott's Salient. In obedience to these instructions, Humphreys reports, "heavy guns and mortars, eighty-one in all, and about the same number of field guns," were prepared with abundant ammunition.



From a sketch by the author.

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At Deep Bottom, Butler maintained two pontoon bridges across the James, with part of the Tenth Corps on the north side, under cover of his gunboats and ironclads. Of course we had to maintain a moderate force in observation, which, under Gen. Conner, was located near Bailey's Creek. Grant could cross both the Appomattox and the James and go from his lines around Petersburg to Deep Bottom by a march of twelve miles, all of it entirely concealed from our view. Lee could only send troops to meet him by a march of twenty miles.

On the afternoon of July 26th Hancock with about twenty thousand infantry and Sheridan with two divisions, about six thousand cavalry, were started to Deep Bottom. It was expected that this force, aided by the Tenth Corps, would surprise the Confederate brigade (Conner's) and would then make a dash toward Richmond. Sheridan was directed also to endeavor to cut the railroads north of Richmond. During the night this force crossed the river, and at dawn on the 27th moved upon our lines and captured four 20-pounder Parrotts in an advanced position.

It happened that Lee had noted the activity of the enemy in that quarter. Wilcox's division was already at Drury's Bluff, and on the 24th it and Kershaw's division were sent to re-enforce Conner. This force made such a show that Hancock, finding it there before him, did not deem it wise to assault their line. On their left Kershaw even advanced against Sheridan's cavalry and forced it to retreat. It took a position behind a ridge, where it dismounted a considerable force armed with the Spencer magazine carbines. Kershaw unwisely attempted a charge and was quickly repulsed, losing 250 prisoners and two colors.

On hearing of Hancock's crossing on the morning of the 27th, and that prisoners had been captured from the Second, Tenth, and Eighteenth Corps, Lee immediately sent over W. H. F. Lee's division of cavalry and Heth's infantry of Hill's corps. Later in the day he arranged to have Field's division of infantry withdrawn from his trenches at dark, to follow during the night, and Fitz Lee's cavalry the next morning. President Davis was also advised, and on the 29th the Local Defence troops in Richmond were called out to the defence of the Richmond lines. These troops were never called out except in the gravest emergencies, which indicates the importance Lee attached to the demonstration.

But it was only a demonstration designed to be abandoned if it failed to make a surprise of our lines at Deep Bottom on the 27th. As this became apparent on the 28th, orders were issued from Deep Bottom to prepare the mine for explosion on the morning of the 30th. Orders were also given for the Second Corps, with a division of the Eighteenth Corps and one of the Tenth, to return and take part in the assault. Sheridan's cavalry was also to return, and passing in rear of the army to take position on its left to threaten our extreme right and prevent our re-enforcing the vicinity of the mine. The explosion might have been arranged for the afternoon of the 29th, but the morning of the 30th was chosen as it permitted the placing of more heavy guns and mortars for the bombardment, which would follow the explosion, as well as preliminary arrangements, such as massing the troops, removing parapets and abatis to make passages for the assaulting columns, and the posting of pioneers to remove our abatis and open passages for artillery through our lines. Depots of intrenching tools, with sandbags, gabions, fascines, etc., were established, that lodgments might be more quickly made, though the pioneers of all regiments were already well supplied with tools. Engineer officers were designated to accompany all columns, and even pontoon trains were at hand to bridge the Appomattox in pursuit of fugitives. Finally, Meade personally impressed on every corps commander the importance of celerity of movement. Briefly, no possible precaution was omitted to be carefully ordered, and the success of the Deep Bottom expedition, in drawing Lee's forces to that locality, had exceeded all expectations.

On the morning of the 30th Lee had left to hold the ten miles of lines about Petersburg but three divisions, Hoke's, Johnson's, and Mahone's, about eighteen thousand men, most of the rest of his army being twenty miles away. Hoke and Johnson held from the Appomattox on the left to a little beyond the mine. Mahone held all beyond, one brigade being four miles to the right. The Second, Fifth, Ninth Corps, and parts of the Tenth and Eighteenth, with two divisions of Sheridan's cavalry, sixteen di-

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visions in all, nearly sixty thousand men, were concentrated to follow up the surprise to be given by the explosion under Johnson's division. That it should be the more complete, for two days no heavy guns or mortars had been fired, that the Confederates might believe that the Federals were preparing to retreat.

Everything now seemed to be working exactly as Grant would have it, and it is difficult to entirely explain how the attack came to fail so utterly. Doubtless several causes co-operated, which will be presently referred to, but among them was doubtless the same cause which, on May 12th, nullified the Federal surprise at the Bloody Angle at Spottsylvania. Too many troops had been brought together and they were in each other's way. On a smaller scale, in the assault on Fort Sanders at Knoxville, three Confederate brigades got mingled in the assault, which at once lost its vigor, though it did not retreat until after receiving severe punishment. The brigadier in command on this occasion ascribed his failure to the presence of the two other brigades, who should have been upon his flanks.

The assault was to be led by Ledlie's division of the Ninth Corps, a selection made by lot, and a very unfortunate one, as Ledlie and Ferrero, who commanded the colored division, which was to follow Ledlie, both took shelter in a bomb-proof, where they remained during the entire action. The mine was ordered to be fired at 3.30 A. M., but the fuses had been spliced, and when fired failed at the splice. After an hour an officer and sergeant entered the tunnel and relighted the fuse. The explosion occurred at 4.40. As the sun rose about 4.50 the delay had been advantageous, as it gave daylight for the movements of the troops and for the artillery fire.

The explosion made a crater 150 feet long, ninety-seven feet wide, and thirty feet deep, the contents being hurled so high in the air that the foremost ranks of the assaulting columns, 150 yards away, shrank back in disorder in fear of the falling earth. The bulk of the earth, however, fell immediately around the crater, mingled with the *débris* of two guns, twenty-two cannoneers, and perhaps 250 infantry (nine companies of the Nineteenth and Twenty-second South Carolina, which had been carried up in the air). Quite a number of those who fell safely were dug out and rescued alive by the assaulting column. Some, not yet aroused, were lost, covered up in the bomb-proofs of the adjacent trenches by the falling earth. This formed a high embankment, as it were, all around the crater, with one enormous clod, the size of a small cabin, perched about the middle of the inside rim, which remained a landmark for months. A high interior line, called a trench cavalier, had been built across the gorge of the salient enclosing a triangular space, and the left centre of this space about coincided with the centre of the explosion. The parapets were partially destroyed and largely buried by the falling earth.

Into this crater the leading division literally swarmed until it was packed about as full as it could hold, and what could not get in there crowded into the adjacent trenches, which the falling earth had caused to be vacated for a short distance on each flank. But, considering the surprise, the novelty of the occasion, and the terrific cannonade by 150 guns and mortars which was opened immediately, the coolness and self-possession of the entire brigade was remarkable, and to it is to be attributed the success of the defence. This was conducted principally by Colonel McMaster of the Seventeenth South Carolina, General Elliot having been soon severely wounded. The effect of the artillery cannonade was more moral than physical, for the smoke so obscured the view that the fire was largely at random, at least for one or two hours during which it was in fullest force. The effort was at once made to collect a small force in the trenches upon each flank, and one in an intrenchment occupying a slight depression which ran parallel to our line of battle some 250 yards in rear of it, the effort being to confine the enemy to the crater and the lines immediately adjoining. The multiplicity of the deep and narrow trenches, and the bomb-proofs in the rear of our lines, doubtless contributed to our success in doing this on the flanks, but there was also decided lack of vigor and enterprise on the part of the enemy, which permitted us to form barricades which were successfully defended to the last.

Meanwhile the re-enforcements to the storming column, instead of spreading to the flanks, massed outside of our lines in rear of the storming column, which had

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made no farther advance, but had filled the crater and all the captured lines. Several efforts were made to advance from time to time, but the first were feeble, and could be checked by the remnants of the brigade under McMaster, until two regiments of Wise's brigade and two of Ransom's were brought up from the left. With their aid the situation was made safe and held until about 10 A. M., when Mahone arrived at the head of three brigades of his corps drawn from the lines on our right. A regiment of Hoke's from the left also came up later.

In the meantime a few of our guns had found themselves able to fire with great effect upon the enemy massed in front of our lines. The left gun in the next salient to the right, occupied by Davidson's battery, was in an embrasure which flanked the Pegram Salient, but was not open to any gun on the enemy's line. This gun did fearful execution, being scarcely four hundred yards distant. It was fired by Maj. Gibbes commanding the battalion, for perhaps forty rounds, until he was dangerously wounded, after which it was served by Col. Huger and members of my staff, and later by some of Wise's brigade of infantry. A tremendous fire was turned upon it, but it was well protected and could never be kept silent when the enemy showed himself.

Five hundred yards to the left was a four-gun battery under Capt. Wright of Coit's battalion in a depression behind our line and masked from the enemy by some trees. But it had a flanking fire on the left of Pegram's Salient and across all the approaches and a number of infantry of Wise's brigade could also add their fire. Wright's fire was rapid, incessant, and accurate, causing great loss. The Federal artillery made vain efforts to locate him with their mortar shells, which tore up the ground all around but could never hit him or silence him.

Besides these a half dozen or more of Coehorn mortars under Col. J. C. Haskell from two or three different ravines in the rear threw shell aimed at the crater. And finally six hundred yards directly in rear of the mine was the sunken Jerusalem Plank Road, in which I had placed Haskell's battalion of sixteen guns about the 20th of June, and he had been kept there ever since without showing a gun or throwing up any earth which would disclose his position. He had suffered some loss from random sharpshooters' bullets coming over the parapets at the salient five hundred yards in front, but it was borne rather than disclose the location.

This morning, on one occasion, a charge was attempted by the colored division, part of which was brought out of the crater and started toward the plank road. Then Haskell's guns showed themselves and opened fire. The charge was quickly driven back with severe loss among its white officers. A single private, with his musket at a support arms, made the charge alone, running all the way to the guns and jumping into the sunken road between them, where he was felled with a rammer staff. Meanwhile our guns across the Appomattox on the Federal right and from our left near the river had kept up a reply to the Federal cannonade to prevent their concentration opposite the mine. Lee and Beauregard had early come to the field, which they surveyed from the windows of the Gee house, where Johnson made headquarters, on the Jerusalem Plank Road near Haskell's guns. Hill had gone to bring up his troops.

On the arrival of Mahone he at once prepared to attack, and had formed Weiseger's brigade, when a renewed attempt to advance was made from the enemy's lines on our left of the crater. He at once met this by a counter-charge of Weiseger's with a portion of Elliott's which drove the enemy back and which caused the retreat from the rear of their lines of many who had been sheltered within them. These suffered severely by our fire from the flanks as they crossed the open space behind, under fire from the guns upon both flanks and infantry as well.

This retreat under such severe fire was seen in the Federal lines just in time to put a stop to an attack upon our right flank about to be made by Ayres's division of Warren's corps, which had been ordered to capture the "one-gun battery" on our right, as they called the one at which Gibbes had been wounded.*

There was very little infantry supporting this gun, or able to reach it, without exposure. Ayres's attack would probably have been successful. He was about to go forward when Meade directed all offensive operations to cease. Wright's brigade arriving about half-past eleven, Mahone

*Humphreys calls this a two-gun battery. There were two embrasures and two guns, but only one used. The other did not bear where desired.

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made a second attack, which was repulsed principally by the Federal artillery bearing upon the ground.

Between 1 and 2 P. M. Sanders's brigade having arrived, and also the Sixty-first North Carolina from Hoke, a combined movement upon both flanks of the crater was organized. Mahone attacked on the left, with Sanders's brigade, the Sixty-first North Carolina and the Seventeenth South Carolina. Johnson attacked on the right with the Twenty-third South Carolina and the remaining five companies of the Twenty-second, all that could be promptly collected on that flank.

This attack was easily successful. Mahone has stated that the number of prisoners taken in the crater was 1,101, including two brigade commanders, Bartlett and Marshall.

The tabular statement of the medical department gives the Federal casualties of the day as killed 419, wounded 1,679, missing 1,910; total 4,008. Elliott's brigade reported the loss by the explosion as

	Killed	Wounded	Total
In 18th S. C., 4 companies	43	43	86
In 22d S. C., 5 companies	..	..	170
In Pegram's Battery out of 30 present	..	..	22
Total			278

Including these, Johnson reports the casualties in his division (Elliott, Wise, Ransom, Gracie) as follows:

Killed, 265; wounded, 415; missing, 315. Total, 938.

There are no returns for Mahone's and Hoke's divisions. Hoke's division was composed of Corse's, Clingman's, Fulton's, Hagood's, and Colquitt's brigades, and Mahone's had only three brigades on the field, Weiseger's, Wright's, and Sanders's. Of these eight brigades only Weiseger's had serious losses, but there are no reports except for Colquitt's, who, like the rest of Hoke's division, held a portion of the line not attacked. His casualties were four killed and twenty-seven wounded. The total Confederate loss is given in the tabular statement of the medical department as four hundred killed, six hundred wounded, and two hundred missing, which is perhaps between two hundred and three hundred too small.

The military court censured Generals Burnside, Ledlie, Ferrero, Wilcox, and Colonel Bliss, commanding a brigade. They also expressed their opinion "that explicit orders should have been given assigning one officer to the command of all the troops intended to engage in the assault when the commanding general was not present in person to witness the operations."

There is nothing in the reports to explain this. Grant sent a despatch to Halleck at 10 A. M., saying that he "was just from the front," and about that time Humphreys reports that Meade with Grant's concurrence ordered the cessation of all offensive movements.

THE END

By Robert Gilbert Welsh

We toiled while daylight swept from east to west,
We sowed in spring, nor stayed that we might reap;
Our children garner. As for us, we rest.
We toil no more, praise God, no more we weep.

Pray for us gently, kinsfolk, as we go.
Pity us not, nor judge us scornfully.
We wrung from earth our substance—do ye so.
Dying, we left earth richer—so shall ye!

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THE LADY ROWENA

By Robert Emmet MacAlarney

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

"YOU are unreasonable—I may say exceedingly unreasonable," remarked Rowena, frowning with displeasure and feigning to stare at the tennis players. These were so far distant across the stretch of greensward that even their cries of score came to us but faintly. Besides, we had not the slightest interest in the game. So I knew that, no matter how far fixed Rowena's gaze, she was in reality regarding me and not the netted turf.

"What did you fancy I came for?" I asked. "It wasn't the easiest thing in the world to get away for the week, this week especially. But when Mrs. Stacey wrote that you had ventured the opinion I might be induced to come, I jumped at the conclusion——"

"Aunt Margaret had no warrant for any such high-handed proceeding," she interrupted.

I endeavored to be calmly convincing. "I naturally jumped at the conclusion that you had something to say to me at last," I finished. While I spoke ten-year-old Harold came into view down the lane. We marked him stop and hold converse at the gatekeeper's lodge, his tiny fox terrier yelping at his feet.

"There are never any conclusions at house-parties," remarked Rowena. "There may be beginnings, but that is all. And jumping at conclusions is a form of gymnastics which may develop mental muscle, but of what avail can it possibly be?"

"Truly of what avail?" I echoed gloomily.

"It is a practice fit for children only"—my preceptress seemed to be fairly launched. "Harold, for instance——"

"Harold might jump at the conclusion that you and I were enjoying a pleasant conversation. He might, and probably he has."

Rowena colored with displeasure. "Harold is an absurd child. He has arrived at the novel-reading stage. For the last month he has been gorging himself with 'Ivanhoe.'"

"Lucky Harold!" I exclaimed. "I remember my first taste of romance. The flavor departs in time. However, let me crave leave to humbly address the *Lady* Rowena."

"Don't be silly," she snapped. "Harold has other ideas equally foolish. He has named all of you. The gatekeeper, to whom he is gesticulating at this very moment, is Gurth, the swineherd. Harold's own spaniel is Fangs. Percy Winslow is Wamba."

"Well cast, Harold," I murmured. "Go on, please."

"Rawlins Richardson is the Templar"—I mentally rated Harold as keen beyond his years—"Horace Trevano, the Black Sluggard." She laughed silently. "And the cook, Dick, the cook, for whom Harold cherishes a really tender regard—she is Rebecca."

I paused ere I joined in her merriment. There was yet a pertinent inquiry concerning the matter in hand.

"Your cast of characters lacks one necessary principal," I announced. "To whom will your impresario intrust the rôle of Wilfred?" The hint of warmth upon her cheek enlightened me beyond peradventure. "Then, if the Lady Rowena pleases——" I went on.

"We have chattered about a stupid child's game long enough," remarked her ladyship, rising abruptly. "I am going over to the tennis court."

"Desdichado!" I cried triumphantly as I followed her. "Harold flatters me more than some other persons I wot right well of. And I shall do my utmost to merit his esteem."

Was it a sneer that I marked upon Rowena's face? Let us call it—for want of a better term—a sniff. At least it was betwixt and between.

This was of a Saturday. Sunday morning after a late breakfast I thoughtfully watched Rawlins Richardson and Rowena drive off in the runabout to attend service at the village chapel four miles distant. The house was very dull. There had been much and late bridge the night before and, besides the servants, Harold and I alone seemed to

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be left with a yearning for activity. I encountered him in the hall, evidently bound outdoors by way of the pantry. He would steal a glimpse of Rebecca then, I fancied. But I stopped him, Fangs—*pro tempore*—at his heels.

"I'm dreadfully put out for something to do," I began, having learned long before from certain small nieces and nephews that it is well for an oldster, if he would establish diplomatic relations with childhood, to throw himself at once upon the latter's mercy. There is a deal of latent chivalry in ten and twelve, to all of which, however, there lies but one route. I had plotted well. Harold eyed me suspiciously, then frankly. "It *is* stupid of a Sunday," he agreed.

"Besides," I continued, "the Lady Rowena has gone off driving with the Templar, which is not at all according to the book. I suppose you were even now upon your way to inform Rebecca."

Harold's eyes blazed. "She's been and told!" he cried. "She's the only one that could, for I haven't told anyone else. I call that downright mean."

"I give you my word of honor that Rebecca hasn't had a word with me," I protested.

"Oh, bother Rebecca! I mean Rowena. She got me to talk about it. I wouldn't for a while, but she kept on worrying me to tell her who was Wilfred. It's only a little while ago that she was playing book with me herself. I'll never tell a girl anything again."

"Harold," I said feelingly, "if you stick to that vow during your natural life you will be a man apart, but a happy man."

"You'll probably guy me about it, like all of 'em do when they find out," said the boy defiantly. "But I don't care. Anyway it was Rowena herself that suggested you for Wilfred. I had you picked for De Bracy."

"You flatter me," I rejoined. "And don't think I intend to make sport of your interesting experiment in types. What I'm going to do is to help you see that this modern edition of 'Ivanhoe' is developed according to tradition. Between us, my boy, we must see that hereafter the Templar confines his attention entirely to the fair Rebecca. And Rowena——" I paused, for the youngster was looking at me more keenly than I had bargained for. When understanding comes to a child it does not approach stealthily, but with a sudden rush.

"Cousin Rowena?" asked the boy expectantly.

I felt my composure shaken. "In the book, you know, Harold, at the end, the Disinherited Knight lands the Lady Rowena," I finished, lamely enough.

"You mean you're mashed on her?"

I gasped at the direct attack, but rallied. "To put it bluntly, young sir, that's about it," I answered. "You've guessed it."

"Humph!" remarked Harold. "It wasn't exactly guessing. Anyway, *she's* known it for some time."

Now I should have a real ally, I knew. I grasped his hand while the ridiculously small terrier spun around us in frantic circles, anxious to be off. "Let's go out to the stables," I suggested. "I haven't looked at the horses yet. We can talk over things better out of doors. And, unless you object, let's not tell Rebecca about the Templar, at least not yet."

"Say," said the boy as we went upon the veranda into the Sunday country stillness, "I believe you used to play at make-believe yourself before you grew up."

"I did," I confided. "And I like playing just as much as I ever did, only this game isn't entirely make believe, you know."

Little recked Rowena of our league and pact, else she would not have smiled with such deliberate unconcern at Harold and me as she and the Templar wheeled into the driveway with a flourish. All through luncheon they prated laughingly of the village choir and the village parson's hedge Latin, trotted out, they inferred, for their especial delectation. As for myself, I fancied I recalled that the Templar's freshman attack upon Livy and the satires of Horace had been anything but a gallantly conducted siege, but I said naught. It would not have been magnanimous, I argued, in the light of events for the happening of which Harold and I had arranged.

Upon the following morning the leaven began to work. To me, at ease in a striped hammock, enjoying an after-breakfast cigarette, came the Templar, possessor of a mystified frown. He proffered me a bit of brown wrapping paper, bearing sundry scrawls in ink, and, I regretted to observe, many finger smudges.

"What do you think of this, Dick?" he asked. "I found it upon my dressing-table."

Outward appearance and mode of ex-

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We marked him stop and hold converse at the gate-keeper's lodge.—Page 195.

pression had been left entirely to Harold's discretion, I furnishing only the general trend of communication, and I saw that my ally had not failed in his part. I read:

FALSE TEMPELER:

Forgoe your mash upon the nobel ward of Cedric the Saxun upon paine of inst. deth by the nobel falshion of Wilfred, the Disinherted. Rebecca noes all. LOCKSLEY,

Chief of the merrie Foresturs.

His mark.

"Somebody is getting funny," said the Templar. "What I want to know is, is it that kid, Harold, or some of the servants?"

"It seems to be a well-meaning note," I remarked, turning it in my hands and remarking that, after all, brown wrapping paper passed fairly well for twelfth-century parchment. "The question is, have you done anything to deserve it?"

"I showed it to Rowena," said the Tem-

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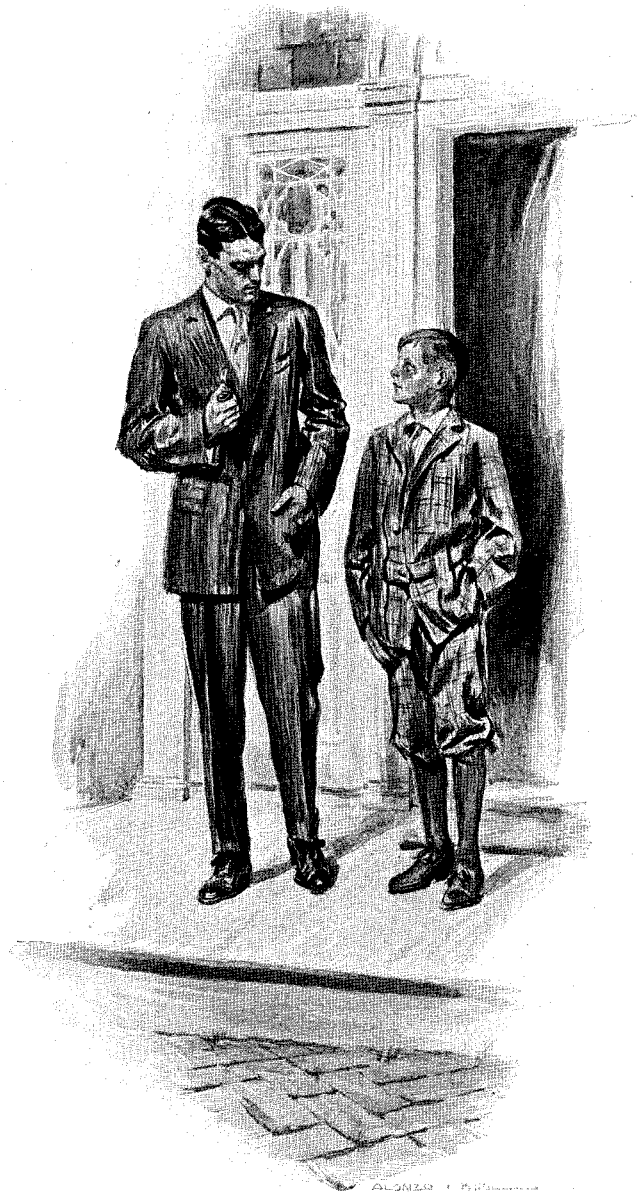

"I believe you used to play at make-believe yourself."—Page 196.

plar. "She laughed in a queer sort of way and then said she thought I owed her aunt an explanation."

"H'm," I mused. "Evidently you *are* deeply involved."

My words seemed to nettle him. "Don't be an ass, Dick," he cried. "What is it all about, and who the deuce is Rebecca?"

"Ah, that is just it. Who is Rebecca? It was 'Rebecca' that Rowena probably thought needed explaining."

He turned to go. "I don't mind practical jokes if they aren't too deep to understand," he complained.

"Did you ever read a book called 'Ivanhoe'?" I asked. I was reasonably sure he hadn't.

"It's one of those old ones, isn't it?" in-

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quired the Templar. "I'm a bit foggy on the old ones."

"Better borrow Rowena's copy," I called after him.

But when Rowena approached me a half-hour later, bearing a ragged square of the now familiar brown-paper parchment, she was masking her merriment tolerably well. In fact, her eyes blazed as she sat her down upon the veranda railing and regarded me with an incriminating stare.

"Well!" she said, indicating that I should take my cue.

"I am fairly well," I answered. "I did have a bit of a headache, but the Templar has been with me. The Templar is especially amusing this morning."

"Look here, Dick——"

"But 'Dick' isn't my programme name," I protested. "I am Wilfred, and if you could only see with the clear eyes of a child you would observe that I am sworded and bucklered, with an uprooted tree upon my shield."

"The clear eyes of a child, indeed!" retorted the Lady Rowena. "The tricks of two children, you mean. I am ashamed of you. It isn't pretty to teach ten-year-old cousins to be disrespectfully forward."

"If you would let me examine the exhibit in the case," I suggested. She handed

Strode forward to complete my two hundred and fifty paces.—Page 202.

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me the paper square, which was, save in the substance of its tottering letters, a replica of the one the Templar had shaken in my countenance. Harold's pseudo-parchment read:

THE LUVELY LADY ROWENA:

Know fare one that the Tempeler is a deseaver. But ther is one that is stuck on you for yureself aloan. His falshion is sharp for the trayterous. Wouldest noe his nobel rank and titel? He is the Disinherted Night. Expect anuther wurd soon.

LOCKSLEY (delivured by Allen-a-Dail).

His mark.

"Now, honestly, aren't you ashamed?" she demanded.

"Really, my lady," I observed, handing back the letter. "We live in parlous romantic times. One is but a weakling when surrounded by Robin Hood and his merry men."

I should have said more, mayhap, but with a stamp of the foot—a most becoming demonstration—Rowena was gone. I heard her laughing with the Templar a moment later. There was a little alloy in their merriment, however. The Templar's sounded palpably put on. Rowena's voice—I gloated as I detected it—was also delicately flavored with a sense of injury. "Bless you, Harold!" I said as I clambered out of the hammock and went within to the billiard-table.

The week sped on. Surely genuine knight never had trustier or more industrious squire than I. From the frequent appearances of brown wrapping paper throughout the house I could have imagined that the child sat up o' nights to complete his correspondence. I have reason to know that even Bridget received a terrifying communication signed "Friar Tuck," and it needed some irrational pacifying ere the good cook, alias Rebecca, could be convinced that the sprawling characters did not contain an evil portent from a priest in the village, whom Rebecca indeed had never seen, but whose name she vowed might be Tuck for all she knew. It was Harold who brought me the news, and it was I who calmed Rebecca's soul and secured a promise from her that the matter should go no further. Mrs. Stacey was a long-suffering soul—according to Rowena—but even she, I was sure, would not tolerate my playing games which might uncog the smoothly running wheels of her below-stairs machinery.

It was Thursday, I think, when I was aroused from slumber by the sound of a trumpet, undisguisedly tin, wound without my chamber window. I had slept late that morning, and I was not yet fairly awake when I poked my head through the open casement, which looked out upon a choice corner of Mrs. Stacey's garden. Lo! it was Harold, and I was not too heavy lidded to mark that he had been performing upon an instrument which he loved to fancy Locksley's hunting-horn. Plainly he was in romantic mood. The sight of flowers and green grass, with the soft odors of a late summer morn, swayed me weakly toward his bent. "Did I hear the three mots, good Locksley?" I called.

The boy danced in glee. "You didst," he cried in reply, and waved another fragment of brown paper at me. "May I come up? This is from—*you* know." He jerked his elbow toward the south, where, by leaning out at a perilous angle, I could glimpse the jutting gable which marked the Lady Rowena's oriel window. With my nod he was off like a shot and soon I heard the clatter of his feet—Harold was not the sort to steal upon the fallow deer without warning—in the passage, and I made him welcome.

"I thought you never would get awake," he said, perching upon my steamer trunk and watching me haul out my shaving tackle. "She's given in. They all do after a while. And she's begun to play the game with us."

I took the brown-paper message. "You mean, good forester?"

"Cousin Rowena," he explained with a grin. "Maybe the Templar won't be sore. She gave me this after breakfast when you didn't show up."

Of a truth if the Lady Rowena *had* begun to play the game with us, then—— I was afraid the expectant youngster might hear the pound of my heart as I read the printed letters. Rowena had made them remarkably like the sprawling handiwork of her youthful cousin. I read:

To the good knight, Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe:

This is to saye thatte the ward of Cedrick hath word for thy ear alone. But I maye notte tell itt thee by speaking, so this day I have writ a letter which thou mayest find by the key which I doe sende herewith by the merrie woodranger, Locksley, whom I trust well in alle thinges.

THE LADYE ROWENA.

"Give me the rest of it," I demanded of Harold. Rowena's parchment evidently had given out, for the key was indited upon a sheet of her own monogrammed paper. I studied it:

Walk south from the barbican until the stile that

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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"Back of it all I was in earnest."—Page 204.

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leads to the mead through which the brooke runneth. Fare forward in a straighte line until the blasted butternut tree. Put thy back to itte and walk fifty paces due weste. Here there shouldst be a blighted wild rose bush. Digge beneathe the rootes of itte and read what thou findest.

Alas, Rowena! Even in the twelfth century, then, the dames ran to postscripts.

Thou muste come alone and unattended even by the merrie woodranger, Locksley.—R.

I whistled, while Harold wagged his head in appreciation.

"It's great, isn't it?" he said. "Rowena always could play better than any of us when she felt like it."

"I misdoubt me, good Locksley," I mused. "The letter may be a trap. You see, the key indicates that I am to go alone and unattended. The Templar may be concealed behind that butternut-tree, for all we know, waiting to spit me with his lance."

Harold leaped off the steamer trunk and strutted up and down, motioning as if he were drawing back the notched end of a good gray goose shaft. "Be of cheer, Sir Wilfred," he chirped. "I shall give thee my trusty hunting-horn. Blow but the three familiar mots an thou art endangered, and Locksley and his trusty band shall be thy succor."

Wotting that this was no time for laughter, I received the battered tin trumpet impressively, and with a mystic signal, which the boy tried to make meaningful and not to be confounded with the coarseness of a wink, my ally disappeared.

At the hour of four, according to instructions, I might have been noticed making my way from the house, the fateful key clutched in one hand and Locksley's horn in the other. The barbican was the garden wall, I decided. So far, so good. And, truly, there was the meadow with a swinging gate which served well enough for a stile. There, too, was the butternut-tree—I suppose Rowena had put in the "blasted" for effect. I placed my back against it, and calculating my points of the compass with the utmost nicety, strode forward to complete my two hundred and fifty paces.

It was somewhat marshy, that meadow. And Mrs. Stacey's husbandmen had been making hay, for there was a half-completed rick a stone's throw from the hedge by which the more plebeian portions of the Stacey estate were screened from house and lawn. Thirty, forty—fifty. Ah! there was a sorry-looking wild-rose bush, and down upon my knees I went, scraping away the earth from its roots. Faintly floating through the high thorn barrier there came to me an occasional call from the tennis court. I smelled the fragrance of the half-dismantled hay-rick and the afternoon was very warm. I dug industriously.

"Oh-oo-ee-oooo! EEH!" I jumped to my feet with a malediction half uttered. For surely that was Rowena's scream and, doubtless, the Templar—— Around the corner of the rick she came, her face scarlet and arms flying at sixes and sevens, as is ever the case when a woman runs. But there was no laughter in her eyes as they met mine—regarding my earth-stained knees, my fingers grasping a dented tin trumpet and the key of her own manufacture.

"Run, Dick! He's almost caught me," she cried. "Some careless stableman has let King Dodo loose in the meadow."

I understood. There was the rick at hand, and a few yards away was the thick-set hedge, impervious even to Harold's wriggles. I had heard of King Dodo, Mrs. Stacey's blue-ribbon Holstein. One dart to the rick's edge, and I saw him caracoling deliberately toward us, anger unmistakable in his bulging hide.

But there are things to remember even in the face of great danger. So I confronted Rowena. "Where is the Templar?" I demanded.

"Don't be asking silly questions, Dick," she pleaded. Rowena in really abject terror was a new and undeniably delicious tableau. "Did you think I'd have asked *him* to come? I wanted to laugh at you all by myself."

Once, just once, but with excellent articulation, King Dodo beyond bellowed.

"Come here," I commanded. She came, and I felt her all of a tremble as I tossed her upon the hay. With a bound I followed, gaining a coign of vantage by means of the cleated pole that the Stacey haymakers had left, to be an unforeseen succor in time of need. Enter King Dodo.

He saw us, for Rowena's cry at his appearance sent his rolling eyes upward. He pawed several times, finishing my well-begun work of uprooting the rose-bush, and then after one or two circuits of the rick, began eating at the hay as if he would chew his way to where we were instanter. "But

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"Well, she's landed," said I.—Page 204.

he'll get indigestion long before he eats as far as our toes," I said by way of comfort. We sat that way for many minutes. The sun flamed his way toward a comfortable drowse in a remarkably pretty crimson blanket, the crickets chirped practice crescendos—and King Dodo ate, with now and then a glance askance and above.

"This might be the pavilion at Ashby," I remarked after a long silence—she was sulking abominably, I thought. "And see, Front de Bœuf holds the lists against all comers."

"For the last week, Dick, I think your jokes have been rather tiresome," said the Lady Rowena. "Besides this hay is nasty and scratchy, I am being sunburned terribly, and we've both got to dress for dinner."

"Ha!" cried I. "I have it! Good Locksley did say that three mots upon his stout hunting-horn would do the trick." I raised the tin trumpet to my lips—somehow I had

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kept hold of it—and blew three cracked, heart-rending shrieks.

There was a rustling in the hedge beyond. A smartly propelled, if blunt, arrow struck the black and white flank of King Dodo, and with a shrill cry of "A Locksley to the rescue," the radiant front of Harold, upborne amid the twigs, confronted us.

"Harold, get right down!" called Rowena in anguish. "If auntie sees you with another jacket ruined."

"Thanks, good Locksley," I called. "Make thee for the castle—and tell the stablemen to bring a stout pitchfork," I added. With a shout of delight the youngster was off upon his errand. I looked at Rowena, but she did not look at me. Then I gazed away toward the sunset. But when I looked at her again I seemed to mark a difference. I could be sworn her anger had been banished, leaving behind only wearisomeness, memory of a justifiable vexation, and a proneness to tears. Upon the hay, well etched against a mass of brown clover-heads, lay the Lady Rowena's hand. There was danger, perhaps, but we had already weathered one peril.

"Rowena," said I. "I'm sorry. But it hasn't been all in fun, you know. Back of it all I was in earnest."

I breathed a prayer that the stablemen and Harold might be long in finding the pitchfork. For she whispered, "Really and truly in earnest, Dick?"

"Really and truly. And how was I to steel myself against the sight of you and the Templar if I didn't make believe?"

"The Templar is tiresome."

Of course I should not have done it. But leaning forward to put my arm about her, I slipped. The loosened grass sagged, and then with a peppery cloud of hayseed and a stifled cry from Rowena, we slid to the ground under King Dodo's very nose. High went the black and white head; for a moment the keen horns shook menacingly, and then, with a snort, a very much terrified blue-ribbon bull wheeled and fled across the meadow, followed by the shouts of Harold and the stablemen, who had appeared upon the horizon.

"Goodness!" was all that Rowena was capable of saying. As for me, I spoke not, but looked at the uprooted rose-bush and would have bent me again to hunt upon the ground.

"Don't, Dick," she begged.

"But why?" I asked. "I want to find it, you know. The key says——"

"Bother the key—and *don't*—Harold is coming," cried she. "There really wasn't anything beneath the bush. I meant to hide behind the rick and when you hadn't found anything and were very much disappointed, I was going to slip out—and then maybe I might have been kind to you."

Harold had been too long my confidential ally for me to let appearances assume a false value. So I eyed him with fortitude as he reached us, flushed and grasping a bow and quiver. There was realization in the child's stare and truly I did not think of deceiving him.

"Good Locksley——" I said.

"Huh! you didn't need us, anyway," he broke in. "King Dodo is an awful coward. He'd have run if you'd thrown a handful of hay at him. I was hid in the hedge waiting for you to blow the horn."

"At the end of the book, you know, Harold," I began again.

"Yes, I know," said the boy. "You said that at the end of the book Wilfred lands the Lady Rowena."

"Well, she's landed," said I. "Ask her yourself."

"Are you, Cousin Rowena?"

She was braver than she had been when King Dodo charged. "I think I am, Harold," she murmured, bending to kiss the child, who struggled free.

"Huh!" he remarked. "That's the trouble with grown-up folks. They play the game too fast. There was a whole lot to happen before the end of the book."

"It's a matter we sha'n't care to tell about just yet, good Locksley," I suggested while we moved slowly toward the butternut-tree. "We shall pin our faith to your fine sense of honor. And, above all, don't tell Rebecca."

"Aw, what's the use of playing pretend any longer?" asked Harold. "There ain't any Rebecca—there's only Bridget—*now.*"

As we strode onward a change seemed to have come over the face of things. There was no stile; moated castle had shrunk to a mere country house; belted knight and faithful squire had been transformed into plain gentleman of the town and a ten-year-old boy, the pet of a pastry-cook. A transformation, indeed! I was not sure whether I was resigned to it all.

But then—there was Rowena.

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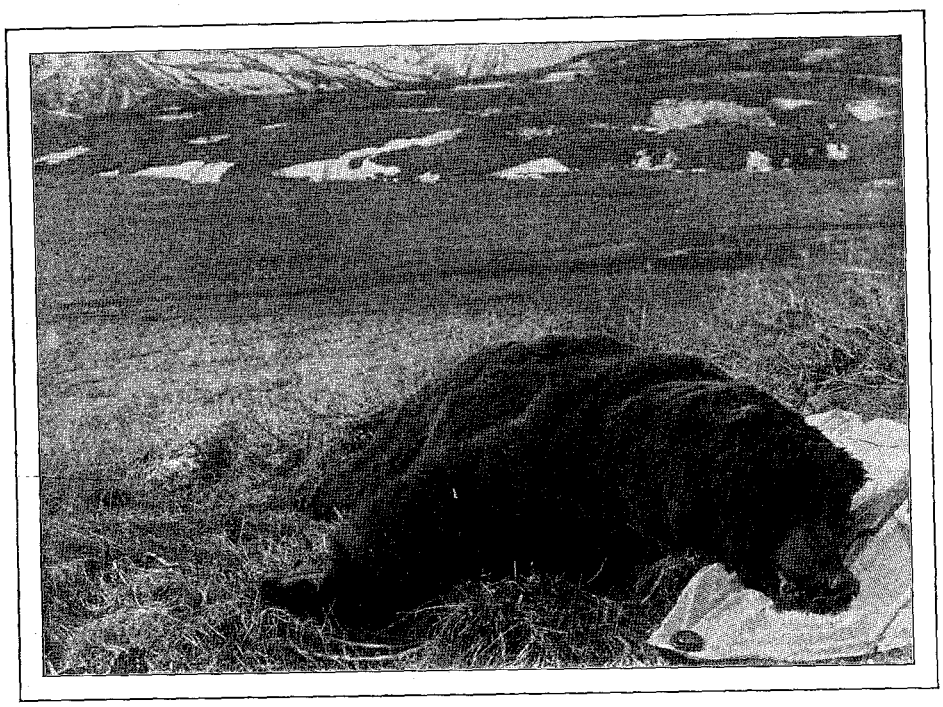

One of the big fellows.

HUNTING THE GREAT ALASKAN BEAR

By Andrew J. Stone

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

WHAT percentage of people, even of those who feel an interest in wild animal life, really know that the largest flesh-eating animals in the world are found in America? People generally believe, and have believed for ages, that the African lion is the king of beasts. But he is not nearly as large or as powerful an animal as the large brown bear of Subarctic America. The bears are not as ferocious or combative as the lions, nor are they nearly as vicious as they are given credit for being; but the largest of them are much larger and more powerful than any of the lions. It is safe to say that the largest of the brown bears of the North would weigh three times as much as the largest specimen of lion, and is beyond all question greatly superior in strength.

Comparing these two powerful animals in action, if brought together in combat, the bear would at first appear very clumsy. It would not be capable of the quick rush or of the catlike spring of the lion. It would not attack, but would remain entirely on the defensive, meeting its adversary with blows of such rapidity and terrific force as at once to illustrate its superiority not only in strength, but in action. I do not believe that there is an animal in the world that can act more quickly or effectively or can aim its blows with greater certainty than the bear.

The large brown bears of the Alaska Peninsula, south of Behring Sea, are among the largest bears of the world, and it is evident that there is no part of the world outside of America in which such large flesh-eating animals are found. The bears are flesh-eaters, or carnivorous, yet there are

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none of them that depend upon flesh for food, and with most of them flesh comprises but a very small percentage of their food.

The large brown bears of the North and those of the Alaska Peninsula, to which I shall make special reference, usually travel to the sea when first leaving hibernation in the spring, and there they follow the beaches, picking up whatever food the generous waters may cast ashore and feeding upon the marsh grasses as they first begin to grow. As the snow begins to melt from the hillsides and the ground thaws, they travel to the hills in search of marmot and ground squirrels and mice, and will often dig to a depth of many feet in order to secure one of these small animals. At the same time they consume a great many roots and grasses. In July the salmon leave the sea and run up the small streams that come down from the mountains, and the bears wade into the streams and feast upon them to their hearts' content. In August, when the salmon begin to fail, the berries are ripening in the hills in great quantities and variety, and the bears live and fatten on these for the rest of the summer and fall, until it is time once more for them to hibernate or house for the winter. They are fond of the flesh of the caribou and moose and sheep, and more fond yet of the flesh of the mountain goat; but it is very rarely that they procure any of these animals, for they cannot overtake them in flight, nor can they very well creep on to such prey, for the reason of their own size and their inability to assume creeping positions; and beside, the other animals could almost always smell them before they approached dangerously near. Then, too, they are incapable of making any very quick rush upon such prey.

In the spring of 1903 a steamer landed myself and two assistants on Popoff Island, just south of the Alaska Peninsula where it stretches far to the west between the North Pacific and Behring Sea. The following day a little schooner in charge of two men, one a white man and the other a Russian Aleut, called for us and we crossed Unga Straits to the head of Portage Bay in the mainland of the peninsula.

We carried with us supplies for a six weeks' hunting trip, and the following morning the five of us set to work to carry them across the peninsula nine miles to the head of Herindeen Bay, on the coast of Behring Sea. We travelled a pass that cut through the mountain range of the peninsula in a most picturesque and beautiful country. Nowhere did our path rise to a height of more than five hundred feet above the sea, but at this time of year—the middle of May—the snow in most places was very deep and getting soft enough to let us through, making most difficult travel. Our heavy packs, added to our own weight, made our progress very difficult at times when we were breaking into the snow from one to two feet deep. But the days were long and the weather fairly good, and for each of the five days required to carry over our supplies we would make the round trip, carrying over our loads and walking back—a total travel of eighteen miles. This was strenuous enough for the beginning of the season's work, but no one complained and everything went smoothly.

The pleasure and excitement of the hunt awaited us. At the head of Herindeen Bay I secured an open boat and we loaded in our supplies and followed the coast of Behring Sea thirty-five or forty miles to a point on Muller Bay, where we pitched camp and decided to make our first hunt.

Moving our camp farther up the bay to new hunting grounds, an adult male bear, one of the largest ever taken, was secured on May 29th. This animal had just finished burying a full-grown caribou when killed, having first made a dinner from it.

Four more specimens were secured during the next few days, and on June 9th, while three of my party and myself were boating along the coast about nine miles from our camp, I sighted two large animals well up the mountain side. We rowed ashore and one of the men and myself commenced to climb the mountain.

Soon after we lost sight of the animals and did not see any more of them until we were very near them. The climb was a long one, and in places very steep. There was nothing to be seen as I first peered over the rocks, and I was just lifting myself well above them, when my additional elevation extended my view. Glancing to the right I saw, not more than seventy-five yards distant, a huge brown creature lying in perfect composure against the face of a slide of decomposed rocks very nearly its own color. To

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every appearance the animal was asleep, and it seemed a pity to fire on it; but it was not a matter of sport, but a matter of securing exceedingly valuable specimens, and sentiment gave place to practical requirements. I drew back sufficient to get sight of the man behind me and waved him to keep quiet. Then drawing my rifle I fired at the animal's shoulder. All this time I had not caught sight of its mate,

On the road to camp with our trophies.

The powerful paws with which the bear can strike a blow of terrific force.

but at the report of my rifle, the huge beast I had fired on rose slowly to his feet and gave a deep groan. At the same instant its mate ran out from behind a ledge of rocks within fifty yards of me and I fired at it, breaking it down in the shoulders, and it went tumbling headlong down into a deep ravine. Turning to the first animal, I saw it slowly shambling forward into the same ravine. I fired two shots at it in quick succession and it plunged heavily forward and disappeared. I ran around the head of the ravine and down on the other side to a point of rocks from which I could look into the ravine and the country below, and I saw the second animal fired at, some distance below at the edge of some alders, trying to regain its feet, and I finished it with another shot. The first animal fired at lay lifeless at the bottom of the ravine, wedged in between a rift of ice and a wall of stone. They proved to be an adult male and female, and both of them very large.

A few days later, while hunting the country at the head of an arm of the same bay, I was sitting on the top of a high knoll overlooking a broad valley and the sides of the hills that fronted it.

I heard shots up the mountain side, evidently about a mile distant, that I knew were from some of my party. I fully expected that they had secured game, and I started to the foot of the hill, intending to follow along its base toward the vicinity where the shots were fired. When about half-way down the hill I had a splendid view

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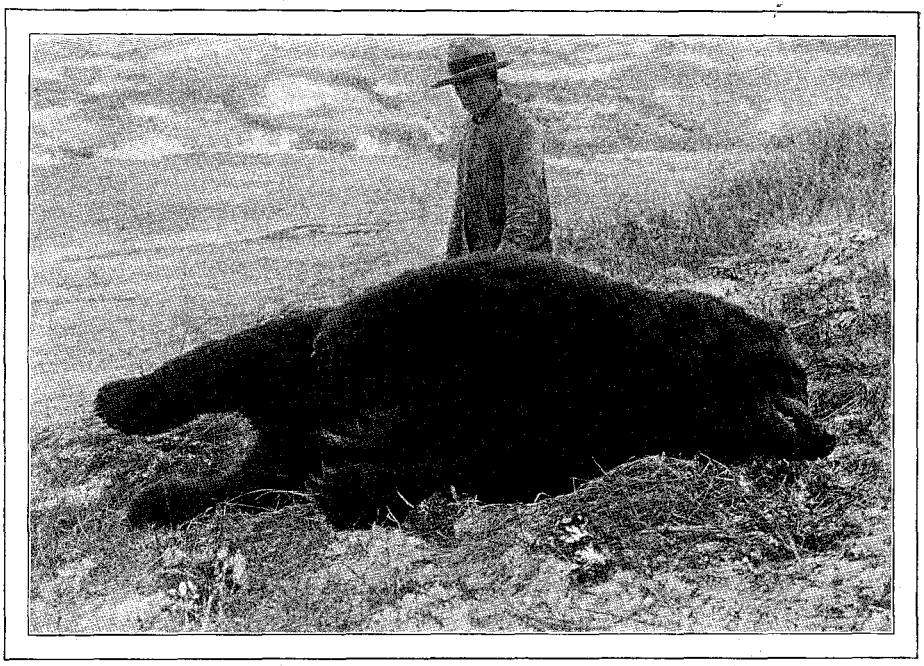

One of the most beautiful animals I have ever seen.

of the mountain side and stopped to look it over with my glasses, hoping to locate the party. As my glasses came up over the country ahead of me, I saw a large bear at the foot of the mountain, about a half mile distant, running directly toward me.

There was a small water hole almost directly below me, and as I sat watching the animal every moment of its approach, I was deeply impressed by his magnificent size, his wonderful height, his stately bearing and his seeming great strength, as well as the magnificence and beauty of his light brown coat, that glistened in the sun like a moving mass of burnished gold. When he reached the side of the water hole he gave one great plunge and landed in the middle of it, evidently to cool his overheated body. He dipped himself several times with evident satisfaction, and as he was just taking one of his dips, I was foolish enough to fire at him, and I overshot him as he dropped beneath the surface. At the report of the rifle he sprang from the water with a terrific bound, and my second shot caught him fair as he started to run. He stumbled, but regained his balance, when my third shot very nearly brought him down; but he was fearfully excited and his blood was hot, which helped greatly to sustain him for a short period, and he continued his course through a small bunch of alders. As he appeared once more in the open on the other side of them, running diagonally from me, I fired again. His head dropped between his forelegs, and the momentum of his great body caused him to make a complete somersault, where he lay stretched full length on his back, perfectly dead, with all four feet in the air, never giving the slightest struggle. He proved a magnificent, large specimen, and one of the most beautiful animals I have ever seen.

The rest of my party came to me a little later, reporting having secured two animals. Before the night settled over the hills, all three animals were measured and skinned, and the skins and bones and skulls were carried to the beach, where we camped for the night, and the next morning we crossed the bay about ten miles back to our main camp with our beautiful and valuable trophies.

I now had ten perfect specimens of these very large bears and I decided to end the hunt, and on the morning of the 13th of June started on our return.

I have taken many bears of different

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species in many parts of the North, and I have made a very careful study of them; and I insist, contrary to popular sentiment, that bears are not ferocious animals. They are full of humor and have a great love of peace and a sincere regard for the superiority of man. They are very tractable and splendid reasoners, but when much excited, like most animals and people, sometimes display bad judgment.

THE AIDE-DE-CAMP

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

AGE has a point or two in common with greatness; few willingly achieve it, indeed, but most have it thrust upon them, and some are born old. But there are people who, beginning young, are young forever. One might fancy that the careless fates who shape souls—from cotton-batting, from stone, from wood and dynamite and cheese—once in an æon catch, by chance, a drop of the fountain of youth, and use it in their business, and the soul so made goes on bubbling and sparkling eternally, and gray dust of years cannot dim it. It might be imagined, in another flight of fancy, that a spark of divine fire from the brazier of the immortals snaps loose once in a century and lodges in somebody, and is a heart—with such a clean and happy flame burns sometimes a heart one knows.

On a January evening, in a room where were books and a blazing hearth, a man with a famous name and a long record told me a story, and through his blunt speech flashed in and out all the time the sparkle of the fire and the ripple of the fountain. Unsuspecting, he betrayed every minute the queer thing that had happened to him—how he had never grown up and his blood had never grown cold. So that the story, as it fell in easy sequence, had a charm which was his and is hard to trap, yet it is too good a story to leave unwritten. A picture goes with it, what I looked at as I listened: a massive head on tremendous shoulders; bright white hair and a black line of eyebrows, striking and dramatic; underneath, eyes dark and alive, a face deep red-and-brown with out of doors. His voice had a rough command in it, because, I suppose, he had given many orders to men. I tell the tale with this memory for a setting; the firelight, the soldierly presence, the gayety of youth echoing through it.

The fire had been forgotten as we talked, and I turned to see it dull and lifeless. "It hasn't gone out, however," I said, and coughed as I swallowed smoke. "There's no smoke without some fire." I poked the logs together. "That's an old saw; but it's true all the same."

"Old saws always are true," said the General. "If there isn't something in them that people know is so they don't get old—they die young. I believe in the ridden-to-death proverbs—little pitchers with big ears—cats with nine lives—still waters running deep—love at first sight, and the rest. They're true, too." His straight look challenged me to dispute him.

The pine knots caught and blazed up, and I went back comfortably into my chair and laughed at him.

"O General! Come! You don't believe in love at first sight."

I liked to make him talk sentiment. He was no more afraid of it than of anything else, and the warmest sort came out of his handling natural and unashamed.

"I don't? Yes, I do, too," he fired at me. "I know it happens, sometimes."

With that the lines of his face broke into the sunshiniest smile. He threw back his head with sudden boyishness, and chuckled. "I ought to know; I've had experience," he said. His look settled again thoughtfully. "Did I ever tell you that story—the story about the day I rode seventy-five miles? Well, I did that several times—I rode it

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once to see my wife. But this was the first time, and a good deal happened. It was a history-making day for me all right. That was when I was aide-de-camp to General Stoneman. Have I told you that?"

"No," I said; and "oh, do tell me." I knew already that a fire and a deep chair and one of the General's stories made a good combination.

His manner had a quality uncommon to story-tellers; he spoke as if what he told had occurred not in times gone by, but perhaps last week; it was more gossip than history. Probably the sharp, full years had been so short to him that the interval between twenty and seventy was no great matter; things looked as clear and his interest was as lively as a half-century ago. This trick of mind made a narrative of his vivid. With eyes on the fire, with his dominant voice absorbing the crisp sound of the crackling wood, he began to talk.

"It was down in Virginia in—let me see—why, certainly, it was in '63—right away after the battle of Chancellorsville, you know." I kept still and hoped the General thought I knew the date of the battle of Chancellorsville. "I was part of a cavalry command that was sent from the Army of the Potomac under General Stoneman—I was his aide. Well, we did a lot of things—knocked out bridges and railroads, and all that; our object was, you see, to destroy communication between Lee's army and Richmond. We even got into Richmond—we thought every Confederate soldier was with Lee at the front, and we had a scheme to free the prisoners in Libby, and perhaps capture Jefferson Davis—but we counted wrong. The defence was too strong, and our force too small; we had to skedaddle, or we'd have seen Libby in a way we didn't like. We found a negro who could pilot us, and we slipped out through fields and swamps beyond the reach of the enemy. Then the return march began. Let me put that log on."

"No. Talk," I protested; but the General had the wood in his vigorous left hand —where a big scar cut across the back.

"You needn't be so independent," he threw at me. "Now you've got a splinter in your finger—serves you right." I laughed at the savage tone, and his eyes flashed fiercely—and he laughed back.

"What was I talking about—you interrupted. Oh, that march. Well, we'd had a pretty rough time when the march back began. For nine days we hadn't had a real meal—just eaten standing up, whatever we could get cooked—or uncooked. We hadn't changed our clothes, and we'd slept on the ground every night."

"Goodness!" I interjected with amateur vagueness. "What about the horses?"

"Oh, they got it, too," the General said carelessly. "We seldom unsaddled them at all, and when we did it was just to give them a rub-down and saddle again. We'd made one march toward home and halted, late at night, when General Stoneman called for his aide-de-camp. I went to him, rather sleepy, and he told me he'd decided to communicate with his chief and report his success, and that I was to start at daylight and find the Army of the Potomac. I had my pick of ten of the best men and horses from the brigade, and I got off at gray dawn with them, and with the written report in my boot to the commanding general, and verbal orders to find him wherever he might be. Nothing else, except the tools —swords and pistols, and that sort of thing. Oh, yes, there was one thing more. General Ladd, who was a Virginian, had given my chief a letter for his people, thinking we'd get into their country. His family were all on the Confederate side of the fence, while he was a Union officer. That was not uncommon in our civil war. But we didn't get near the Ladd estate, and so Stoneman commissioned me to return the letter to the general with the explanation. Does this bore you?" he stopped suddenly to ask, and his alert eyes shot the glance at me like a bullet.

"Stop once more and I'll be likely to cry," I predicted.

"For heaven's sake don't do that." He reached across and took the poker. "Here's the Rapidan River," he sketched down the rug. "Runs east and west. And this blue diagonal north of it is the Rappahannock. I started south of the Rapidan, to cross it and go north, hoping to find our army victorious and south of the Rappahannock. Which I didn't—but that's farther along. Well, we were off at daylight, ten men and the officer —me. It was a fine spring morning, and the bunch of horsemen made a pretty sight as the sun came up, moving through the greenness—the foliage is well out down there in May. The bits jingled and the saddles

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creaked under our legs—I remember how it sounded as we started off. We'd had a strenuous week, but we were a strong lot and ready for anything. We were going to get it, too." The General chuckled suddenly, as if something had hit his funny-bone. "I skirted along the south bank of the Rapidan, keeping off the roads most of the time, and out of sight, which was better for our health—we were in Confederate country—and we got to Germania Ford without seeing anybody, or being seen. Said I, 'Here's the place we'll cross.' We'd had breakfast before starting, but we'd been in the saddle three hours since that, and I was thirsty. I could see a house back in the trees as we came to the ford—a beautiful old house—the kind you see a lot of in the South—high white pillars—dignified and aristocratic. It seemed to be quiet and safe, so we trotted up the drive, the eleven of us. The front door was open, and I jumped off my horse and ran up the steps and stood in the doorway. There were four or five people in the hall, and they'd seen us coming and were scared. A nice old lady was lying back in a chair, as pale as ashes, with her hand to her heart, gasping ninety to the second, and two or three negroes stood around her with their eyes rolling. And right in the middle of the place a red-headed girl in a white dress was bending over a grizzled old negro man who was locking a large travelling-bag. As cool as a cucumber that girl was."

The General stopped and considered.

"I wish I could describe the scene the way I saw it—I remember exactly. It was a big, square hall running through from front to back, and the back door was open, and you saw a garden with box hedges, and woods behind it. Stairs went up each side the hall and a balcony ran around the second story, with bedrooms opening off it. There was a high, oval window at the back over the balcony, and the sun poured through.

"The girl finished locking her bag as if she hadn't noticed scum of the earth like us, and then she deliberately picked up a bunch of long white flowers that lay by the bag—lilies, I think you call them—and stood up, and looked right past me, as if she was struck with the landscape, and didn't see me. She was a tall girl, and when she stood straight the light from the back window just hit her hair and shone through the loose part of it—there was a lot, and it was curly. I give you my word that, as she stood there and looked calmly beyond me, in her white dress, with the stalk of flowers over her shoulder, and the sun turning that wonderful red-gold hair into a halo—I give you my word she was a perfect picture of a saint out of a stained-glass window in a church. But she didn't act like one."

The General was seized with sudden, irresistible laughter. But he sobered quickly.

"I took one look at the vision, and I knew it was all up with me. Talk about love at first sight—before she ever spoke a word I—well." He pulled up the sentence as if it were a horse. "I snatched off my cap and I said, said I, 'I'm very sorry to disturb you,' just as politely as I knew how, but all the answer she gave me was to glance across at the old lady. Then she went and put her arm around her as she lay back gasping in a great carved chair.

"'Don't be afraid, Aunt Virginia,' she said. 'Nothing shall hurt you. I can manage this man.'

"The way she said 'this man' was about as contemptuous as they make 'em. I guess she was right, too—I guess she could. She turned her head toward me, but did not look at me.

"'Do you want anything here?' she asked.

"Her voice was the prettiest, softest sound you ever heard—she was mad as a hornet, too." The General's swift chuckle caught him. "'Hyer,' she said it," he repeated. "'Hyer.'" He liked to say it, evidently. "I stood holding my cap in my hand, so tame by this time you could have put me on a perch in a cage, for the pluck of the girl was as fascinating as her looks. I spoke up like a man all the same.

"'I wanted to ask,' said I, 'if I might send my men around to your well for a drink of water. They're thirsty.'

"The way she answered, looking all around me and never once at me, made me uncomfortable. 'I suppose you can if you wish,' she said. 'You're stronger than we are. You can take what you choose. But I won't give you anything—not if you were dying—not a glass of water.'

"Well, in spite of her having played football with my heart, that made me angry.

"'I didn't know before that to be Southern made a woman unwomanly,' I said. 'Where I came from I don't believe there's a girl would say a cruel thing like that or re-

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fuse a drink of cold water to soldiers doing their duty, friends or enemies. We've slept on the ground nine nights and ridden nine days, and had very little to eat—my men are tired and thirsty. I sha'n't make them go without any refreshment they can get, even if it is grudged.'

"I gave an order over my shoulder, and my party went off to the back of the house. Then I made a low bow to the old lady and to Miss High-and-Mighty, and I swung about and walked down the steps and mounted my horse. I was parched for water, but I wouldn't have had it if I'd choked, after that. Between taking an almighty shine to the girl and getting stirred up that way, and then being all frozen over with icicles by her cool insultingness, I was pretty savage, and I stared away from the place and thought the men would never come. All of a sudden I felt something touch my arm, and I looked around quick, and there was the girl. She stood by the horse, her red hair close to my elbow as I sat in the saddle, and she held up a glass of water. I never was so astonished in my life.

"'You're thirsty and tired, too,' she said, speaking as low as if she was afraid the horse might hear. 'For my self-respect—for Southern women'—she brought it out in that soft, sliding way, but the words were all mixed up with embarrassment—and red—my, but she blushed! Then she went on. 'You were right,' said she. 'I was cruel; you're my enemy and I hate you, but I ought not to grudge you water. Take it.'

"I put my hand right on top of hers as she held the glass, and bent down and drank so, making her hold it to my lips, and my hand over hers—bless her heart!"

The General came to a full stop. He was smiling into the fire, and his face was as if a flame burned back of it. I waited very quietly, fearing to change the current by a word, and in a moment the strong voice, with its vibrating note, not to be described, began again.

"I drained every drop," he said. "I'd have drunk a hogshead. When I finished I raised my head and looked down at her without a word said—but I didn't let go of the glass with her hand holding it inside mine—and she lifted her eyes very slowly, and for the first time looked at me. Well—" he shut his lips a moment—"these things don't tell well, but something happened. I held her eyes into mine, as if I gripped them with my muscles, and there came over her face an extraordinary expression—first as if she was surprised that it was me, then as if she was glad, and then—well, you may believe it or not, but I knew that second that the girl—loved me. She hated me all right five minutes before—I was her people's enemy—the chances were she'd never see me again—all that's true, but it simply didn't count. She cared for me, and I for her, and we both knew it—that's all there was about it. People live faster in war-time, I think—anyhow, that's the way it was.

"The men and horses came pouring around the house, and I let her hand loose—it was hard to do it, too—and then she was gone, and we rode on to the ford. We stopped when we got to the stream to let the horses have their turn at drinking, and as I sat loafing in the saddle, with my mind pretty full of what had just passed, my eyes were all over. Every cavalry officer, and especially an aide-de-camp, gets to be a sort of hawk in active service—nothing can move within range that he doesn't see. So as I looked about me I took in among other things the house we'd just left, and suddenly I spied a handkerchief waving from behind one of the big white pillars. Of course you've got to be wary in an enemy's country, and these people were rabid Confederates, as I'd occasion to know. All the same it would have been bad judgment to neglect such a signal, and what's more, I'd have staked my life on that girl's honesty. If the handkerchief had been a cannon I'd have gone back. So back I went, taking a couple of men with me. As I jumped off my horse I saw her standing inside the front door, back in the shadow, and I ran up the steps to her.

"'Well?' said I.

"She looked up at me and laughed, showing a row of white teeth. That was the first time I ever saw her laugh. 'I knew you'd come back,' said she, as mischievous as a child, and her eyes danced.

"I didn't mean to be made a fool of, for I had my duty to think about, so I spoke rather shortly. 'Well, and now I'm here—what?'

"With that she drew an excited little gasp. 'I couldn't let you be killed,' she brought out in a sort of breathless whisper, so low I had to bend over close to hear her. 'You mustn't go on—in that direction—you'll be taken. The Union army's been defeated

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—at Chancellorsville. They're driven north of the Rappahannock—to Falmouth. Our troops are in their old camps. There's an outpost across the ford—just over the hill.'

"It was the first I'd heard of the defeat at Chancellorsville, and it stunned me for a second. 'Are you telling me the truth?' I asked her pretty sharply.

"'You know I am,' she said, as haughty as you please all of a sudden, and drew herself up with her head in the air.

"And I did know it. Something else struck me just about then. The old lady and the servants were gone from the hall. There wasn't anybody in it but herself and me; my men were out of sight on the driveway. I forgot our army and the war and everything else, and I caught her hands in between mine, and said I, 'Why couldn't you let me be killed?'"

At his words I drew a quick breath, too. For a moment I was the Southern girl with the red-gold hair. I could feel the clasp of the young officer's hands; I could hear his voice asking the rough, tender question, "Why couldn't you let me be killed?"

"It was mighty still for a minute. Then she lifted up her eyes as I held her fingers in a vice, and gave me a steady look. That was all—but it was plenty.

"I don't know how I got on my horse or what order I gave, but my head was clear enough for business purposes, and I had to use it—quickly, too. There were thick woods near by, and I hurried my party into them and gave men and horses a short rest till I could decide what to do. The Confederates were east of us, around Chancellorsville and in the triangle between the Rapidan and the Rappahannock, so that it was unsafe travelling in that direction. It's the business of an aide-de-camp carrying despatches to steal as quietly as possible through an enemy's country, and the one fatal thing is to be captured. So I concluded I wouldn't get into the thick of it till I had to, but would turn west and make a *détour*, crossing by Morton's Ford, farther up the Rapidan. Germania Ford lies in a deep loop of the river, and that made our ride longer, but we found a road and crossed all right as I planned it, and then we doubled back, as we had to, eastward.

"It was a pretty ride in the May weather, through that beautiful Virginia country. We kept in the woods and the lonely roads as much as we could, and hardly saw a soul for hours, and though I knew we were getting into dangerous parts again, I hoped we might work through all right. Of course I thought first about my errand, and my mind was on every turn of the road and every speck in the landscape, but all the same there was one corner of it—or of something—that didn't forget that red-headed girl—not an instant. I kept wondering if I'd ever see her again, and I was mighty clear that I would, if there was enough left of me by the time I could get off duty to go and look her up. The touch of her hands stayed with me all day.

"About two o'clock or so we passed a house, just a cabin, but a neat sort of place, and I looked at it as I did at everything, and saw an old negro with grizzled hair standing some distance in front of it. Now everything reminded me of that girl because she was on my mind, and instantly I was struck with the idea that the old fellow looked like the servant who had been locking the bag in the house by Germania Ford. I wasn't sure it was the same darky, but I thought I'd see. There was a patch of woods back of the house, and I ordered the party to wait there till I joined them, and I threw my bridle to a soldier and turned in at the gate. The man loped out for the house, but I halted him. Then I went along past the negro to the cabin, and opened the door, which had been shut tight.

"There was a table littered with papers in the middle of the room, and behind it, in a gray riding-habit, with a gray soldier-cap on her red hair, writing for dear life, sat the girl. She lifted her head quick, as the door swung open, and then made a jump to get between me and the table. I took off my cap, and said I:

"'I'm very glad to see you. I was just wondering if we'd ever meet again.' She only stared at me. Then I said: 'I'm sorry, but I'll have to ask you for those papers.' I knew by the look of them that they were some sort of despatches.

"At that she laughed in a kind of a friendly, cocksure way. She wasn't afraid of anything, that girl. 'No,' she threw at me—just like that—'No.'" The General tossed back his big head and did a poor imitation of a girl's light tone—a poor imitation, but the way he did it was winning. "'No,' said she, shaking her head sidewise. 'You can't have

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those papers—not ever,' and with that she swept them together and popped them into a drawer of the table and then hopped up on the table and sat there laughing at me, with her little riding-boots swinging. 'At least, unless you knock me down, and I don't believe you'll do that,' said she.

"Well, I had to have those papers. I didn't know how important they might be, but if this girl was sending information to the Southern commanders I was inclined to think it would be accurate and worth while. It wouldn't do not to capture it. At the same time I wouldn't have laid a finger on her, to compel her, for a million dollars. I stood and stared like a blockhead for a minute, at my wit's end, and she sat there and smiled. All of a sudden I had an idea. I caught the end of the table and tipped it up, and off slid the young lady, and I snatched at the knob of the drawer, and had the papers in a second.

"It was simple, but it worked. Then it was her turn to look foolish. Of course she had a temper, with that colored hair, and she was raging. She looked at me as if she'd like to tear me to pieces. There wasn't anything she could say, however, and not lose her dignity, and I guess she pretty nearly exploded for a minute, and then, in a flash, the joke of it struck her. Her eyes began to dance, and she laughed because she couldn't help it, and I with her. For a whole minute we forgot what a big business we were both after, and acted like two children.

"'That's right,' said I finally. 'I had to get them, but I did it in the kindest spirit. I see you understand that.'

"'Oh, I don't care,' she answered with her chin up—a little way she had. 'They're not much, anyway. I hadn't got to the important part.'

"'Won't you finish?' said I politely, and pretended to offer her the papers—and then I got serious. 'What are you doing here?' I asked her. 'Where are you going?'

"She looked up at me, and—I knew she liked me. She caught her breath before she answered. 'What right have you got to ask me questions?' said she, making a bluff at righteous indignation.

"But I just gripped her fingers into mine—it was getting to be a habit, holding her hand.

"'And what are *you* doing here?' she went on saucily, but her voice was a whisper, and she let her hand lie.

"'I'll tell you what I'm doing,' said I 'I'm obeying the Bible. My Bible tells me to love my enemies, and I'm going to. I do,' said I. 'What does your Bible tell you?'

"'My Bible tells me to resist the devil and he will flee from me,' she answered back like a flash, standing up straight and looking at me squarely, as solemn as a church.

"'Well, I guess I'm not that kind of devil,' said I. 'I don't want to flee worth a cent.'

"And at that she broke into a laugh and showed all her little teeth at me. That was one of the prettiest things about her, the row of small white teeth she showed every time she laughed.

"'Just at that second the old negro stuck his head in at the door. 'We're busy, uncle,' said I. 'I'll give you five dollars for five minutes.'

"But the girl put her hand on my arm to stop me. 'What is it, Uncle Ebenezer?' she asked him anxiously.

"'It's young Marse, Miss Lindy,' the man said. 'Him'n Marse Philip Breck'nridge 'n' Marse Tom's ridin' down de branch right now. Close to hyer—dey'll be hyer in fo'-five minutes.'

"She nodded at him coolly. 'All right. Shut the door, Uncle Ebenezer,' said she, and he went out and shut it.

"And before I could say Jack Robinson she was dragging me into the next room, and pushing me out of a door at the back.

"'Go—hurry up—oh, go!' she begged. 'I won't let them take you.'

"Well, I didn't like to leave her suddenly like that, so I said, said I: 'What's the hurry? I want to tell you something.'

"'*No*,' she shot at me. 'You can't. Go—won't you, please go?' Then I picked up a little hand and held it against my coat. I knew by now just how she would catch her breath when I did it."

At about this point the General forgot me. Such good comrades we were that my presence did not trouble him, but as for telling the story to me, that was past—he was living it over, to himself alone, with every nerve in action.

"'Look here,' said I, 'I don't believe a thing like this ever happened on the globe before, but this has. It's so—I love you, and I believe you love me, and I'm not going till you tell me so.'

"By that time she was in a fit. 'They'll be here in two minutes; they're Confeder-

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ate officers. Oh, and you mustn't cross at Kelly's Ford—take the ford above it'—and she thumped me excitedly with the hand I held. I laughed, and she burst out again: 'They'll take you—oh, please go!'

"'Tell me, then,' said I, and she stopped half a second, and gasped again, and looked up in my eyes and said it. 'I love you,' said she. And she meant it.

"'Give me a kiss,' said I, and I leaned close to her, but she pulled away.

"'Oh, no—oh, please go now,' she begged.

"'All right,' said I, 'but you don't know what you're missing,' and I slid out of the back door at the second the Southerners came in at the front.

"There were bushes back there, and I crawled behind them and looked through into the window, and what do you suppose I saw? I saw the biggest and best-looking man of the three walk up to the girl who'd just told me she loved me, and I saw her put up her face and give him the kiss she wouldn't give me. Well, I went smashing down to the woods, making such a rumpus that if those officers had been half awake they'd have been after me twice over. I was so maddened at the sight of that kiss that I didn't realize what I was doing or that I was endangering the lives of my men. 'Of course,' said I to myself, 'it's her brother or her cousin,' but I knew it was a hundred to one that it wasn't, and I was in a mighty bad temper.

"I got my men away from the neighborhood quietly, and we rode pretty cautiously all that afternoon. I knew the road leading to Kelly's Ford, and I bore to the north, away from there, for I trusted the girl and believed I'd be safe if I followed her orders. She'd saved my life twice that day, so I had reason to trust her. But all the time as I jogged along I was wondering about that man, and wondering what the dickens she was up to, anyway, and why she was travelling in the same direction that I was, and where she was going—and over and over I wondered if I'd ever see her again. I felt sure I would, though—I couldn't imagine not seeing her, after what she'd said. I didn't even know her name, except that the old negro had called her 'Miss Lindy.' I said that a lot of times to myself as I rode, with the men's bits jingling at my back and their horses' hoofs thud-thudding. 'Lindy—Miss Lindy—Linda—my Linda'—I said it half aloud. It kept first-rate time to the hoof-beats—'Lindy—Miss Lindy.'

"I wondered, too, why she wouldn't let me cross the Rappahannock by Kelly's Ford, for I had reason to think there'd be a Union post on the east side of the river there, but there was a sense of brains and capability about the girl, as well as charm—in fact, that's likely to be a large part of any real charm—and so I trusted to her.

"Well, late in the afternoon we were trotting along, feeling pretty secure. I'd left the Kelly's Ford road at the last turn, and was beginning to think that we ought to be within a few miles of the river, when all of a sudden, coming out of some woods into a small clearing with a farmhouse about the centre of it, we rode on a strong outpost of the enemy, infantry and cavalry both. We were in the open before I saw them, so there was nothing to do but make a dash for it and rush past the cabin before they could reach their arms, and we drew our revolvers and put the spurs in deep and flew past with a fire that settled some of them. But a surprise of this sort doesn't last long, and it was only a few minutes before they were after us—and with fresh mounts. Then it was a horse-race for the river, and I wasn't certain of the roads. However, I knew a trick or two about this business, and I was sure some of the pursuers would forge ahead; so three times I got behind a turn and fired as a man came on alone. I dismounted several that way. This relieved the strain enough so that I got within sight of the river with all my men. It was a quarter of a mile away when I saw it, and at that point the road split, and which branch led to the ford for the life of me I didn't know. There wasn't time for meditation, however, so I shot down the turn to the left, on the gamble, and sure enough there was the ford—only it wasn't any ford. The Rappahannock was full to the banks and perhaps two hundred yards across. The Confederates were within rifle-shot, so there were exactly two things to do—surrender or swim. I gave my men the choice—to follow me or be captured—and I plunged in, without any of them."

"What!" I demanded here, puzzled. "Didn't the men know how to swim?"

"Oh, yes, they knew how," the General answered, and looked embarrassed.

"Well, then, why didn't they?" It began

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to dawn on me. "Were they afraid—was it dangerous—was the river swift?"

"Yes," he acknowledged. "The river was swift—it was a foaming torrent."

"They were afraid—all ten of them—and you weren't—you alone?" The General looked annoyed. "I didn't want to be captured," he explained crossly. "I had the despatches besides." He went on: "I slipped off my horse, keeping hold of the bridle to guide him, and swam low beside him, because they were firing from the bank. But all at once the shots stopped, and I heard shouting, and shortly after I got a glimpse, over my horse's back, of a rider in the water near me, and there was a flash of a gray cap. One of the Southerners was swimming after me, and I was due for a tussle when we landed. I made it first. I scrambled to shore and snatched out my sword—the pistols were wet—and rushed for the other man as he jumped to the bank, and just as I got to him—just in time—I saw him. It wasn't him—it was her—the girl. Heavens!" gasped the General; "she gave me a start that time. I dropped my sword on the ground, I was so surprised, and stared at her with my mouth open.

"'Oo-ee!' said that girl, shaking her skirt, as calm as a May morning. 'Oo-ee!' like a baby crowing. 'My, but that's a cold river!' And her teeth chattered.

"Well, that time I didn't ask permission. I took her in my arms and held her—I had to, to keep her warm. Couldn't let her stand there and click her teeth—could I? And she didn't fight me. 'What did you do such a crazy thing for?' asked I.

"'Well, you're mighty par-particular,' said she as saucy as you please, but still shivering so she couldn't talk straight. 'They were popping g-guns at you—that's what for. Roger's a right bad shot, but he might have hit you.'

"'And he might have hit you,' said I. 'Did you happen to think of that?'

"She just laughed. 'Oh, no—they wouldn't risk hitting me. I'm too valuable—that's why I jumped in—to protect you.'

"'Oh!' said I. 'I'm a delicate flower, it seems. You've been protecting me all day. Who's Roger?'

"'My brother,' said she, smiling up at me.

"'Was that the man you kissed in the cabin back yonder?"

"'Shame!' said she. 'You peeped.'

"'Was it?' I insisted, for I wanted to know. And she told me.

"'Yes,' she told me, in that low voice of hers that was hard to hear, only it paid to listen.

"'Did you ever kiss any other man?' said I.

"'It's none of your business,' said the girl. 'But I didn't—the way you mean.'

"'Well, it wouldn't make any difference, anyway—nothing would,' I said. 'Except this—are you ever going to?'

"All this time that bright-colored head of hers was on my shoulder, Confederate cap and all, and I was afraid of my life to stir, for fear she'd take it away. But when I said that I put my face down against hers and repeated the question, 'Are you ever going to?'

"It seemed like ages before she answered and I was scared—yet she didn't pull away,—and finally the words came—low, but I heard. 'One,' said she. 'If he wants it.'

"Then——" the General stopped suddenly, and the splendid claret and honey color of his cheeks went a dark shade more to claret. He had come to from his trance, and remembered me. "I don't know why I'm telling you all these details," he declared abruptly. "I suppose you're tired to death listening." His alert eyes questioned me.

"General," I begged, "don't stop like that again. You give me a jolt so it hurts. I'm drinking in every word. Don't leave out a syllable. 'Then——'"

But he threw back his head boyishly and laughed with a touch of self-consciousness. "No, madam, I won't tell you about 'then.' I'll leave so much to your imagination. I guess you're equal to it. It wasn't a second anyway before she gave a jump that took her six feet from me, and there she was tugging at the girth of her saddle.

"'Quick—change the saddles!' she ordered me. 'I must be out of my mind to throw away time when your life's in danger. They're coming around by the bridge,' she explained, 'two miles down. And you have to have a fresh mount. They would catch you on that.' She threw a contemptuous glance at my tired brute, and began unbuckling the wet straps with her little wet fingers.

"'Don't do that,' said I. 'Let me.' But she pushed me away. 'Mustn't waste time.' She gave her orders as business-like as an

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officer. 'Do your own saddle while I attend to this. Zero can run right away from anything they're riding—from anything at all. Can't you, Zero?' and she gave the horse a quick pat in between unbuckling. He was a powerful, rangy bay, and not winded by his run and his swim. 'He's my father's,' she went on. 'He'll carry you through to General Hooker's camp at Falmouth—he knows that camp. It's twenty-five miles yet, and you've ridden fifty to-day, poor boy.'

"'I wish I could tell you how pretty her voice was when she said things like that, as if she cared that I'd had a strenuous day and was a little tired.

"'How do you know I'm going to Falmouth? How do you know how far I've ridden?' I asked her, astonished again.

"'I'm a witch,' she said. 'I find out everything about you-all by magic, and then I tell our officers. They know it's so if I tell them. Ask Stonewall Jackson how he discovered the road to take his cavalry around for the attack on Howard. I reckon I helped a lot at Chancellorsville.'

"'Do you reckon you're helping now?' I asked, throwing my saddle over Zero's back. 'Strikes me you're giving aid and comfort to the enemy hand over fist.'

"That girl surprised me whatever she did, and the reason was—I figured it out afterward—that she let herself be what few people let themselves be—absolutely straightforward. She had the gentlest ways, but she always hit straight from the shoulder, and that's likely to surprise people. This time she took three steps to where I stood by Zero and caught my finger in the middle of pulling up the cinch and held to it.

"'I'm not a traitor,' she threw at me. 'I'm loyal to my people, and you're my enemy—and I'm saving you from them. But it's you—it's you,' she whispered, looking up at me. It was getting dark by now, but I could see her eyes. 'When you put your hand over mine this morning it was like somebody'd telegraphed that the one man was coming; and then I looked at you, and I knew he'd got there. I've never bothered about men—mostly they're not worth while, when there are horses—but ever since I've been grown I've known that you'd come some time, and that I'd know you when you came. Do you think I'm going to let you be taken—shot, maybe? Not much—I'll guard your life with every breath of mine—and I'll keep it safe, too.'

"Now, wasn't that a strange way for a girl to talk? Did you ever hear of another woman who could talk that way, and live up to it?" he demanded of me unexpectedly.

I was afraid to say the wrong thing and I spoke timidly. "What did you do, then?"

He gave me a glance smouldering with mischief. "I didn't do it. I tried to, but she wouldn't let me.

"'Hurry, hurry,' said she, in a panic all of a sudden. 'They'll be coming. Zero's fast, but you ought to get a good start.'

"And she hustled me on the horse. And just as I was off, as I bent from the saddle to catch her hand for the last time, she gave me two more shocks together." Silent reminiscent laughter shook him.

"'When am I going to see you again?' asked I hopelessly, for I felt as if everything was mighty uncertain, and I couldn't bear to leave her.

"'To-morrow,' said she, prompt as taxes. 'To-morrow. Good-by, Captain Carruthers.'

"And she gave the horse a slap that scared him into a leap, and off I went galloping into darkness, with my brain in a whirl as to where I could see her to-morrow, and how under creation she knew my name. The cold bath had refreshed me—I hadn't had the like of it for nine days—and I galloped on for a while feeling fine, and thinking mighty hard about the girl I'd left behind me. Twenty-four hours before I'd never seen her, yet I felt as if I had known her all my life. I was sure of this, that in all my days I'd never seen anybody like her, and never would. And that's true to this minute. I'd had sweethearts a-plenty—in a way—but the affair of that day was the only time I was ever in love in my life."

To tell the truth I had been a little scandalized all through this story, for I knew well enough that there was a Mrs. Carruthers. I had not met her—she had been South through the months which her husband had spent in New York—but the General's strong language concerning the red-haired girl made me sympathize with his wife, and this last sentiment was staggering. Poor Mrs. Carruthers! thought I—poor, staid lady, with this gay lad of a husband declaring his heart forever buried with the adventure of a day of long ago. Yet, a soldier boy

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of twenty-three—the romance of war-time—the glamor of lost love—there were certainly alleviating circumstances. At all events, it was not my affair—I could enjoy the story as it came with a clear conscience. So I smiled at the wicked General—who looked as innocent as a baby—and he went on.

"I knew every road on that side the river, and I knew the Confederates wouldn't dare chase me but a few miles, as it wasn't their country any longer, so pretty soon I began to take things easy. I thought over everything that had happened through the day, everything she'd said and done—every look—I could remember it all. I can now. I wondered who under heaven she was, and I kicked myself that I hadn't asked her name. 'Lindy'—that's all I knew, and I guess I said that over a hundred times. I wondered why she'd told me not to go to Kelly's Ford, but I worked that out the right way—as I found later—that her party expected to cross there and she didn't want me to encounter them; and then the river was too full and they tried a higher ford. And I'd run into them. Yet I couldn't understand why she planned to cross at Kelly's, anyway, because there was pretty sure to be a Union outpost on the east bank there, and she'd have landed right among them. That puzzled me. Who was the girl, and why on earth was she travelling in that direction, and where could she be going? I went over that problem again and again, and couldn't find an answer.

"Meanwhile it was getting late, and the bracing effect of the cold water of the Rappahannock was wearing off, and I began to feel the fatigue of an exciting day and a seventy-five-mile ride—on top of nine other days with little to eat and not much rest. My wet clothes chilled me, and the last few miles I have never been able to remember distinctly—I think I was a little misty in my mind. At any rate, when I got to headquarters camp I was just about clear enough to guide Zero through the maze of tents, and not any more, and when the horse stopped with his nose against the front pole of the general's fly I was unconscious."

I exclaimed, horrified: "It was too much for human nature! You must have been nearly dead. Did you fall off? Were you hurt?"

"Oh, no—I was all right," he said cheerfully. "I just sat there. But an equestrian statue in front of the general's tent at 11 P. M. wasn't usual, and there was a small sensation. It brought out the adjutant-general, and he recognized me, and they carried me into a tent, and got a surgeon, and he had me stripped and rubbed and rolled in blankets. They found the despatches in my boots, and those gave all the information necessary. They found the letter, too, which Stoneman had given me to hand back to General Ladd, and they didn't understand that, as it was addressed simply to 'Miss Ladd, Ford Hall,' so they left it till I waked up. That wasn't till noon the next day."

The General began chuckling contagiously, and I was alive with curiosity to know the coming joke.

"I believe every officer in the camp, from the commanding general down, had sent me clothes. When I unclosed my eyes that tent was alive with them. It was a spring opening, I can tell you—all sorts. Well, when I got the meaning of the array, I lay there and laughed out loud, and an orderly appeared at that, and then the adjutant-general, and I reported to him. Then I got into an assortment of the clothes, and did my duty by a pile of food and drink, and I was ready to start back to join my chief. Except for the letter of General Ladd—I had to deliver that in person to give the explanation. General Ladd had been wounded, I found, at Chancellorsville, but would see me. So off I went to his tent, and the orderly showed me in at once. He was in bed with his arm and shoulder bandaged, and by his side, looking as fresh as a rose and as mischievous as a monkey, sat a girl with red hair—Linda Ladd—Miss Ladd, of Ford Hall—the old house where I first saw her. Her father presented me in due form and told me to give her the letter and—that's all."

The General stopped short and regarded me quietly.

"Oh, but——" I stammered. "But that isn't all—why, I don't understand—it's criminal not to tell the rest—there's a lot."

"What do you want to hear?" he demanded. "I don't know any more—that's all that happened."

"Don't be brutal," I pleaded. "I want to know, for one thing, how she knew your name."

"Oh—that." He laughed like an amused child. "That was rather odd. You re-

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member I told you that when they were chasing us I took shelter and shot the horses from under some of the Southerners."

"I remember."

"Well, the first man dismounted was Tom Ladd, the girl's cousin, who'd been my classmate at the Point, and he recognized me. He ran back and told them to make every effort to capture the party, as its leader was Captain Carruthers, of Stoneman's staff, and undoubtedly carried despatches."

"Oh!" I said. "I see. And where was Miss Ladd going, travelling your way all day?"

"To see her wounded father at Falmouth, don't you understand? She'd had word from him the day before. She was escorted by a strong party of Confederates, including her brother and cousin. She started out with just the old negro, and it was arranged that she should meet the party at the cabin where I found her writing. They were to go with her to Kelly's Ford, where she should pass over to the Union post on the other bank—she had a safe-conduct."

"Oh!" I assimilated this. "And she and her brother were Confederates, and the father was a Northern general—how extraordinary!"

"Not in the least," the General corrected me. "It happened so in a number of cases. She was a power in that campaign. She did more work than either father or brother. A Southern officer told me afterward that the men half believed what she said—that she was a witch, and got news of our movements by magic. Nothing escaped her—she had a wonderful mind, and did not know what fear was. A wonderful woman!"

He was smiling to himself again as he sat, with his great shoulders bent forward and his scarred hand on his knee, looking into the fire.

"General," I said tentatively, "aren't you going to tell me what she said when she saw you come into her father's tent?"

"Said?" asked the General, looking up and frowning. "What could she say? Good-morning, I guess."

I wasn't afraid of his frown or of his hammer-and-tongs manner. I'd got behind both before now. I persisted.

"But I mean—what did you say to each other, like the day before—how did it all come out?"

"Oh, we couldn't do any love-making, if that's what you mean," he explained in a business-like way, "because the old man was on deck. And I had to leave in about ten minutes to ride back to join my command. That was all there was to it."

I sighed with disappointment. Of course I knew it was just an idyll of youth, a day long, and that the book was closed forty years before. But I could not bear to have it closed with a bang. Somewhere in the narrative had come to me the impression that the heroine of it had died young in those exciting war-times of long ago. I had a picture in my mind of the dancing eyes closed meekly in a last sleep; of the young officer's hand laid sorrowing on the bright halo of hair.

"Did you ever see the girl again?" I asked softly.

The General turned on me a quick, queer look. Fun was in it, and memory gave it gentleness; yet there was impatience, too, at my slowness, in the boyish brown eyes.

"Mrs. Carruthers has red hair," he said briefly.

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LOWELL

By W. C. Brownell

I

OF Lowell's characteristics the chief I take to have been a certain representative rather than individual turn of mind. He illustrated on occasions of all kinds what he himself says the public asks of the poet, namely, to express for it its own feelings. He felt as others do, only more consciously—more categorically. He expressed what others think, but with more energy. He was not an original but an independent thinker. He had the kind of independence which even in reflecting it makes its own the general consensus. He did his own thinking, but its results were as recognizably reasonable as its processes were placid. In other words, his idiosyncrasy lay not in his mind but in his character. His reference to himself in "A Fable for Critics" as addicted to "isms" and eccentricities is a complete misconception—cleverly misleading, it might be called, but for the fact of his lack of self-consciousness. Such self-consciousness as he had was at least not self-scrutiny. It was certainly never paralyzing nor even disconcerting. It was clothed in the complacence born of the most reassuring conviction in the world, that of being in essential harmony with others. He beamed and expanded in a confidence free from the fear of confutation or even contradiction. The rare controversial note in his writings is always superficially perverse and piquant, not fundamentally argumentative. He does not in fact argue, but enounces. He is never either stimulated or embarrassed by "the other side." There was for him in general no "other side;" and indeed oftenest in his case there is not, for even when he is most polemic he is fired by those sure convictions attending little else so infallibly as the slaying of the slain. The function is a most important one, since nothing is more undesirable than their resurrection, to which there is always a tendency. But the inclination for it is a didactic and conservative one, quite inconsistent with the exploring instinct of the iconoclast.

Lowell's "radicalism" in politics, in social matters, on subjects theological, historical and literary, was practically and personally conservative, since it was the established attitude of his sufficing—and self-sufficing—circle. To be an abolitionist, a "rationalist," a theoretical romanticist, was for him almost a consequence of ancestry, tradition and circumstance. Following a legitimated radical programme is not uncongenial to the whig temperament. Of the extravagances due to the temperamentally radical with which every New Englander in Lowell's youth and early manhood was familiar, no one has said sharper and sounder things than he. He was himself eminently sound. His poise, indeed, is his chief distinction, and it is a great one. He liked whatever was sure and wholesome and eulogized it on all occasions, with the zest of the discoverer. He might make a willing concession now and then to the popular demand for the idiosyncratic in the way of personal aspect or attire, just as he frolicked and sported with quips and puns in his writing, but otherwise than superficially he was even in his youth a very sedate *enfant terrible*. The fundamental quality of his mind is as practical and conservative as its lighter moods are playful. It seems to have absolutely no adventurous or speculative side, and irresponsible as many of its expressions are, they are but the sparkle and ripple on a very staidly flowing current. Even his irresponsibilities and looseness, his superlatives and sweeping statements are due to limitation, rather than to enterprise, of thought. One can hardly "place" him in the same environment with Emerson and Hawthorne. His passions, too, may be summed up in patriotism, books and nature, in which there is as little that deflects as there is that is differentiating. And probably the residence of a man's real passions in the realm of the abstract is rather a bond than a bar between him and his fellows, even those who reserve that region for their ideal ones alone—on the principle, perhaps, that the priest wins more confidence than the practitioner. Add to these various elements fostering intellectual commerce,

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to this representative turn of mind, a sterling character that gives it body and substance and a remarkable faculty of expression that gives it definition, and one can conceive no better equipment and instrument for the admirable art of telling people on a high plane and in an elevated, an exquisite, or an energetic way, as may be required, precisely what they wish to hear.

Other auxiliary qualities to this end were Lowell's ingrained cleverness and his extraordinary personal charm. Cleverness and personal charm are qualities that are —perhaps ominously—extremely attractive to contemporary appreciation. Nothing is more envied in the living. Nothing finds prompter interment with their bones. Cleverness cloys too quickly to be an element of abiding satisfaction in their "works." And personal charm is almost inseparable from personal presence. The writers who—like Lamb and Thackeray—establish it in their writings as a vital and preservative force, are very few. Lowell was immensely clever. A "Fable for Critics" is a youthful masterpiece—youthful enough in its criticism, but an extraordinary *jeu d'esprit* and so completely individual as to remain, with parts of "The Biglow Papers," his most characteristic, as the "Commemoration Ode" is his most consummate production. He was always extraordinarily ready. Whether the occasion were serious or sportive, it never found him at fault. To unveil a monument, or respond to a toast, or consecrate a festival, or cap an epigram, and each in ideal fashion, he was equally prepared. Cleverness was the state in which habitually his faculties dwelt, not a mental exercise or phase. And it found its most congenial expression in pleasantry and playfulness. For his cleverness, though extreme and even at times excessive, is never sophisticated, rarely even subtle. It is always frank and generally gay. He began with high spirits and his youthful buoyancy stood by him to the end. His biographers record periods of gloom, even thoughts of suicide, and Mr. Greenslet is rather obsessed by the idea that he had a "dual nature" in this as in other respects. It is not unlikely. Most people have. But it is difficult to make a mystic out of Lowell. One may as easily fancy St. Francis in Faneuil Hall. He had his seasons of melancholy, but normally and for tragically abundant cause. There is no more the mystic, than there is a morbid, note in his composition. Everything of the kind is instinctively antipathetic to him. Apparently with all his reading he never read, at least sympathetically, the Scriptures of any people. He never cites the Bible. His good sense sufficed to assure him that "you've gut to get up airly if you want to take in God," and the apocalyptic was superfluous to him.

At all events, no writer of anything resembling his bookish and scholarly turn ever possessed high spirits in any such degree, as no writer ever so cordially conjoined the study and out-of-doors. Among writers of distinction we should have to go, not I think to Mark Twain and Aristophanes (the coupling is Lowell's own), who mix things less, but to Dickens for a parallel to his irruptive and casual gayeties in grave context. Certainly if his high spirits are not marked by the usual exuberance, they sometimes show as unmistakably in whimsicality and extravagance, however exhibited in playful rather than in boisterous guise. They do not lead him astray, but they are constantly taking him aside. He is not their slave, but they are his plaything. When they are constrained and directed to an artistic end, as in "A Fable for Critics" or "The Biglow Papers"—in the prefaces to which indeed they become sedate enough, even solemn, one may remark without fear of flippancy—they serve as excellent stimulus to sustained effort. But when, as is sometimes the case, they are the desultory and yet deliberate accentuation of his gayety and bland blitheness, his general *enjoué* manner, they are less to the purpose. "Nothing," he says rather hardly, apropos of Fletcher, "grows mouldy so soon as mere fun, the product of animal spirits." And we should be tempted to call some of Lowell's sallies "mere fun" if the high spirits from which they spring were not rather mental than animal, and if they were not so clearly stamped with his indisputable cleverness. They may be strained, of inappropriate tone, of doubtful taste, distracting rather than contributory or even decorative; there is none, it would be safe to wager, that is not truly, however studiedly, clever—though sometimes, it is true, what one feels impelled to call demonstrably so.

His cleverness was, indeed, a constituent probably rather than merely an ally of his great personal charm, which is uni-

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versally attested. Evidently he was the best of company and *in* the best of company. His sincerity and dignity of character, his accomplished scholarship, his frankness and optimism, his good sense and appreciation, his wit and extraordinary powers of expression must have made intimacy with him ideal and mere acquaintance a delight. He was literally but not overpoweringly a brilliant conversationalist, and if he "did most of the talking," others—Thackeray, Longfellow, Clough and Edmund Quincy on one recorded occasion—were more than content to listen. One certainly argues a considerable egoism from his writings, but no one seems ever to have minded, or even marked, it in his talk, and even in his books it never excludes the most altruistic admirations. He was geniality itself, and though undoubtedly what used to be called a Brahmin—at least by the Pariahs of the period—his sympathies were undoubtedly, in a human if not in an intellectual sense, catholic and active. His circle, however, was not large and those outside it could more easily perceive, perhaps, than those within it, that what, together with his cleverness, constituted for these latter an essential part of his personal charm was his clearly defined possession of the temperament of the dilettante. Mr. James states the fact, with extraordinary searchingness, though with, of course, the slightly august tone of the memorial "tribute." He regards his career "as in the last analysis a tribute to the dominion of style. This is the idea," he continues, "that to my sense his name most promptly evokes. He carried style—the style of literature—into regions in which we rarely look for it: into politics, of all places in the world, into diplomacy, into stammering, civic dinners, and ponderous anniversaries, into letters and notes and telegrams, into every turn of the hour—absolutely into conversation, where indeed it freely disguised itself as intensely colloquial wit." One could not better describe the activities of the true dilettante temperament. In such a society as ours, without variety of type and without background, without the many elements that Mr. James has scrupulously catalogued in his life of Hawthorne, the rôle of the dilettante can only be sincerely played—and sincerity was one of Lowell's cardinal qualities—by a nature in which confidence, eagerness, ardor, generosity, and optimism replace the sentimental, sensitive and fastidious instincts, the divining and discriminating faculties that are less disposed to see sermons in stones and good in everything than to select and exclude. The fact that he carried "style" into some of the regions enumerated by Mr. James—in some of which certainly his "style" savored more of the amateur than of the connoisseur—both denotes and defines his temperament, shows at once its inveteracy and its limitations.

II

Of his own particular environment, to which he was profoundly attached and in which he throve, he could nevertheless take a properly objective view. Whatever the limitations of his temperament, his mind, which was alertness itself, instantly apprehended the suggestions of culture, though his own culture, which was eminent, was as idiosyncratic—quite as idiosyncratic—as his personality. "How narrow Boston was!" he exclaims. "How scant a pasture it offered to the imagination." He speaks of Allston, "who perished slowly of inanition over yonder in Cambridgeport," and adds: "That unfinished Belshazzar of his was a bitter sarcasm on our self-conceit. Among *us* it was unfinishable." The implication of the italicized "us" is candid, courageous and correct. Lowell himself never experienced any such difficulty. His work could be produced and finished to its last potential perfection in this same atmosphere, in which he found something intimately congenial. He even took it with him on his travels, and was, even in Europe, surrounded with the Massachusetts aura. He had his books and he had his public. It is probable that he was conscious of no other needs. His acquisitiveness was among the most preponderant of his mental traits; but books satisfied its cravings—which does not seem so singular when we remember his enormous consumption of them. They and the society of Cambridge and Boston, in which "Allston perished slowly of inanition," sufficed to evoke and polish in him those qualities that make the perfect man of the world; so that when he went officially to Spain and England he was as much at home in a cosmopolitan society as he was in Cambridge. His own extreme personal charm and innate dignity counted largely, of course, in the distin-

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guished impression he made abroad. But every allowance made for these, it is particularly—and to his countrymen it must remain satisfactorily—notable that he should have had such a striking European success with such an exclusively American equipment.

Books, apparently, can accomplish a great deal; books in sufficient quantity, the best books. And even books that come more or less strictly under the head of *belles-lettres*. For if Lowell had any other equipment as a man of letters than *belles-lettres*, taken in the wider extension of the term, the fact does not appear in his writings. Science, theology, politics, philosophy, history, apparently interested him in but a subsidiary degree. Never was such conspicuous culture so exclusively belletristic. Mr. James says: "He knew his Paris as he knew all his subjects. The history of a thing was what he first saw in it." If so, it never passed beyond the states of seeing and knowing into feeling; and his "subjects" were altogether literary "things." Neither his knowledge of Paris nor his expertness in Old French gave him any independent appreciation of France or things French, at any rate, with reference to which he always utters the traditional British commonplaces. Tennyson hardly phrased them in more sharply stereotyped smugness. The great facts of French history are still for him the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the atrocities of the Revolution. "He should have fought with Nelson," as Arnold remarked of some fanatic—an Englishman, however. And of any special acquaintance with English history there is insufficient trace in his books to account for Mr. James's further statement: "He had studied English history for forty years in the texts, and at last [on becoming minister to England] he could study it in the pieces themselves, could handle and verify the relics." The "texts" Mr. James has in mind are perhaps literary texts. In other words, Lowell had studied English literature; he was now to "check" it by a study of English life. Doubtless so omnivorous and indefatigable a reader had read Freeman and Stubbs and Gardiner as well as Macaulay and Froude, Hume and Green. But certainly neither English history nor Continental, ancient, mediæval nor modern, deeply interested him except from an extension of the belletristic point of view. And even from this point of view, of course, far less than it did Macaulay, Carlyle or Arnold, not to speak of such writers as Taine, Scherer and Sainte-Beuve, of the value of whose "detective method" in criticism indeed, he expresses doubts. Less even, one may surely say, than Thackeray. For in spite of his special studies of early New England, if there is a passage in his works resembling the impressive and illuminating picture of Europe in the early eighteenth century in the lecture on George I, beginning with "The landscape is awful—" I have not remarked it.

Mr. James speaks of him as "steeped in history and literature" and "redolent, intellectually speaking," of Italy and Spain. But what he means appears in his next sentence: "He had lived in long intimacy with Dante and Cervantes and Calderon." That is to say, he was steeped not in history and literature, but in literary history and literature—nowadays, at all events, an unsatisfactory infusion for producing the best of even literary effects. He relied, indeed, even for the illumination of literature not so much on life as on linguistics, and the literary and linguistic pages of history, which is life recorded, monopolized his attention. "As Dante tells us," he says, "St. Francis took poverty for his bride." He does indeed. So does Francis himself. So for that matter does Giotto. In fact, even without Dante the circumstance would be known. Such a phrase in itself implicitly glosses Mr. James's assertion that Lowell was "steeped in history." But his own words are explicit. In one of his political essays there are several pages of express depreciation of the value of history—much in the vein of Colonel Esmond's sentimentally sceptical old age, except in being more systematic. In his essay on Dante he says that "one almost gets to feel as if the chief value of contemporary Italian history had been to furnish 'the Divine Comedy' with explanatory foot-notes." Indeed *he* quite "gets to feel" so when the momentum of hero-worship carries him on to the statement, "For Italy, Dante is the thirteenth century." One thinks of what, besides, the thirteenth century—the century of Frederic II and Innocent III and Giotto and St. Francis—really was for Italy, "the most interesting," as it has been called, in the history of Christianity after its primitive age, "more interesting than even the century

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of the Reformation"; and owing not to Dante but to Francis. And nothing could be more definite than Lowell's association of history with the Dismal Science in his admirable and elevated address on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Harvard College. "Give," he, says, "give to History, give to Political Economy that ample verge the times demand, but with no detriment to those liberal Arts which have formed open-minded men and good citizens in the past, nor have lost the skill to form them."

For the great movements, migrations, vicissitudes of the march of mankind—its transformations, enterprises, and achievements—the grandiose drama of war and peace, the rise and fall of tyranny and freedom, faith, and philosophy, the birth, development, and decay of institutions—social, political, and religious—the spectacle foreshortened in time, in a word, of general human activity caught and fixed in the multifariously embroidered web of history, he cared less, to judge from its reflection and echo in his works, than any other writer of his indisputably high rank that one could readily name. The service rendered criticism by this its connotation and collateral re-enforcement is incontestable. The work of every important modern critic relies on it—to an extent that gives its absence in Lowell a slightly old-fashioned air for works on so high a plane of scholarship and intelligence. His essays, in a word, are not historically enriched nor the product of a mind thus enriched. They have a very particular, a very bookish, and in consequence a rather restricted quality, for all their humanity, their elevated *bonhomie* and unaffected cordiality.

The matter is not one of erudition at all, but of culture. Lowell's erudition was great—even conspicuous; being, though always assimilated, always comfortably if not complacently displayed. Mr. Greenslet, his latest biographer, whose life is, critically, a work of altogether remarkable distinction, asserts that his scholarship was not up to current standards. One understands what is meant, but is a little impatient at having this sense of the term scholarship taken for granted. Lovers of literature would gladly have it remain esoteric a little longer, and instinctively shrink from the time when "we shall all go into the drab." One would gladly postpone yet for a brief season the era of specialism, and views with misgiving the no doubt inevitable invasion of barbarian hordes from without the confines of the empire of letters. The province of history has already been overrun and the expert is established within its stronghold, haughtier than Alaric or Attila in his contempt for the superficialities and shallownesses powerless to resist him. *Belles-lettres* may, however, hold out a little longer before it is transformed into scientific feudalism or declines in Byzantine decadence. The scholar should be an authority upon, as well as accomplished in his subject. Inspiration by its spirit will not atone for ignorance of its letter. True; alas! there is no possibility of robbing an ideal of so reasonable a requirement. But there are practical difficulties. According to the anecdote, Porson, on his deathbed, sighed humorously that he should have confined himself to the dative case. Had he done so, however, scholarship would have lost something. Mere count of heads shows that there are not enough Porsons to go around when the number of dative case equivalents is considered. Furthermore, he never could have learned much about the dative case itself by confining himself to it. No man, says Arnold, knows even his Bible who knows only it. And Professor James sets it down as "a common platitude" that "a complete acquaintance with anything, however small, would require a knowledge of the entire universe"—"that tempting range of relevances," as George Eliot calls it. But even a knowledge of the entire universe would not obviate the greater obstacle in the path to literary distinction of the expert in literature. He would still need what Bacon prescribes for the portraitist who would enhance nature—"a kind of felicity," namely. Bentley's scholarship will hardly be impugned, though he might perhaps judiciously have restricted its range. But even had he done so, no amount of concentration could have prevented the perpetration of his revised text of "Paradise Lost"—a veritable pharos erected on the rocks of learning to warn the voyaging expert through yet "undiscovered deeps of time."

Lowell certainly did not resemble the Casaubons of former, or their brisk analogues of present times. No one would have been readier than he to disclaim expert pre-

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tensions; quite destitute of deference as a coloring characteristic of his nature, such an attitude as he discloses toward Professor Child, for example, in his essay on Chaucer, is witness enough of this. His temper was as little authoritative as it was conspicuously complacent. But in Old French, as to a certain extent in linguistics more generally, he was an authority; and though *quicquid agunt homines* (within his own field) interested him too vivaciously to permit him to pursue to its documentary fastnesses other game that he nevertheless delighted to hunt, it is misleading to lay any stress on the deficiencies of his scholarship or to impeach the genuineness of his truly scholarly tastes. He was at least a scholar in the tested and traditional sense. That his "results" were not more important from the standpoint of the specialist does not make it the less erroneous to obscure his scholarship, which was remarkable, by emphasizing his culture, which in certain respects was restricted. He was a distinguished example of what he himself calls "liberal scholarship"—a term with as definite and laudable a meaning as that of the liberal arts. His learning was great and varied. His reading was enormous. He read as Chinese candidates read their classics and commentaries—all his life long, usually for many hours at a stretch, often for more than the day-laborer toils. And he read because he liked to—not, as a rule, one guesses, as specific preparation for work of his own. When he did it did not always bring him good luck. He says that he expressly read over again, seriatim, all of Thoreau's works before writing of him, and certainly he did so to small purpose. As a rule, we may be sure, he read to satisfy his curiosity—the curiosity of the scholar as well as that of the dilettante. However desultory, too, his reading may appear to pedantry, it was, owing to his curiosity, thorough-going, if not systematic. He was as persistent, as patient, in it as is possible only to a man who is following his bent. There is no other explanation of ten consecutive hours devoted to "Barbour's Brus"! His energy his high spirits, his debonair possession of a reasonably thick integument to shield his nerves and allay irritability, all contributed to the inveteracy of his favorite pursuit. He read everything except the inept and negligible; and everything, ancient and modern, in its own tongue. Dulness itself had no terrors for him. He read Gower as well as Chaucer, Joel Barlow as well as Homer. He delighted as much in his "Library of Old Authors"—a formidable array!—as in the less recondite and better remembered books that filled his ample shelves. Not a scholar! "*Le moyen*," as the French say, for such a tremendous bookman not to be.

But the truth is that Lowell's eminently scholarly tastes were wholly directed by his temperamental predilections, and he followed these, I think, with what one may almost call an enthusiastic docility that limited his culture to a degree unfortunate for the importance and endurance of much of his work in prose. His preferences despotically dictated his preoccupation, which was rather exclusively with linguistics, taking the term of course in its widest extension. "His linguistic sense," Mr. James says truly, "is perhaps the thing his reputation may best be trusted to rest upon." And he accounts for this admirably in saying further, "He had no experimental sympathies and no part of him was traitor to the rest," and that "this temper drove the principle of subtlety in his intelligence . . . to take refuge in one particular . . . corner," linguistics, namely. One could not more delicately suggest limitations or better indicate the quality of mind of the true dilettante innocent of the artist's constructional purpose, though the dilettante in thoroughly American disguise—robust, genial, confident, and masculine, without "experimental sympathies."

To his lack of experimental sympathies, too, must be ascribed his apparent insensitiveness to the plastic arts. Of course I do not mean that he was blind to their beauty, feeling sure as I do that the poetic strain is the dominant one in his equipment. But he did not take them in the least seriously. There is extraordinarily little reference to them in his works, which fact, however, is less indicative than the conjoined freedom and fatuity of such reference as there is. It did not occur to him, probably, that they have a point of view of their own. He did not set them off in his mind from other intellectual pursuits and appreciate their self-justification—as indeed how should he, expanding in an environment that stifled Allston, æsthetically modified only by the books of Ruskin, who never appreciated

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this himself. The great artists probably did not figure in his selected list of great men, which besides was further contracted to include mainly the poets—the poets and Abraham Lincoln, one might say. He is not even at the pains to keep their nationality in mind and—in "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners"—makes Holbein and Rubens fellow-countrymen of Rembrandt. Ravenna for him is merely the site of Dante's tomb, which, he says, "is now the chief magnet which draws foreigners and their gold" thither, Ravenna being actually, of course, for art and measurably for history what Carlyle called Gibbon —"that splendid bridge between the Old World and the New"—and Dante's tomb,

A little cupola, more neat than solemn,

being for the generally cultivated, if not for the exclusively belletristic, gold-bearing foreigner, the least of her monuments. He has his doubts about Michael Angelo—perhaps, as he says, "bitten with the Anglo-Saxon gadfly that drives us all to disenchant artifice," perhaps because in a strange land it behooves one to be cautious about appearances. "Michael Angelo seems to me," he writes, "in his angry reaction against sentimental beauty to have mistaken bulk and brawn for the antithesis of feebleness. He is the apostle of the exaggerated, the Victor Hugo of painting and sculpture." (*Encore*, it is necessary to parenthetize his view of Victor Hugo!) "I have a feeling," he continues—abandoned altogether by what Mr. James calls "the principle of subtlety in his intelligence"—"I have a feeling that rivalry was a more powerful motive with him than love of Art, that he had the conscious intention to be original, which seldom leads to anything better than being extravagant. The show of muscle proves strength not power." But he does not wish to be "niggardly toward one in whom you cannot help feeling there was so vast a possibility." The whole series of observations illustrates his independence certainly, and perhaps should modify one's impression of his lack of originality. Originality, at any rate, cannot be denied to some architectural remarks further on in "A Few Bits of Roman Mosaic." "I doubt about domes," he observes, with a tentativeness charming in Lowell. "In Rome they are so much the fashion that I felt that they were the goitre of architecture. Generally they look heavy. Those on St. Mark's in Venice are the only light ones I saw, and they look almost airy, like tents puffed out with wind. I suppose one must be satisfied with the interior effect, which is certainly noble in St. Peter's. But for impressiveness both within and without there is nothing like a Gothic cathedral for me, nothing that crowns a city so nobly, or makes such an island of twilight silence in the midst of its noonday clamors." The poet's touch recalls us to Lowell again, and him to a more congenial subject. We are as relieved as our guide at the next sentence: "Now as to what one sees in the streets, the beggars are," etc., etc. We are back on firm ground once more, and our doubts about Michael Angelo and about "domes" become as insubstantial and "airy" as those of San Marco or their ancestral Turcoman kibitkas.

III

His criticism clearly grew out of his reading habit, not out of his reflective tendencies. He read pencil in hand, and as he read he annotated. His criticism is therefore largely comment, and, its original destination being often the lecture-room, its tone is largely conversational. He collected and sifted his marginalia, expanded them, wrote context (multifarious and spirited) for them, supplied them with introductions (extremely artificial in general), and presented them to the public, having first, in many instances, presented them to his pupils. They have thus an intimate and familiar quality and suggest the lecture-room, or at most the lyceum, more vividly than the forum or the library. They are on a high plane, the high plane on which habitually Lowell lived and thought, but their glance is *de haut en bas*, and such traits as unexplained allusions and untranslated quotations and recondite references—a kind of *fatras* of bookish reticulation with which they are overspread—do not disguise a certain complacence not wholly foreign to genial condescension. Then there are the jokes, the puns, the witticisms generally of a high order and, though sometimes "naked to laughter" rather than provocative of it in the reader, very comprehensively the Attic salt of the class-room. What could be wittier or more incisive than,

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speaking of "the average Briton" in America, "not a Bull of them all but he is persuaded he bears Europe on his back"? On the other hand, such a title for such a grave political essay as "The Pickens-and-Stealin's Rebellion" presupposes a sympathetic relation between author and reader, to say the least. Similarly the reference in the "Thoreau" to the "maggots" of which New England brains were full in the '40's and which "must at times have found pitiably short commons." And a score, a hundred, others easily cited. Quite so, one imagines, or rather we know, he must have lectured to his students, of whom it is surprising—and discreditable to university youth—that he had so few. It is less surprising, however, that his readers at the present time should not be more numerous.

To begin with, the critical essays are distinctly artless in both the literal and the derived sense of the word. And in the essay, as elsewhere, art is indispensable to real effectiveness and permanent interest. It is surely not the one form of literary expression that is exempt from this necessity. A critical essay is not a cairn of comment, but an organic composition. An organism is a whole of which the parts are mutually dependent and each essential to the whole. An artistic organism is one whose structure is expressive rather than expressed—its means answerable to analysis, its effect sensible in aspect. An essay of Lowell's has this quality no more than one of Emerson's has. It is not a quality that either of them sought. It is a quality, indeed, probably without special appeal to either the professor or the prophet, and Lowell was a little of a prophet just as Emerson has something of the professor. Neither is actuated by the motive of the artist, the desire to please. This desire is as much that of the artist in criticism as it is that of the designer of a cathedral. It is because rhetoric is an art that Aristotle defined its end as not conviction but persuasion. Lowell never tried to persuade anyone in his life, his strong strain of didacticism showing itself rather in confirming the accepted than in commending the overlooked. The "Biglow Papers" themselves do not proselytize, but merely pronounce. And it probably comes about quite naturally, quite normally, therefore—apart from its desultory class-room origin in many instances—that whatever else a critical essay by him may be, however penetrating, instructive, valuable for admonition, reproof, or enlightenment, it is certainly not in any satisfactory sense an artistic performance. Consequently his criticism has less currency, I think, than its substance deserves. You have an active, even a vivid sense that he knows what he is talking about, but you are less—considerably less—stirred by what he says. One receives impressions from it, which he remembers or not, as it may happen, but they are not central or complete impressions. They are not informed by an idea of the subject, but are rather of points of detail, often so casual as to have almost an *obiter* effect.

It is easy to seem pedantic in insisting on organic quality as an essential of effective and agreeable composition of any kind, and so on. To do so is merely to rehearse a trite commonplace of elementary rhetoric. Of course, a literal and exact exemplification of the principle would, if on a scale of any size—larger than that of a sonnet or triolet, say—incur imminent risk of becoming an extremely wooden affair. A writer who should undertake to make a composition impeccably organic must either attempt a very insignificant composition or achieve a mosaic rather than the living result that precisely, in art as in nature, an organism is and a mosaic is not. But to paraphrase the ethical ideal of the first great literary critic, there is reason in all things. As a matter of fact there is only one way, probably, of attaining this result of unity in any various work of art, and that is to keep the *ensemble* in mind. Now to do this one must first have in mind an *ensemble*. The literary or other artist is no freer from this necessity than the sculptor, to whom it is almost a physical impossibility successfully to model a detail of anything in the round without constant reference to the profile of some whole either actually or ideally before him. Some central conception is similarly necessary for the successful conduct of any composition. If it is an essay on Rousseau or Keats or Dante—a full-length portrait, a half-length, or a head—any feature or phase of his productions, his place in literature, his influence on mankind, or whatever, or all these together—a necessary preliminary will be the establishment of some general idea of the subject. The essay will be the expression in detail of this conception—in

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proportion to its complexity the elaborate unfolding of it. Reading and general undirected reflection serve merely as agencies formative of the conception itself. This is the undoubted process of all the great critics, however various their tendencies, points of view, and technical expression.

To say that Lowell's criticism lacks this initial central conception would be to say that it is written at random. But, indeed, it often has precisely the appearance of being written at random, and precisely because his central conception is vague. Erasmus's witty and apt complaint that "every definition is a misfortune" related to the abstractions of doctrine and dogma. In art the concrete reigns supreme and nothing can be too definite—even if, or perhaps especially if, it is to express the abstract. The essay on Dante Lowell says is the result of twenty years of study. One may easily believe it—taking the statement somewhat loosely, as of course he intended it. It is packed with interesting and illuminating detail, and has been called his ablest performance in criticism. In Dante's case, more than in most others, to admire is to comprehend. Lowell's admiration is limitless and one feels that he understood his subject. But his expression of it is only less inartistic than it is uncritical. His twenty years of study have resulted in his comprehension of his theme, but not in reducing it to any definite proportions or giving it any sharpness of outline. There is nothing about it he does not know and perhaps one may say nothing in it that he does not appreciate. But he does not communicate because he does not express his general conception of Dante and he does not because he has not himself, one feels sure, thought it out into definition. He is interested in ranking his poet, not describing him. Dante is next to Shakespeare, next to Homer, above all others, and so on. Think of him in connection with Byron! "Our nineteenth century," he says, "made an idol of the noble lord who broke his heart in verse once every six months, but the fourteenth was lucky enough to produce and not make an idol of that rarest earthly phenomenon, a man of genius who could hold heart-break at bay for twenty years, and"—but no one can care for the conclusion of such a sentence as that. Lowell himself has been less fortunate than he says the fourteenth century was, but his idolatry merely consecrates the looseness that mars his admirably sympathetic essay.

For just as the artlessness, the formlessness, which his essays betray—and which Mr. Greenslet illustrates by an amusing analysis of the "Lessing"—is a consequence of his lack of a central and unified conception of his subject, so this lack is itself a consequence of the absence in his brilliant equipment of the critical spirit, the critical temperament. The possession of this spirit would have perturbed him out of his Capuan dalliance with detail and spurred him to the capture of the capital, on which for life, as well as order, all the provinces of detail depend. The critical temperament is a reflective one. Criticism is not the product of reading, but of thought. To produce vital and useful criticism it is necessary to think, think, think, and then, when tired of thinking, to think more. Lowell's temperament is not unfairly to be inferred from a playful but indicative passage in "A Moosehead Journal." "It is curious," he says, "how tyrannical the habit of reading is and what shifts are made to escape thinking. There is no bore we dread being left alone with so much as our own minds." Hence the predominance in his essays of desultory over consecutive thought, as well as of detail over *ensemble* in their form. Hence, too, his hospitable harboring of the partisan spirit. And as his representative turn of mind dominated his individuality, the partisan spirit blurred—or, if one chooses, gilded—his perceptions, and dulled, or at least deflected, his penetration. From the great endeavor of contemporary criticism, if it be "to see the object as in itself it really is," he is constitutionally dissociated.

Accordingly, it is a fine trait in his criticism—and discloses a still finer trait in his character—that his essays should be, in general, so compact of eulogy. Choosing, as I have said, the best of subjects, by the natural selection of an aristocratic intellect, he was here, to be sure, in the main on safe ground. It would be a task almost—not quite—as idle as it would be ungracious to attempt to pick flaws in or seriously to controvert the larger proportion of his eulogiums. They constitute a veritable literary monument, with the traditional epitaph inspiration, and might be entitled "The Praise

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of Great Writers," being sometimes, too, almost lyrical enough in spirit to be called poems in prose. Of his dispraise one easily feels less certain. In the nature of things—there being notoriously no standard of the false, the ugly, and the wrong—censure exacts more qualifications in the critic than eulogy. But the critical spirit may be as clearly absent from sound praise as from unjust censure, and it is only the critical spirit that can preserve criticism from that oblivion which swallows all at last but which is indecorously hungry for the partial and the partisan. Mr. Greenslet says Lowell's essays are read in colleges. As if that were any augury of immortality!

There is no qualification to his praise to give it persuasiveness, to say nothing of permanence. The Dante essay (to recur to this representative example) is all patently partisan—patently therefore, in the sixth century of Dante criticism, either unsound or superfluous; the day of discrimination is never over, but wholesale consideration reaches finally its term. Lowell is, like all the temperamentally energetic but reflectively indolent, particularly fond of superlatives. And though superlatives may be just, they do not define. Obviously they state the known in terms of the unknown—A in terms of X, as Lowell might say; clearly the converse of the critical order. The general atmosphere of idolatry that they create is unfortunate because it is plainly "too good to be true," and in a world of imperfections the result is bound to lack verisimilitude. Dante in Lowell's pages ceases to be credible; or if abstractly credible is concretely very difficult to conceive as a thirteenth-century Florentine, as well as a very different personage from the Dante of other commentators. Miss Rossetti, for example, whose interpretation Lowell praises so highly as to say that he shall only endeavor to supplement it by the "side-lights" of his own prolonged study—Miss Rossetti admits that after Beatrice's death Dante gave himself up "more or less to sensual gratification and earthly aim." On this Lowell remarks: "The earthly aim we in a certain sense admit; the sensual gratification we reject as utterly inconsistent, not only with Dante's principles, but with his character and indefatigable industry." What it is not inconsistent with is the known, or at all events, universally credited, facts of his life. "Let us dismiss at once and forever all the idle tales of Dante's amours," exclaims Lowell, with extraordinary finality. But the reader is bound to reflect that all the "tales" are not "idle." Some of them deserve philosophic treatment—for instance, as one may say, those on which, in the passage of the "Purgatorio" where she reproves him for his backslidings, Beatrice probably based her rebuke. My only point is that Lowell treats Dante in frankly partisan fashion and that the partisan rather than the critical inspiration marks his philosophic treatment in general.

This being the case, it would no doubt be fortunate, that in general there is so little philosophy in his essays, if it were not for the fact that the philosophic spirit is the life, as the critical instinct is the inspiration, of criticism. The two, indeed, are hardly to be discriminated; and as the absence of the latter in Lowell is attested by the lack of centrality of conception responsible for his formlessness, so it, in turn, implies the absence of that interest in ideas as such, in and of themselves, which marks that side of the critical temperament, approximately at least, to be called philosophic. For this there is absolutely no adequate substitute in criticism. With it the critic may lack almost everything else. Lowell's ideas were in general the conceits, notions, fancies, of the true poet, of the observant rather than the reflective order—so far as luxuriance may be predicated of them. Of philosophic ideas, general ideas, there is in his many volumes a dearth that only ceases to be surprising when one recalls Mr. James's remark that he "had no speculative side" or his own reference, indeed, to "speculation's windy waste." Macaulay, in comparison, is alive with them.

They certainly can be overworked. M. Faguet has a charming passage about them in this sense. "It is impossible," he says, "to be quite ignorant of anything without systematizing it a great deal or to know anything without systematizing it a little; so that one cannot escape general ideas even by virtue and effort, and learning itself only serves to enable us to avoid them in excess." A certain order of truisms aside, Lowell's general intellectual superiority, his admirable culture, saved him from the mediocrity thus satirized, of dealing with general ideas by main strength and *à tout propos*. Also

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his unspeculative temperament. And as I say, they are infrequent in his pages. An occasional distinction, that between the poetic temperament and the poetic faculty, in his "Percival," for instance, is vouchsafed us; but, on the other hand, when he deals with ideas of a general nature he is apt to recall Mr. Howells's remark about an eminent publicist accustomed "to do his boldest thinking along the safest lines." His normal attitude is very well indicated in his signalizing as "an important and even profound truth" Webster's assertion that a coward cannot be an honest man, and calling it an example of the "metaphysical apothegms" of which he says only Chapman was fonder than Webster. Ideas are certainly, if succinctly expressed, "metaphysical apothegms," but to think of them as such is to take rather an unfriendly view of them.

Consequently, in his criticism one feels the lack of the element that gives it at its best what it has been said even a biography should have, namely, "a life of its own apart from the subject." Of his own general conception of life and art, we get very little. He had apparently no particular philosophic view to advocate or express and his essays have no general philosophic derivation. His critical work as a whole lacks the unity of a body of doctrine or even a personal point of view. It does not discuss principles. Its chief value is exegetical. This is why he is at his best in his "Dante," his "Chaucer," his "Dryden," his "Shakespeare," and the Elizabethans generally. For as exegesis is the strongest part of his criticism, linguistics are the strongest part of his exegesis and he is even better in discussing the language than in explaining the substance of the poets. For language he had the instinct to be expected of such a master of expression, and of archaic, recondite, or foreign language he was an admirable interpreter—being both a poet and a precisian. In this field it would be difficult to overpraise him.

IV

His style lacks continuity—which is to say that it lacks style. That is the first, and I think the final impression left by any prolonged consecutive reading of his prose. One feels the lack of continuity of presentation consequent upon the lack of sustained thought, which also it considerably accentuates. The appearance of vagrom annotation which the essays often have is enhanced by the absence of distribution and organization in the design, or rather, by the absence of design itself. I think it is also enhanced by the brilliancy of the detail. Lowell had an extraordinary, a wonderful gift of expression—a faculty perhaps as often fatal as favorable to the achievement of style. He could, as the phrase is, say anything he liked. He could follow the turns and shadings of his lively fancy into all sorts of recesses of refinement, and with the greatest ease. This sense of ease is the greatest charm of his style. The reader savors it—when he can abstract it from its associated phenomena—with the satisfaction always aroused by the untrammelled functioning of any truly native and effective faculty. And often it evokes the additional enjoyment of a fine faculty at play, revelling in its own effortless activities. Often, too, it must be said, it falls into the clutches of excess, of which it is, of course, the natural prey, unwary as the bird blind to the fascination of the serpent. Often the sense of effortless ease shades into that of a kind of decorous riot, which would be distressing if it were not tinctured by a genial self-satisfaction that renders it insipid instead. But at its best, Lowell's gift of expression vivifies his prose immensely. It makes an occasional stretch, now and then substantially long reaches, of his essays —especially those in familiar vein, like the "Moosehead Journal" and the "Condescension in Foreigners"—a succession of what are known as "good things." He was himself extremely partial to both the phrase and the fact of "good things." Reflection with him probably frequently took the form of preparing them, and one can predicate in fancy the *pétillant* way in which preliminarily his mind ticked them off—whether in a *coupé* going to a public dinner or in his library at Elmwood, a wide-margined "Cervantes" on his lap and nicotian spirals from his contemplative pipe doubtless half veiling "a statue by Powers and a portrait by Page" that must have been among its Lares.

And his good things are curiously *sui generis*. They are not rarely the good things of the poet, who is touched as well as enlightened by the truths he discovers or rather feels with personal stress and states, accordingly, in figurative fashion; for example, "Style, the handmaid of talent, the

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helpmeet of genius." They are curiously devoid of epigrammatic quality, as that quality is displayed in the most eminent examples of epigram; a fact which proceeds, I suppose, from his constitutional neglect of the field of "general ideas." Often extremely witty, their wit is not pure wit, any more than it is pure humor, but a kind of combination of the two—wit, let us say, with the inspiration of humor. It is, like his mind, sensible and sound and unspeculative. It neither flashes nor glows, but sparkles. It does not illumine a subject with a chance light, a sudden turn, a wilful refraction, a half truth, but plays about it sportively—leaving it, besides, pretty much as it found it. No one would call his wit searching. Lowell possessed too little deference as well as too little malice to be distinctly penetrating. It has a very persistent judicious side, infallibly provocative in the end of grief in the judicious. For nothing will save a succession of good things considered as the web of a sustained literary production but the spice of paradox. Paradox is the only variant of the inevitable monotony. It is the life of Stendhal's essays, one may almost say, to cite an example of formlessness paralleling Lowell's. But it never occurs in Lowell. He can, on occasion, be trivial, even flippant, wilful, even wrong-headed, but never paradoxical. One gets tired finally of the undisputed thing said in such a witty way. Nay, one must also admit fatigue with what he himself would call the perfect concinnity of all this brilliant and desultory detail and itches to cast his oyster-shell against this impeccable Aristides of expression.

But from the point of view of style its defect is that it *is* detail, and so accentuated as to nullify the *ensemble*, on which style inexorably depends. For, however one define it, style implies a sustained flight. Lowell achieves it in his poetry sometimes splendidly, superbly. Which renders it at first thought unaccountable that his prose should be so desert of it. Other poets have never so conspicuously fallen down in this respect on alighting from their Pegasus. But no doubt the reason is that whereas he was not habituated to sustained thought, and shrank recalcitrant from its concatenation, he delighted in sustained emotion—the simpler the better, too. Of his prose as well as of his poetry the figure is an unfailing characteristic. His poetic faculty follows him even into argumentation and gilds his rhetoric with fancy; the more readily and easily for the strong blend of rhetoric in his poetic faculty itself. His figures are of course variably, however inveterately, felicitous, but they are always favorites with him, one feels, over the substance it is their formal function to illuminate or adorn. The logical path through one of his essays, or such semblance of one as he follows, is fringed with figures that count really as digressions, so much do they absorb his zest and so thoroughly does he explore and exploit them. The reader more easily surfeited with straying might find these leaps and excursions too frequent, but for the fact that they are not rarely quite as entertaining as the high-road of his thought; from which, besides, they diverge without abruptness and to which they always return, for though they vary in felicity, his figures are simply never inapt. A page opened at random, for example, says of the Elizabethans: "But though fortunate in being able to gather their language with the dew still on it, as herbs must be gathered for use in certain incantations, we are not to suppose that our elders used it indiscriminately, or tumbled out their words as they would dice, trusting that luck or chance would send them a happy turn." Indeed we are not to, and probably we should not. So that the warning to us not to think of the age of verbal *concetti* as linguistically happy-go-lucky is less impressive than the beautiful figure about the language with the dew still on it. The passage could be paralleled every few pages throughout the six volumes of essays. It is characteristic, too, not only in the superiority of figure to idea, but in the pursuit of the figure and its transformation, like the pursuit of the genie by the princess in the Second Calendar's tale.

But his prose is never prose poetry. It is masculine, direct, flexible, and energetic prose. Whatever irresponsibilities of taste he might have, however addicted to a kind of racy and idiomatic order of conceits and overfond of figure he might be, however lacking his writing in the larger rhythm of style and the organic order of composition, his essays are admirably written from the point of view of adequate, accurate, and scholarly prose expression. His poetic faculty is an aid, not an embarrassment, to

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him and when he had poetry to write he wrote it in verse. His trained sense and sound instinct secured him against the mediocrity and the meretriciousness of inflated periods and ungoverned emotionality. He aimed at no "effects." He was quite without vulgarity of any kind, though his lack of deference, for which on occasion he substitutes idolatry, robs his writing now and then of that positive perfume of sensitive intellectual refinement in which self-respect and consideration seem magically fused; as in Emerson, for example. Without a tinge of austerity, despite his *concetti*, and despite, too, his wealth of literary allusion, his writing is admirably simple; so far at least as clearness is concerned it is simplicity itself. His vocabulary is extraordinary, and often extremely personal, but I think he never exploits it. He had no pedantries. He even belittled rather than paraded his Old French. He was fond of unusual words, no doubt, but for their expressive value, and never used them inaptly or as decoration, though never restrained from taking advantage of their concise and epitomizing quality by awe of philistine resentment at the unfamiliar. When he said such a thing would have "arrided" Lamb, he was using Lamb's own word, and when he speaks of "the hermetic gift of buckling wings to the feet of their verse" he is but pardonably mercurial. At all events, if he was now and then linguistically precious he was far oftener linguistically instructive, and always quite without display. His allusions are often recondite, like Carlyle's, though not, like Carlyle's, *bizarre;* he lacked the edge as well as the irritability of extravagance in its intenser forms, the relief as well as the rudeness of the eccentric—save in the matter of taste, his offences against which fringe the commonplace and are not so eccentric as it is eccentric to commit them. His peculiarity of never explaining his allusions is not affectation. He had none. He is too bland, too broad, too complacent. It is merely bookish. It does not in the least modify the general effect of his essays as lectures to students or a lyceum public of rather elementary quality, though perhaps of a rather special sort. On the contrary, it adds to their air of the academic close, peopled not by representatives of the reading world at large, nor even by the generally cultivated, but by the matriculate and the novice. Nor does their style, spite of the admirable qualities enumerated, quite take them out of this category. They will doubtless continue to be indispensable in the college courses referred to by Mr. Greenslet, and certainly everyone should read them for the instruction they contain, for their literary saturation. But the larger public—so free, so fickle, so entirely irresponsible, but also so responsive to what is really addressed to it—will increasingly, I think, turn to his poetry as Lowell's more interesting and more admirable achievement and his more genuinely native form of self-expression.

V

THE same qualities to be found in his prose exist, of course, in his poetry, but they make a very different thing of it. It is not to be regretted that, unlike Tennyson, for example, he did not confine himself to poetry. Not only did he write a great deal of admirable and distinguished prose, not only may we say, indeed, that there is very little of his prose that is not worth while, but he wrote a good deal too much verse; and verse that misses the mark has less to fall back upon than errant or superfluous prose. If he had consecrated himself completely to the service of the Muse, we should have lost more than we should have gained; and have gained nothing properly to be called indispensable, since the proportion of his poetry that can be so called is small. But a great deal of it is very fine, very noble, and at times very beautiful, and it discloses the distinctly poetic faculty of which rhythmic and figurative is native expression. It is impressionable rather than imaginative in the larger sense; it is felicitous in detail rather than in design; and of a general rather than individual, a representative rather than original, inspiration. There is a field of poetry, assuredly not the highest, but ample and admirable—in which these qualities, more or less unsatisfactory in prose, are legitimately and fruitfully exercised. All poetry is in the realm of feeling, and thus less exclusively dependent on the thought that is the sole reliance of prose. Being genuine poetry, Lowell's profits by this advantage. Feeling is fitly, genuinely, its inspiration. Its range and limitations correspond to the character of his suscepti-

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bility as those of his prose do to that of his thought. The fusion of the two in the crucible of the imagination is infrequent with him, because with him it is the fancy rather than the imagination that is luxuriant and highly developed. For the architectonics of poetry he had not the requisite reach and grasp, the comprehensive and constructing vision. Nothing of his has any large design or effective interdependent proportions. In a technical way an exception should be noted in his skilful building of the ode—a form in which he was extremely successful and for which he evidently had a native aptitude. His sonnets are less happy—some of them, in fact, perfectly insipid or mechanical. But the ode is a comparatively loose construction—witness the unrivalled success in it of the author of "the slipshod 'Endymion,'" as Keats agrees with his reviewer in calling it, and the fragmentary "Hyperion." Of such a poem as the "In Memoriam" or "Evangeline," or even "Snow Bound," Lowell is incapable. The "Legend of Brittany" is full of charming and touching poetry, but it has far less structure, less definition and coherence, less movement and evolution, than the "Isabella and the Pot of Basil," in which Keats has been charged with drowning all the crispness of Boccaccio. Keats, however, loses his structure in a surfeit of imaginative surplusage. In Lowell it is the imagination itself that is lacking, though in nearly every stanza fancy makes a brave struggle to cover its defection with her felicities.

The "Legend" is an extremely characteristic poem. Like the "Vision of Sir Launfal," with its charming nature detail, it not only fails in design, failing to bring out effectively the design supplied by the legend itself, but it fails in characterization; the figures are not alive; in spite of considerable elaboration they are not even distinct. A sort of *couche* of moralizing—oddly un-Breton—overlays the poem, while, singularly, there is not enough intensity in the treatment to make the tragedy stern. Intensity, in fact, is wholly foreign to Lowell's temperament, and his poetry suffers accordingly in this respect more than in almost any other. His lack of passion—almost droll in so convinced a partisan—is so pronounced as to amount well-nigh to dispassionateness. Naturally the entire gamut of emotions excluded by a rectitude of feeling paralleling his regularity of thought is without his range and he could not be expected to "break his heart in verse every six months." But even where his feeling is lofty it is rarely exalted, and where it is profound it is not intense. The "lyric cry" is not to be heard in his poetic dominions, where the curfew of calm replaces it with its placid toll. Sentiment, in a word, replaces passion—in quite eighteenth-century fashion one would be tempted to say but for its conspicuous genuineness and often truly Wordsworthian melody. Cowper's and Cowley's at least one may call its congeners, rather than the intenser strain of nineteenth-century verse at its flood. "Auf Wiedersehn," for example, is a charming poem, but compare it with the stanzas "In Switzerland" concluding with

> The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea.

Its best, its most characteristic line is the admirable one,

> The turf that silences the lane,"

in which nature asserts her primacy in the poet's reflections and inspires him with a felicity his mistress cannot evoke. "The First Snowfall," too, is exquisite, but it does not strive nor cry. It expresses bereavement touchingly. But it is on the natural picture with

> The stiff rails softened to swan's-down

that the poetic stress falls.

For nature, however, Lowell *did* have a feeling justly to be called passion. His passion, as I have said, may be summed up in nature, books, and patriotism, and it is precisely the first and the last of these that provide motives for song which in their intensest expression retain still something of the abstract and impersonal, and in their loftier and broader statement express the universal rather than the particular. No one is a stranger to the meaning, however he may be to the experiences, of patriotism. And poetry at the present day can say little to him to whom nature says nothing. These two sources of poetic inspiration are therefore especially germane to the genius of a poet like Lowell, who had no general point of view of his own, no personal "message" to deliver, but whose gift of expression was fully exercised, in all its rich luxuriance, in expressing the thoughts and feelings of his

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fellow-men. To sing one's country and its landscape, one does not need a "speculative side." And impressionability as sensitive as Lowell's does duty very efficiently for the imagination. He was extremely sensitive to all out-of-door aspects and influences. If he did not read Wordsworth's pantheism into nature's myriad phenomena, he observed them with a loving sentiment that eliminates all traces of vagueness and gives a crisp and definite report of them that guarantees its own genuineness and forms an authentic basis for the delight with which they filled him and which flowers in indubitably poetic characterization. His ingrained predilection for the figurative in language, so excessive in his prose, stands him in good stead here. In verse his figures add to their invariable aptness a truly poetic charm. He carries his beloved Shakespeare out of doors with him and speaks thus of the treachery of spring, in lines which have more *style* than all his prose contains, and which, like the lion on the flag of the Persian poet, "move and march" in the sustained *souffle* that style is:

And Winter suddenly, like crazy Lear,
Reels back and brings the dead May in his arms,
Her budding breasts and wan dislustred front
With frosty streaks and drifts of his white beard
All overblown.

"What is so rare as a day in June?" Such poetry about it as this:

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives.

Nature is usually animate with him. The birds sing in the branches. Sunshine vivifies the fields and thrills the woods it filters through. The breeze blows. Life and motion are everywhere. Shelley and Wordsworth have not more worthily immortalized the skylark than Lowell has the bobolink, its New England congener. Who that has ever seen this embodiment of sportiveness at play in the zephyrs can forget the lines:

Half-hid on tip-top apple-blooms he swings,
Or climbs against the breeze with quiverin' wings,
Or, givin' way to 't in a mock despair,
Runs down, a brook o' laughter, thru the air?

Joy is the sentiment that chiefly nature inspires in him. It is the birch-tree, not the weeping-willow that he celebrates, and that might almost be taken as the symbol of his nature poetry, with its crispness, its delicacy, its New England color and substance, its alert grace, its antitropical allure, its independence and breezy self-sufficiency. With the awful, the majestic, the solemn and sublime aspects of Nature, her immensities of space and stillness and the drama of her storms and wilder moods, he is less in touch. Her more familiar and more benign aspects appeal to him as the New England poet which he was and—being without a trace of affectation—was necessarily. The huckleberry-bush has not quite the same suggestiveness as the laurel, the vine, and the fig-tree, but it has indefeasibly its own poetic potentialities, and these and their kindred found in Lowell an exquisite as well as an eloquent, a sensitive as well as a veridical expositor. Lowell's constitutes, on the whole, the most admirable American contribution to the nature poetry of English literature—far beyond that of Bryant, Whittier, or Longfellow, I think, and only occasionally excelled here and there by the magic touch of Emerson, who *had* a "speculative side."

And his patriotic poetry is altogether unexcelled—even unrivalled. It is the loftiest expression of the American muse singing America, and in virtue of it she stands shoulder to shoulder with her English sister in her most inspired moments. Shakespeare's

This precious stone set in the silver sea,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England——

is no better than some of the lines—some entire strophes even—of the "Commemoration Ode," either as patriotism or as poetry. The ode is too long, its evolution is defective, it contains verbiage, it preaches. But passages of it—the most famous having characteristically been interpolated after its delivery—are equal to anything of the kind. The temptation to quote from it is hard to withstand. It is the cap-sheaf of Lowell's achievement. The Agassiz Ode perhaps deserves a proximate place—friendship was a harmonious inspiration for Lowell; and the "Biglow Papers" are doubtless more nearly unique—are unique, in fact, as well as highly characteristic; as characteristic as the extraordinary *tour de force*, the sustained *jeu d'esprit* of his youth, "A Fable for Critics," the *bouffe* rhymes in which are as good—nearly—as Byron's, and which in a certain opulence of spirit he never surpassed.

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But the "Biglow Papers" equal the "Commemoration Ode" neither as poetry nor as patriotism. They contain some very beautiful poetry, as well as a sufficient amount of some very light doggerel. They are a treasury of both wit and humor, though now and then the humor is overdone. The idea was a *trouvaille*, but it is overworked. The second series justifies itself amply, but it has less spontaneity than the first; and it is not only labored now and then, but it is frankly and loosely partisan, the scales not being held with anything like the steadiness that they are in "The Bridge and the Moniment," for example.

With all his Americanism Lowell was scarcely less essentially, than he was—as he was fond of insisting—ancestrally, English. New England was not so named for nothing. And if it has been our best section—as in the literary sense it certainly has been—it has certainly also been, even in the literary sense, the most sectional. The "Biglow Papers" contain some very incisive criticisms of England, but they are not bitter nor unjust, and when their author became minister to England Englishmen found it easy to admire their sometime censor, assured that fundamentally he returned their admiration. The quarrel was a family one. On the other hand, his own fellow-countrymen south of Mason and Dixon's line were even more bitterly than incisively satirized in the "Biglow Papers." They were in the political articles which fill a volume of his complete works and which, save the paper on Lincoln, are only of historic interest, having only a temporary value. They contain enough "good things" perhaps to explain his wish to perpetuate them—though even these are apt to run speedily to seed; witness the extraordinary play upon the name of John Bell, the Tennessee statesman, kept up for a page and a half. Otherwise they are quite negligible as the thoroughly partisan polemic of the journalist, or at most the pamphleteer, rather than the publicist, and saturated with the sectional spirit. And it was, in part at least, precisely the absence of this spirit in Lincoln, for example, that led Lowell to characterize him as "the first American." Lowell's patriotism has undoubtedly this restriction. His democracy is similarly restricted. He said some admirable things about democracy in his famous address to a public instinctively devoted to the principle of caste; he could hardly fail to call their attention to points they notoriously overlooked. But he was himself a Brahmin throughout, whereas the American democratic ideal is Brahminism in manners and tastes, not in sympathies and ideas. From the democratic point of view, either philosophic or enthusiastic, his convictions about its being "the duty of the intelligent to govern the less intelligent," and about popular government being "no better than any other form except as the virtue and wisdom of the people make it so," etc., must seem rather flat, I think. It is like the defenders of the spoils system objecting to civil service examinations and insisting on the old idea of "appointing only good men to office." He had very much the political philosophy of Halifax or Macaulay plus a belief in the New England town meeting, which admirable institution unhappily has its limitations of application. But when his patriotism abandoned polemic and soared into the loftier regions of emotion, with only the broader and simpler of our truths and triumphs for a basis, he was superb. Who associates the stately measures and noble figures of "The Present Crisis" with the Mexican War? And in the "Commemoration Ode" he reaches, if he does not throughout maintain, his own "clear-ethered height" and his verse has the elevation of ecstasy and the splendor of the sublime.

> O Beautiful! My Country! ours once more!
> Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
> O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
> And letting thy set lips
> Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
> The rosy edges of their smile lay bare.

We can ask the world to match that. If Lowell had no personal "message" to deliver, in this magnificent poem he phrases ours to the world, and in the most explicit and authentic terms of beautiful and moving poetry. He will doubtless cease to be one of our superstitions, but he will always remain one of our chief glories.

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VENICE

By Amelia Burr

Heavy her eyes with memories
And dim with dreams of other days,
When eager life shone red and gold
Along her tangled waterways.
Now she is old and worn and cold;
Upon her brow the shadow falls,
That slow and gray, like sure decay,
Steals up her leaning palace walls.

She is as one whose reign is done,
Whose heavy crown is laid aside,
Though still about her shoulders cling
The purple shreds of ancient pride;
And as of old when for her ring
The ocean reached its eager hands,
Still thronging meet about her feet
The wanderers of other lands.

But not as then, when kings of men
Desired her for her beauty's sake.
She is a faded tourney-queen
For whom no more the lances break;
But round whose knees the children lean,
Breathless, forgetful of their play,
With rapt young eyes where mirrored lies
The splendor lost in long decay.

Her sway is sure while hearts endure,
For Love alone her throne sustains;
Drift of the ocean are her ships,
Her aged loveliness remains;
The mother-smile is on the lips
That once the pride of empire curled;
She draws to rest upon her breast
The weary children of the world.

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CHINAPODS

By A. M. Davies Ogden

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

THE Professor, standing in the middle of the half-dry *arroya*, his keen eyes studying the handful of dirt that he had just gathered, gasped with excitement. Overhead, from the vivid blue where a few clouds yet lingered, a hot February sun beat down upon his head unheeded; his horse, abandoned in a moment of enthusiasm, cropped liesurely at the low bushes, unwatched. In all the beauty of the early morning the wide luxuriant valley lay quickening to the growing warmth, her rustling cane-fields stretching away on every side to the protecting shelter of the encircling hills, broken here and there by a cluster of mud and bamboo huts which bespoke the native village, while off a mile or two to the right, near the dusty ribbon of road that cut the valley in a sweeping curve, a long white building, red-roofed, stood sharply defined against a feathery-green background of bananas and palms, the tall chimney of a sugar refinery rising just beyond.

But the Professor saw none of these things. With eyes glued to his find, an irrepressible exclamation broke from him.

"It is," he cried tensely. "It is. This land should be worth millions to me."

So absorbed was he that the Professor failed to notice two horsemen who had pulled up just behind him. Clad in khaki riding-breeches, loose white shirts open at the neck to display powerful tanned throats, and with sleeves rolled above the elbow, they sat, mounted on sturdy little Argentine ponies, watching his mud-bespattered manœuvres in silent astonishment. They had wondered at his hasty descent. Now, drawing nearer with footfalls deadened by powdery dust, the Professor's exclamation cut crisply on their ears.

The younger, a tall, clean-built, English-looking chap with dark velvety Spanish eyes, leaned forward in his saddle.

"What's that you say?" he demanded.

But the Professor, intent upon his treasure-trove, was still impervious. The other horseman, shorter, stouter, more heavily featured, unmistakably Teuton in his phlegmatic calm, nodded.

"Und from vich side of the brook you get dot bunch of mud?" he inquired with stolid impressiveness.

The Professor, aroused at last, started, almost dropping his precious specimen. He wheeled abruptly.

"And who may you be?" he demanded with a quick asperity. The Englishman laughed.

"Well, I happen to be Arturo Stanhope, born and brought up in this valley, owner of this—as you seem to consider—remarkably valuable land, though I must confess it does not look it. And this is my friend, Don Otto Katzenheimer, part owner of the valley, whose property starts from the other side of the brook in which you are standing," he explained easily. The Professor, somewhat mollified by the pleasant frankness of the young fellow's manner, straightened himself and smiled. They saw that he was long and mild-looking, thin and wiry in frame, and with a humorous glint in the gray eyes which looked absent-mindedly out through heavy gold-bowed spectacles.

"I guess I was startled for a moment," he acknowledged. "Stanhope! Ah, then it is you to whom I bring a letter. Allow me to introduce myself," he added in the slight drawl which already betrayed his nationality. "Professor Hiram P. Doolittle, of Salem, Mass., U. S. A. United States of North America, perhaps I should say, as down here they make the distinction; though the first time I heard myself dubbed North American I was not sure whether it was an Indian or a buffalo they took me for, those being the only things I had previously so heard described," the twinkle in his eye deepening. "I am on my way to your *estancia* now," he went on. "You will pardon my not shaking hands," hastily depositing the

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mud in his pocket as he spoke. The German, who had listened with imperturbable mien, again opened his mouth.

"Und der land?" he repeated mildly. The Professor jumped, it was so unexpected. "Und from vich side of der brook it come?" persisted Katzenheimer, unmoved. The Professor, now unmistakably annoyed, moved toward his horse.

Katzenheimer, who had been thinking hard, gathered up his reins.

"I tink I comes mit you," he announced gravely. "Once in a while it is goot to visit; one gots lonesome alone sometimes. So I comes mit you."

It was almost noon under a broiling sun a day or two later when Stanhope, hot, dusty, and tired, loped up to the little blue railroad-station and flinging his reins to a *peon*, walked around to the front of the low building. Then he started. There, also hot, also dusty, his white shirt damp and sticky, stood Otto Katzenheimer. For a moment both men stared blankly, then two pairs of eyes, brown and blue, travelled to where, propped up against the wall, rested a couple of sugar-bags, one bearing the well-known brand of the "Conception Central," the other, the equally familiar mark of the "Estancia Buen Hijo." Both sacks bore tags addressed to Señor Don Cyril Burlingame, Government Assay Office, Piedad, Buenos Ayres.

The pause was becoming uncomfortable when suddenly Stanhope broke into laughter.

"Well, if you are not pretty good for a Dutchman!" he ejaculated, perhaps the least trifle too noisily. "Thought you'd find out what was in the land, eh?"

"Vell, maybe dot ain't dirt in your own bag," retorted Otto. Stanhope nodded.

"Dirt it is," he assented cheerfully. Then suddenly he checked his mirth. "So you thought that there might be something in the land, too?" he asked eagerly; "gold or copper or something. That yarn about being sent out by a syndicate in search of earth where some plant would grow sounded pretty thin. *Chenopodiaceæ*, indeed! Funny sounding things. And you didn't believe it either? Yet he certainly seems to want the land," doubtfully. "Why—do you suppose?"

The German's little eyes narrowed to a blue line.

"I thought it might be goot to see," he admitted cautiously. "I don't know much vot chinapods iss."

Stanhope laughed. But he looked at his friend with a new and rather curious expression. The only white men in the valley, they had naturally been thrown much together, and a certain intimacy, fostered partly by propinquity, partly by some congeniality of tastes, had sprung up between them. Both known as shrewd traders, each was quite aware of the other's reputation, but hitherto their interests had never happened to clash. For a second Stanhope's mouth tightened. Then with easy good-humor he laid a hand on the German's shoulder.

"Well, we've always been pals," he declared heartily; "and I think we had better stick together in this. It will be simple enough to put off the Professor for a few days—he seems contented pottering about here. And when our assays come back we can consult."

"Vell," agreed Katzenheimer.

But the analyses, when at last they arrived, proved a great disappointment. There was nothing remarkable about the land, nor was there a trace of precious metal.

"I expect dot Professor must be speaking the truth," declared Otto discouragedly, running a hand through his thick bushy hair. "Vot we do, hein—sell him?"

"We won't sell much," retorted Stanhope darkly.

But the Professor—when it was proposed to him that he buy from each one hundred acres at five dollars gold an acre, shook his head in regretful dismay. That was more than he could afford, he admitted; besides two hundred acres would hardly repay the trouble of cultivation. Five hundred at least would be necessary to start with. Katzenheimer's little eyes, fixed unwinkingly upon the Professor, never changed their blue serenity. And any disconcertment Stanhope might have experienced was quickly repressed. But the Professor gazed at both with a distressed wistfulness, like a troubled baby's. Was that their only offer? His face cleared suddenly.

"Look here," he exclaimed. "Suppose—suppose for each hundred acres you sell me I pay a bit more. That will make it worth your while to let me have what I want, for I will take up to a thousand. We could start

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with two dollars gold for the first hundred per acre, and raise as we go on."

He seemed so honestly delighted with this solution, his long fingers, explanatory, enticing, setting forth so alluringly the advantages thereof, that Stanhope paused. Perhaps it was hardly a business proposition, but, after all, could they do better? The land was worth possibly from one and a half to two dollars gold; it was difficult to tell with so little demand. Katzenheimer, puffing imperturbably on his long pipe, answered a questioning glance by an almost imperceptible nod.

"We-ell," assented Stanhope reluctantly. And it was on this basis that the matter, after a little further discussion, was finally settled. Stanhope and Katzenheimer agreed to sell each three hundred acres, fixing the lowest price at three dollars gold per acre. The Professor agreed to pay one dollar per acre more for each hundred acres received, making his last hundred thus cost five dollars gold per acre.

The contracts were drawn and signed, the land, taken from where the properties joined, and naturally including the *arroya*, being duly specified; and the Professor, paying down two hundred dollars in gold, arranged to hand over the balance in three months' time, going in the meantime to Buenos Ayres to send in his report and get the money from out England.

"For it will take at least that long to receive an answer," he calculated. And the next morning he departed.

The days slipped on into May. The nights grew colder. The celery and strawberries were ripening now, the cutting of the crop was begun. All day long the little trains ran, bringing from the fields where the small lithe Indians worked—the men cutting, the women stripping the long green canes—heavily laden cars to be dumped into the great white factory. Day and night smoke poured from the chimneys, and at any hour might be heard the blast of the cowhorn which announced to the village returning carts from their long sixty-mile haul to the railroad.

In the midst of it all came a new arrival. Stanhope, riding home one night after a hard afternoon, found in the court-yard, struggling with a most obstinate mule, a tall, slim young fellow, with a square chin, thin straight mouth, and pleasant brown eyes.

He was a surveyor, the young fellow explained, and had been working his way down through the country. Stanhope's interest flared instantly. Was it possible that the government was about to fulfil its long-delayed promise and send them a connecting branch? The distance from the railroad had always been a severe drawback; he had admitted to the Professor that it halved their profits. Could it really be coming at last?

He was a very different guest from the Professor, this young man. To Stanhope, shut in by his mountains from the world, he came as a revelation. His skill in mixing unknown drinks, his fund of stories, his dry comments on people and things, revealing a wide and pungent experience, his quick and vivid personality, all combined to charm the untravelled Argentine. Katzenheimer was not like this. With inspiring zest Stanhope watched and listened. And such an attitude was not without its effect. The surveyor, one of the energetic, shrewd young men from the States who are beginning to find careers in South America, risking much and enjoying the risk, for comparatively small returns, and who, despite the easy *camaraderie* that distinguishes them, are singularly close-mouthed anent their own concerns, was led into unusual confidence.

"For I don't mind telling that you have a pretty good thing of it here," he allowed on the eve of his departure. "Haven't you heard of the projected developments in these provinces? No? There's more than the railroad coming," with a sapient twitch of his left eyelid. "Up there by the *arroya*——"

But Stanhope, all his old suspicions rushing back upon him with a new and poignant force, felt as if a cold finger had been slid suddenly along his back. Up by the *arroya?* Why, that was the piece he had just sold to the Professor. That story about *Chenopodiaceæ*—it had never seemed thoroughly convincing. Could it be possible that the Professor had heard of these improvements?

"I suppose you did not meet many people on your trip," he hazarded with a painfully quickening pulse. The surveyor shook his head.

"Mostly natives," was his careless response. "One or two Englishmen of the kind that can't keep still; an old Professor on an exploring expedition, evidently a Yankee. I'm a New Yorker myself," he added,

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with a complacent pride lost upon Stanhope, to whom all *gringo* cities were alike.

Stanhope's worst fears were confirmed. The Professor had heard. All his own contriving to keep the surveyor and Katzenheimer apart was rendered useless; since the Professor knew, what mattered it now what Katzenheimer learned? It was all up with any chance of getting back the land. And the young Englishman softly cursed his luck. To have had such an opportunity only to lose it thus!

So certain was Stanhope of the truth of his conjecture that when a few days later the Professor himself returned, weary and dejected looking, his appearance came as a distinct shock of surprise. The older man seemed decidedly ill at ease. His short-sighted eyes wandered in troubled fashion across the moonlit veranda toward the garden where orange-blossoms and jessamine exhaled their perfumed essences in a very rapture of sweetness. Then he set his coffee-cup upon the wicker table at his side and turned to his host.

"The three months are nearly up," he said. "I know it. But—there has been a hitch——" And for a moment an eager light flashed into his face. Only for a moment, however, as Stanhope, thoroughly taken aback, made no sign. Two dull-red spots patched themselves upon the high cheek-bones.

"I expect that I am asking a great deal," went on the Professor. "But—but I cannot bear to let the land go. So—will you take my note?" he finished desperately.

Stanhope was confounded.

"Take your note——" he stammered. "Why—but——"

"I know it," owned the Professor unhappily. "I'm aware that it looks odd. It's—it's the Exploration Company, you see. They do not understand, they have not seen the land—why over there on your side of the *arroya*—although of course both sides are good——" hastily. "And then also they say this is too far away," he continued, reverting quickly to his theme. "I told you the *Chenopodiaceæ* can already be found in the Ankart Valley in Madagascar and the Sarhead Plateau in southwestern Persia; they seem to consider this place almost equally inaccessible. Now if only that railroad of which you spoke were coming——" peering through his heavy glasses.

A sudden exaltation thrilled through Stanhope. The Professor did not know, then. Absorbed in his own concerns, he had paid no heed to outside gossip. The game was still in Stanhope's hands. For a bare second he hesitated; the Professor was a good soul—should he tell him?

"Let me understand," he said slowly. "You want me to take a note. At six months, I presume."

"The crop ought to be paying by then," interposed the Professor, brightening. "If I fetch my seeds and begin planting at once,—of course," he added reluctantly, "I could pay cash. But it would take all my ready money and——"

Stanhope, tapping the red-tiled floor with the *rebenque* seldom long out of his hand, leaned forward.

"Now look here," he uttered determinedly, "I didn't want to sell you that land; I find I need all I have and more, too, to supply my factory. Even what Katzenheimer sends down doesn't work us up to our capacity. Besides," hunting a pretext that sounded plausible, "my grandfather, old Señor Herrera, used to boast that an Argentine gentleman bought, but never sold land. Now I tell you what I'll do. I'll take the whole thing off your hands, of course allowing you a profit on the deal, and as for the syndicate, if they don't back you up, naturally any obligation toward them ceases," hastily forestalling the objection on the Professor's lips. "You see that."

"But—but my investigations," burst from the horrified Professor. "Sell! I don't want to sell. I told Katzenheimer so this afternoon."

"Katzenheimer!" cried Stanhope sharply. Doolittle had seen Katzenheimer!

"I met him this afternoon," explained the Professor. "We rode some distance together." Stanhope, the dark red burning beneath his tan, tightened the grasp on his whip. He remembered having casually mentioned to Katzenheimer that the Professor was returning. This underhanded attempt to cheat a friend, then, was the result. Evidently Katzenheimer had heard rumors of the proposed road. It behooved him, then, to settle this at once.

"I will give you six dollars an acre for the whole thing," he said abruptly. "But I will not take a note. Nor would Katzenheimer," he added with convincing sincerity. "Notes don't go up here."

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"It is," he cried tensely. "This land should be worth millions to me."—Page 237.

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"But—but," murmured the Professor in deep perturbation. "Why—I don't want to sell—why your land——"

"Then I'll take Katzenheimer's," cut in Stanhope decisively. "Katzenheimer's three hundred acres at eight dollars gold an acre," hastily calculating the least he could offer.

"But," interposed the Professor feebly, "he seemed very anxious. Hadn't I better ask him——"

Stanhope sprang to his feet.

"I'll give you ten dollars gold an acre," he announced resolutely. "Katzenheimer won't do better than that, probably won't do as well." His eyes were very bright, his chin set hard. It was more than he had meant to pay, but after all a good deal less than the land was worth. Best of all, he would have beaten Katzenheimer—Katzenheimer with his crafty, sneaking ways. "You can assign me Katzenheimer's contract. I will give you a draft on the River Plate Bank less the $1,100 purchase price; otherwise, if the company won't help, how else are you to get money for your experiments?" he wound up conclusively. "And I suppose you will want to go at once to B. A. and get your seeds," he subjoined. For there was no reason why the Professor should see Katzenheimer again.

The Professor, as he folded the draft away, and looking as if he still did not actually realize what had happened to him, paused for a moment at the foot of the steps leading to the upper floor.

"Would—would it perhaps not be better to say nothing of this to Mr. Katzenheimer for a while?" he suggested uncomfortably, blinking at Stanhope through his glasses. "You—you see, after my remarks this afternoon—he might think——"

And Stanhope, remembering a certain paper securely tucked into an inner pocket—a paper upon which, carefully drawn in, was a map of the proposed town of Santa Catalina, streets, business section, cathedral site and all—smiled. When once the road had come, when once the handsome new station was built just there where the valley stretched to its widest and levellest by the *arroya*, the town would not take long in following. And then—his eyes glistened at the thought—was it not on Katzenheimer's side lay the sites for the plaza, residence section, and municipal buildings? Stanhope drew a long breath. Of course he would have liked the whole thing. And an undefined hope that at the last moment a shortage in funds, a railroad delay, the unexpected in some form, might intervene to bring about the lapsing of his own contract, caused him to refuse the Professor's suggestion of closing at once. If only he could get both pieces! Then he could sell the Professor another bit that would doubtless do just as well for the plants. And with the railroad coming he could afford to raise the price. But in any case this much was sure. His smile deepened.

"No," he said comfortably. "No. I don't think Katzenheimer need hear of this—yet."

He himself was up next morning when but little after dawn the Professor departed for the train. With well-satisfied eyes he watched the lean figure disappear around the bend. Yes, Katzenheimer this time was certainly beaten. And it was to be under Stanhope's own supervision that the wonderful seeds should receive their planting. There lay another fortune.

But the Professor—and the draft—once definitely gone Stanhope experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling. To be sure he had the land. Yet at what cost! And what really did he know about this man? Up here in this almost untraversed region where hotels and inns were unheard of and everyone kept open house, where the rare stranger, bringing a refreshing breath from the outside world was welcomed with avidity and godspeeded with regret—in this land a letter of introduction merely meant that the last host had found his guest agreeable. It was but the custom of the country this passing a man along. All Stanhope's old doubts reasserted themselves more insistent than ever. How was he sure but what the Professor had heard of the railroad and was taking his profit? Why did Doolittle not return? The planting season was begun. And only a few days more remained of the three months. What were these *Chenopodiaceæ*, anyway? And why, oh, why, had he paid down good hard cash in such a devil of a hurry?

On the last day upon which the money could be paid Stanhope sprang early from his uneasy pillow. Surely the Professor would write or come to-day. That, after all, was the important thing. His erstwhile hope that the contract might lapse was now lost, merged in the greater overwhelming desire for the Professor to return and make

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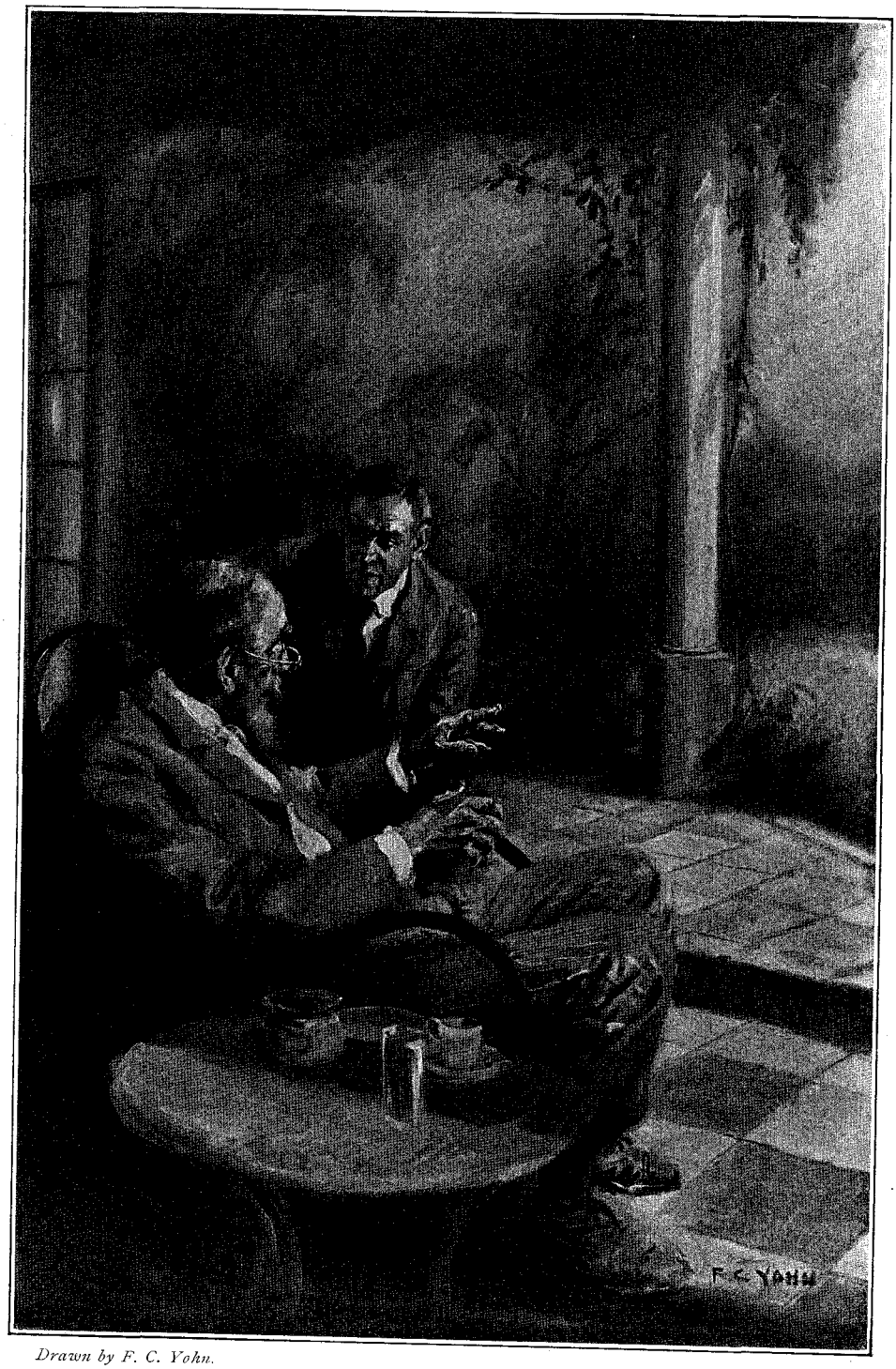

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Sell! I don't want to sell."—Page 240.

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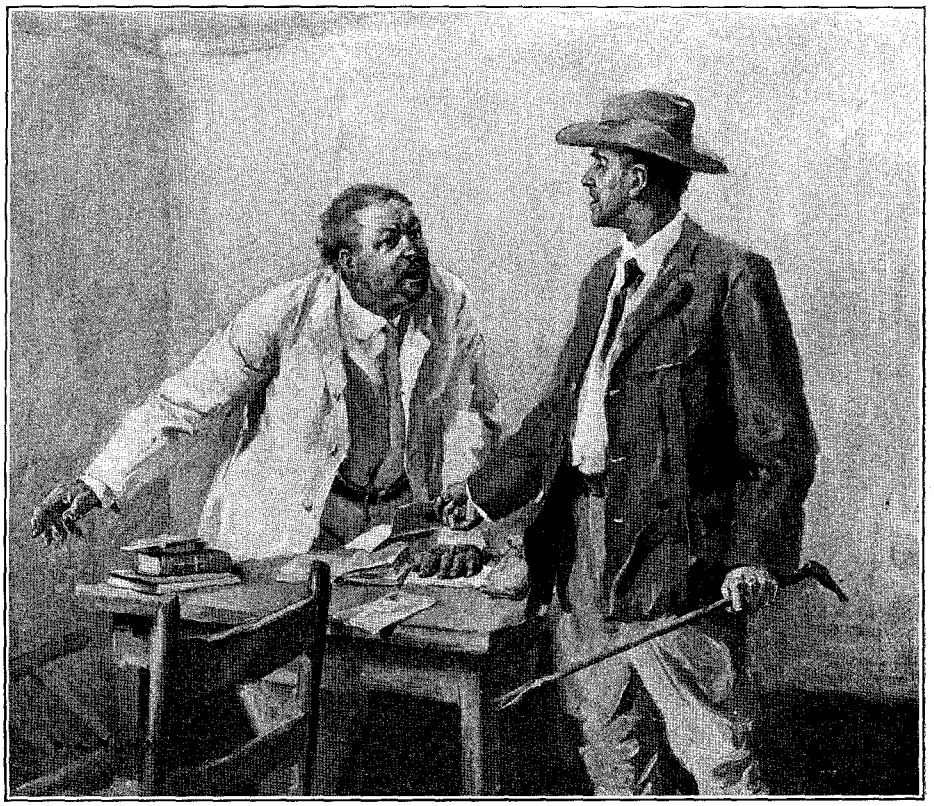

"You're a tief, a verfluchte tief!" he roared.—Page 245.

good. The Professor *must* prove himself no fraud. All Stanhope's Ego clamored this justification. Besides, the *Chenopodiaceæ!*

When late in the afternoon the mail rider clattered into the court-yard, Stanhope, who all day had been unable to tear himself from the vicinity of the house, hurried out to meet him. The *peon* waved an expressive hand. No, no visitor had arrived. But there were letters, *pero si*. Feverishly Stanhope tossed over the bag's contents. Bills, circulars, prospectuses. Ah, here, at last a package, addressed unmistakably in the Professor's small, cramped writing. A second sufficed to snatch off paper and string. Surely some word would be within. Puzzled wonder overspread Stanhope's face as he looked at the object revealed. One small book, nothing more. Seizing the covers, he shook it violently, but with no result.

Then a swift premonition, at first vague, but gathering in strength as he scuffled through the pages, at sight of a heavy marginal pencil stroke, turned to a horrible certainty.

The next moment he had dashed to the corner of the court-yard where the saddled horses stood patiently all day, cinched up the nearest, and flinging himself upon its back, was galloping wildly toward Buen Hijo.

Otto Katzenheimer, seated in his bare little den with its plain whitewashed walls, finishing a leisurely pipe preparatory to starting out, looked up in surprise as Stanhope whirled into the room. For several weeks now the two had hardly met; some indefinable barrier seemed to have sprung between. He stared at the open book which Stanhope flung upon the table.

"Compliments of the Professor," he read. "Vot is dot? A botany? Vell, I don't want to study botany. Vot iss mir chinapods," thrusting it impatiently away. "I'm glad you camed—I haf someding——"

"But read it, read it," urged Stanhope frenziedly. "See what your Chinapods are!"

"C-h-e-n-o," spelled out the German after a startled glance at Stanhope, impelled to obedience by some tension in the other's

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voice. "Cheno—vot's dot?—goosefoot! pigweed!! beets!!! Vy, it's a schwindle, a verdamnt schwindle!" he ejaculated. "Vy, but I don't see—I don't understand," looking up in helpless bewilderment, "vy——"

"Why, it was a trick, a damned trick all the way through," cried Stanhope furiously. "A scheme to trick us out of our just profits. I don't believe he ever had a *centavo* of his own. He heard of the railroad and took the chance, and nicely we fell into it. And he thought to throw me off my guard by selling me your land—here's the money now——" throwing it down. "And he——"

"*Vot!*" cried the German. "Ach, vot a liar man! Vy, he sell me *yours!*"

"Sure," flung back Stanhope savagely. "He couldn't wait himself, he had to have the cash at once. But after all," with a short laugh, "after all, he didn't know the whole thing. Nor you either—trying to 'do' a friend. Look here," and as he spoke Stanhope wrenched forth his precious map; "look here."

Chair and pipe crashed unheeded to the floor as Katzenheimer sprang forward.

"You're a tief, a verfluchte tief!" he roared. "You stole my map vot I keeps alvays in dis drawer und—und, by Himmel, here is!" his voice changing suddenly to a frightened horror. With wide, dazed eyes both men stared, hypnotized, fascinated, by these two innocent-looking bits of paper. They lay there, smooth, white, identical, save in one important respect—the plaza and buildings which in Stanhope's map figured as being on Katzenheimer's side were in this other reversed. There they lay. But the surveyor—and the two hundred dollars which those bits of paper represented—was gone.

Stanhope, his hand pulling at his loose red tie, was the first to recover articulation.

"It was a plant, a game, the whole thing, then," he shrieked; "they did it together, that Professor and bogus surveyor. There's no railroad, there's no town," his voice, the English quite gone out of it, broke on the high note. "And you—you who pretended to be my friend—you who bought my land——"

The German, slowly gathering up the fragments of his pipe, turned.

"Und— und you say you bought mine," he inquired, "at ten dollars an acre, nicht?"

Stanhope, collapsing into the nearest chair, uttered a groan. It was true. Had they not, intent upon securing the last *centavo* of profit, tried to squeeze acquaintance and friend alike; the Professor, while he might have fooled them, indeed, could not have done it so thoroughly and completely. It was their own chicanery which had undone them. And mingled through his rage at being duped, inextricably blended therewith, burned the mortification, the chagrin of the trickster who sees himself exposed, beaten at his own game. That he, the clever financier, the clear-headed thinker, should have been caught by the first outsider who came along! It was enough to make a man turn honest.

"And isn't there anything we can do?" he wailed.

The German, who was engaged in mechanically fitting together the broken pieces, laid them on the table. His face was white, but his hands were steady. He sighed.

"Vell," he said philosophically, "I trades you back evens."

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INVENTION IN LITERATURE

By Brander Matthews

PROBABLY not a few readers of Prof. Barrett Wendell's suggestive lectures on the "Temper of the Eighteenth Century in English Literature" were surprised to be told that a chief peculiarity of the greatest of dramatic poets "was a somewhat sluggish avoidance of needless invention. When anyone else had done a popular thing, Shakespeare was pretty sure to imitate him and to do it better. But he hardly ever did anything first." In other words, Shakespeare was seeking, above all else, to please the contemporary play-goers; and he was prompt to undertake any special type of piece they had shown a liking for; so we can see him borrowing, one after another, the outer form of the chronicle play from Marlowe, of the tragedy of blood from Kyd, of romantic comedy from Greene, and of dramatic romance from Beaumont and Fletcher. And in like manner Molière was content to return again and again to the type of play which he had taken over from the Italian comedy of masks.

This "sluggish avoidance of needless invention," which is characteristic of Shakespeare—and of Molière also, although in a less degree—is evidenced not only by their eager adoption of an accepted type of play, an outer form of approved popularity, it is obvious also in their plots, wherein we find situations, episodes, incidents drawn from all sorts of sources. In all the twoscore of Shakespeare's plays, comic and tragic and historic, there are very few, indeed, the stories of which are wholly of his own making. The invention of Molière is not quite so sluggish; and there are probably three or four of his plays the plots of which seem to be more or less his own; but even in building up these scant exceptions he never hesitated to levy on the material available in the two hundred volumes of uncatalogued French and Spanish and Italian plays, set down in the inventory of his goods drawn up at his death. Apparently Shakespeare and Molière accepted in advance Goethe's theory that much time may be lost in mere invention, whereas, "with a given material all goes easier and better. Facts and characters being provided, the poet has only the task of animating the whole. He preserves his own fulness . . . since he has only the trouble of execution."

It has long been a commonplace of criticism that great poets seldom invent their myths; and it may in time become a commonplace of criticism that they seldom invent their forms. But in default of the lesser invention, they have the larger imagination; and there is no pedantry in seeking to emphasize the distinction between these two qualities, often carelessly confused. Invention is external and imagination is internal. The poets, by the mere fact that they are poets, possess the power of imagination, which alone gives vitality and significance to the ready-made plots they are willing to run into ready-made moulds. Invention can do no more than devise; imagination can interpret. The details of "Romeo and Juliet" may be more or less contained in the tale of the Italian novelist; but the inner meaning of that ideal tragedy of youthful love is seized and set forth only by the English dramatist.

Imagination in its fullest meaning must be held to include invention; but invention is only one of the less important elements of imagination; and it is the element which seems to be more or less negligible when the other elements are amply developed. La Fontaine, one of the most individual of French poets, devised only a few—and not the best—of the delightful fables he related with unfailing felicity. Calderon, who was the most imaginative of the dramatists of Spain, was perhaps the least inventive of them all, contentedly availing himself of the situations, and even of the complete plots of his more fertile fellow-playwrights; and two of his most characteristic dramas, for example, two in which he has most adequately expressed himself, the "Alcalde of Zalamea" and the "Physician of His Own Honor," are borrowed almost bodily from

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his fecund contemporary Lope de Vega. Racine seems to have found a special pleasure in treating anew the themes Euripides had already dealt with almost a score of centuries earlier. Tennyson, to take another example, displayed not a little of this "sluggish avoidance of needless invention," often preferring to apply his imagination to the transfiguring of what Malory or Miss Mitford, Froude or Freeman had made ready for his hand. This eschewing of overt originality fitted him all the more to be spokesman of his time, and to voice the ideals of his race and of his day. Tennyson, so Sir Leslie Stephen told us, "could express what occurred to everybody in language that could be approached by nobody." Browning, on the other hand, made his own plots, and on the whole, made them none too well, especially in his dramatic poems, in the structure of which he was entirely neglectful of the accepted forms of the theatre of his own time—accepted forms of which Shakespeare and Molière would have availed themselves instinctively. It was not Browning, but Whitman—and Whitman in 1855, when the bard of Manhattan had not yet shown the stuff that was in him—that Lowell had in mind in the letter where he says "when a man aims at originality he acknowledges himself consciously unoriginal. . . . The great fellows have always let the stream of their activity flow quietly."

What is true of the poets is true also of the painters; and Lowell, who did not lose his Yankee shrewdness in the galleries of Italy, saw this also and phrased it happily in another of his letters. "The great merit, it seems to me, of the old painters was that they did not try to be original." The old painters were following in the footsteps of painters still older, from whom they received the accepted formulas for representing the subjects most likely to be ordered by customers. These accepted formulas representing the Annunciation, for instance, the Disputing in the Temple, the Crucifixion even, were passed down from one generation of artists to another; and in each successive generation the greatest painter was generally he who had no strong desire to be different from his fellows, and who was quite willing to express himself in the patterns which were then accepted traditions of his craft. To a student of the work of the generation that went before, there is often little or no invention in some of the mightiest masterpieces of painting, however much imagination there may be. The painters who wrought these masterpieces were only doing what their immediate predecessors had been doing, the same thing more or less in the same way—but with infinitely more insight, power, and inspiration. As Professor Butcher has put it tersely, "the creative art of genius does not consist in bringing something out of nothing, but in taking possession of material that exists, in appropriating it, interpreting it anew," and Lowell, if it is allowable to quote from him once more, asserted in one of his earlier essays that "originality consists in the power of digesting and assimilating thoughts so that they become part of our life and substance."

In the very ingenious and highly original tale called the "Murders in the Rue Morgue," the earliest of all detective stories, Poe displayed his remarkable gift of invention; but he revealed his share of penetrative imagination far more richly in the simpler story of the "Fall of the House of Usher." Wilkie Collins had more invention than Dickens, as Dickens had more than Thackeray. Indeed, Thackeray, indolent as he was by temperament, was not infrequently "sluggish in his avoidance of needless invention," and the splendid scene of Esmond's breaking his sword before his prince has been called a transfer from Dumas, just as the final words of Colonel Newcome, so direct in their manly pathos, are an echo from the deathbed of Leatherstocking. Thackeray kept his eye intent on the lurking inconsistencies of human nature, and did not give his best thought to the more mechanical element of the novelist's art. Cooper and Dumas were far more fertile in the invention of the situation than Thackeray; and even Scott, careless as he was in his easy habit of narration, gave much of his thought to the constructing of effective scenes.

Three centuries ago Sidney asserted that "it is not riming and versing that maketh a Poet, no more than a long gown maketh an Advocate"; and to-day we know that it is not skill in plot-making or ingenuity in devising unexpected situations which proves the story-teller's possession of imagination. It is scarcely needful now to repeat that "Called Back" and "She"—good enough

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stories, both of them, each in its kind—did not demand a larger imaginative effort on the part of their several authors than was required to write the "Rise of Silas Lapham" or "Tom Sawyer." More invention there may be in the late Hugh Conway's tale and in Mr. Haggard's startling narrative of the phœnix-female; but it is invention that we discover in their strange stories rather than imagination. Indeed, he is an ill-equipped critic who does not recognize the fact that it calls for less imagination to put together a sequence of unexpected happenings such as we seek in the fictions of the neo-romanticists than is needed to vitalize and make significant the less exciting portrayals of character which we find in the finer narratives of the true realists.

It was Doctor Johnson who declared, rather ponderously, it is true, but none the less shrewdly, that "the irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight a while by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest; but the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted and the many can only repose on the stability of truth." Johnson was speaking here from the point of view of the reader only; but he might have noted also that the "irregular combinations of fanciful invention" tend to lose their interest even for the very writers who have been successful in supplying their readers with the "pleasures of sudden wonder." For example, in the opening years of this twentieth century the witty historian of the kingdom of Zenda—that land of irresponsible adventure which lies seemingly between the Forest of Arden and the unexplored empire of Weissnichtwo—this historian, after regaling us with brisk and brilliant chronicles of that strange country and of the adjacent territory, apparently wearied of these pleasant inventions of his and wished to come to a closer grapple with the realities of life and character. But he soon found that this task was not so easy as it appeared—not so easy, indeed, as the earlier writing had been; and "Quisanté," for all its cleverness, did not prove its author's possession of the informing imagination which can only give life and meaning to a novel dealing with men and women as they are in the real world.

Not unlike is the case of the narrator of the manifold and varied deductions of Mr. Sherlock Holmes, that British reincarnation of Poe's M. Dupin. There is danger of unfairness in accepting the authenticity of words put into a man's mouth by any interviewer, however well intentioned; and there is therefore a possibility that the biographer of the Brigadier Gerard did not confess his own slight esteem for the many tales of invented adventure which had given him his wide-spread popularity. But there is an accent of veracity in the reported assertion of the author of "A Duet with an Occasional Chorus" that this is the book closest to his heart, because it is an honest attempt to deal with the facts of life as they stare us in the face to-day. And yet "A Duet" is known only to a tithe of the countless readers who have devoured its writer's other volumes with avidity. And what is more to the point, it does not—favorite of its author though it is—it does not deserve to be known so widely. This is because it is not so good as the other books of the same writer, not so good in its kind as they are in theirs. The tales that dealt with Sherlock Holmes and Brigadier Gerard and the White Company are works of invention mainly; and the writer had proved himself capable of adroit and ingenious invention. "A Duet," dealing with the commonplaces of life, needed not invention, which would indeed almost be out of place in a humdrum chronicle; it demanded imagination to interpret the commonplace and to transfigure the humdrum, revealing their essential significance. And this imagination the author had not at his call, in spite of his command over the more showy invention.

It may not be without interest to consider how another writer of our time, not seeking for originality, happened to find it, and how his acceptance of certain literary patterns, so to call them—patterns inherited from the remote and shadowy past of our race—led him to an unforeseen effort of illuminative imagination, which suddenly elevated what he had done and gave it a significance far wider and far deeper that the author had foreseen. In the two successive volumes of the "Jungle Book" (as it was originally published) there are two sets of stories commingled and yet sharply distinct. One group deals with the boyhood of Mowgli among the beasts of the forest; and to many of us these linked tales represent the highest achievement of Mr. Kipling's genius; they seem as assured of survival as

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anything which the nineteenth century has transmitted to the twentieth. The other stories, the "White Seal" and the "Undertakers" and their companions, stand on a lower level; they are good stories, no doubt, very good, indeed, one or two of them. But they have an added importance in that they seem to have been the needful accompaniment of the Mowgli tales; they may be considered as the underbrush that at first protected the growth of the loftier tree.

They are modern examples of the beast fable, latter-day amplifications of the simple tale of animals credited with human cunning, such as primitive man told to his naked children as they huddled around the embers in the cave, which was then their only home. The beast fable is a literary pattern of an undiscoverable antiquity, as alluring to-day as ever before, since the child in us fortunately never dies. It is a pattern which Mr. Kipling has handled with a constant affection and with a large freedom. His earlier animal tales dealt with wild beasts, or at least with the creatures of the forest and of the ocean beyond the influence of man and remote from his haunts. Soon he availed himself of the same pattern to tell stories of animals domesticated and in close contact with man; and thus he gave us the "Walking Delegate" and the "Maltese Cat." In time he took a further step and applied to the iron horse of the railroad the method which had enabled him to set before us the talk of the polo pony and of the blooded trotter; and thus he gave us "007," in which we see the pattern of the primitive beast fable so stretched as to enable us to overhear the intimate conversation of humanized locomotives, the steeds of steel that puff and pant in and out of the round-house in an American railroad yard. Yet one more extension of the pattern enabled him to take a final step; after having given a human soul to separate engines, he proceeded then to animate the several parts of a single machine. And thus we have "How the Ship Found Herself" and the later "Below the Mill-Dam." But although these are successive stages of the primitive beast fable as it has been modified in Mr. Kipling's restless hands, there is little flagrant originality, even at the end, since "How the Ship Found Herself" is seen to be only a latter-day version of one of the earliest fables, the "Belly and the Members."

Interesting as it may be to clamber up into the spreading family-tree of fiction, it is not here that we must seek for the stem from which the Mowgli stories ultimately flowered. These stories are not directly derived from the beast fable, although his mastery of that literary pattern may have helped the author to find his final form. They are a development from one of his own tales, "In the Rukh," included at first in "Many Inventions," and now transferred to its proper place at the end of the book in which the adventures of Mowgli are recorded. In that first tale, which is now the last, we have set before us the impression Mowgli and his little brothers, the wolves, made upon two white men in the Indian service; and incidentally we are permitted to snatch a glimpse or two of Mowgli's youth in the jungle. But the story is told from the point of view of these white men; and it is small wonder that when the author came to look again at what he had written he saw how rich it was in its possibilities. He was moved to go back to tell the whole of Mowgli's adventures from the very beginning, with Mowgli himself as the centre of the narrative and with little obtrusion of the white man's civilization.

There was invention in this early story, and imagination also, although not so abundant. But as the author brooded over the incidents of Mowgli's babyhood there in the thick of the forest, in the midst of the beasts, whose blood-brother he became, suddenly his imagination revealed to him that the jungle and all its inhabitants must be governed by law, or else it was a realm of chaos. It is this portrayal of wild life subject to an immitigable code which gives its sustaining moral to the narrative of Mowgli's career. As Mr. Kipling said to me once, "When I had found the Law of the Jungle the rest was easy!" For him it may have been easy, since his invention is ever fresh and fertile; but the finding of the Law of the Jungle—that transcended mere invention with all its multiplied ingenuities—that was a stroke of imagination.

This distinction between imagination and invention may not be as important as that between imagination and fancy urged by Wordsworth a century ago; and no doubt there is always danger in any undue insistence upon catchwords, which are often empty of meaning, and which are some-

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times employed to convey a misleading suggestion. This distinction has its own importance, however, and it is not empty or misleading. It needs to be accepted in art as it has been accepted in science, in which domain a fertile discovery is recognized as possible only to the imagination, while a specific device is spoken of as an invention. Newton and Darwin were discoverers by their possession of imagination; whereas the telegraph and the telephone are to be credited to humbler inventors, making application of principles already discovered.

This opening century of ours is an era of extraordinary dexterity and of wide-spread cleverness, and we need to be put on our guard against the risk of mistaking the products of our abundant invention for the rarer gifts of inspiring imagination. It is well for us to be reminded now and again that the great masters, painters and poets alike, novelists and dramatists, have often displayed "a sluggish avoidance of needless invention" at the very minute when their robust imagination was putting forth its full strength.

THE POINT OF VIEW

THERE are certain happy expressions which from their very felicity are doomed to be short-lived; such, for instance, as "The Simple Life" and its predecessor in popular favor, "The Strenuous Life." We have heard them both *ad nauseam* and there are probably few persons left with courage to use them seriously. Yet there are those who congratulate themselves on actually living this simple life, meaning thereby that they are able so to conquer material conditions as to subordinate the body to the mind.

It would seem that the modern idea of conquering the body is to make it so comfortable that one can forget it. The ascetic of the Middle Ages was also able, by virtue of religious exaltation, to triumph over his body, but he did not forget it. What with fasting and flagellation he occupied himself with it a great deal—almost as much, perhaps, as we occupy ourselves with ours. For it is a mortifying fact that whatever may be our ideals, the care of the body preponderates over everything else in life. "What material things," asks the apostle of the Simple Life, "does a man need to live under the best conditions? A healthful diet, simple clothing, a sanitary dwelling-place, air, and exercise." And how are these things to be attained by the vast majority—the people in modest circumstances? To secure the healthful diet somebody has to be devoted to the service of the body. It takes constant practice to secure the deftness of touch necessary to even good, plain cooking, and much intelligent attention to the subject to produce a daily bill of fare which shall be wholesome and at the same time sufficiently varied to avoid a wearisome sameness. Poor, hungry Princess Priscilla wondered forlornly whether the simple life was a sordid life as well. "Did it only look simple from outside and far away? And was it, close, mere drudgery?"

The Despotic Body

Our bodies must be washed, they must be clothed with clean garments, they must be fed at frequent intervals, they must be exercised, they must be put to bed in a "sanitary dwelling-place." We must see to it also that they go to sleep. If these things are neglected and the body falls ill it ends by absorbing the whole of our attention instead of only a large portion of it. In the intervals of these cares we do our daily work, which usually has for its object the insuring of continued food, clothing, and shelter for ourselves and our families. It is true that in some cases this may be done, in an indirect way, by the practice of some profession which gives play to the intellect and even has an interest irrespective of its material results, but most men and nearly all women handle the means of life in a crude, concrete form. The simple life is

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really for the rich. Who could, if she would, live so simply as the woman whose body is, so to speak, taken off her hands by her maid? If she would! There's the rub.

And after all, the human body, as exploited in so-called civilized countries, is not usually a beautiful object. Considering, for instance, the every-day crowd of people at a railway station, can you help sympathizing with Mark Twain's preference for a smooth brown skin relieved by more or less scanty white draperies, to a white one with its speckles and freckles, set off with garments made after the fashion of Western civilization? Our civilization makes eikons of us, covering up all but our hands and faces; beyond that, the figure which we admire is almost as highly conventionalized as the gold-covered body of the saint of the eikon. It is indeed a triumph of convention that we can look with any degree of complacency at the rank and file of our acquaintances, but—and here at last is a redeeming touch—it is a triumph of mind over matter that we can so overlook defects of feature and complexion as to become conscious of the informing spirit and can love the homely faces of our friends.

Looking at mankind in the large, one is struck by the prevailing passion for uniformity. There may be superficial divergences, but in general the cut of the coat must be of this year's fashion. Fashion has become a fetich to which we sacrifice blood and treasure, but in its germinal idea may it not have been an instinctive effort to minimize rather than magnify the importance of the body! For it is only when I am like my neighbor that I can afford to ignore my appearance.

As to matters of more serious import, nobody needs to be reminded how largely sin is of the flesh. Of all the known varieties of evil-doing how small a proportion would make any appeal to a disembodied spirit? Apparently the mere fact of an immaterial existence would cause most sin to perish of inanition, and the most repulsive conception of future punishment is that unbelievable one which suggests the continuance of bodily desires in bodiless spirits. It would seem, then, that we might bid good-by to this despotic body with pleasure, but there again it is too strong for us and clings to us with a desperate hold. After all, it is the only thing we are certain of, and there are always those who say, *Aut corpus aut nihil.* A sorry belief were one obliged to accept it.

The Ex-Reverend

WHAT is a man to do who finds that his conscience constrains him to abandon the profession of his choice, when that profession happens to be the clerical? This is a question which in these late times may almost be said to have become "burning." It is at all events of the deepest seriousness for those whom it immediately concerns. It involves much more than a change from one laical calling to another, a change which Americans are supposed in Europe to make with peculiar facility, by reason of what Mr. Kipling calls "the hideous American versatility." Anthony Trollope, in his book about the United States, written near half a century ago, describes how easily the Western American will desert a losing lumber business when he hears of "an opening for a Baptist preacher." And one recognizes that there was a basis for the satirical exaggeration.

But going from one secular calling to another, or even from a secular to the sacred calling, does not involve any discredit, any loss of social consideration. In the latter case, it may involve even a social promotion. But the reverse process always involves at least the necessity for explanation. The old saying, "Once a priest always a priest," though strictly applicable, and applied, only to the Roman Church in which the celibate cleric is already a man apart, seems to have survived in its spirit and been transferred to other denominations. There is a certain derogation in a clergyman quitting his profession for the mere sake of getting a better living for his family, while no discredit whatever attaches to the army officer, for example, who does the same thing avowedly for the same motives, unless, indeed, he resigns "in the face of the enemy." Is it that a clergyman is supposed always to be in the face of the enemy and carrying on his spiritual warfare? Or perhaps only that he is supposed to have lowered to the general level standards that before were higher than those his neighbors imposed upon themselves when he adopts a more gainful trade upon that ground?

The case is hardly bettered when it becomes a case of heresy. When "the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely" becomes more valuable to a man than conformity to the conditions under which he holds his office, it seems that "the cleanliest shift"

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may be to demit the office and exercise the liberty. The Church of England is the most easy-going of churches in these matters, so easy-going that its youthful heresiarchs are apt to be episcopated in their riper years. Yet even there there is and must be some restriction of the Miltonic liberty. Matthew Arnold, one may say, was marked out by nature and education to be a priest after the order of the Anglican Melchisedec. But even the Anglican Church could not have decently "stood for" "literature and dogma" and "God and the Bible." It was possibly because he foresaw that he might be laid under the necessity of writing "Literature and Dogma" and "God and the Bible," or works to that effect that he avoided "orders" in the church of which he continued to be an effective advocate and champion from the outside. If he had taken the orders and written the books it would have seemed equally absurd to unfrock him and not to unfrock him. But the unfrocking would have had real terrors for him, and greater terrors for men less able to take care of themselves. "Your gown will be taken from you" was the superlative threat launched against the contumacious Crawley by the wrathful Mrs. Proudie in one of the best scenes in Trollope's best novel. It is a serious matter to be an Ex-Reverend.

Some clergymen of a heretical turn of mind and under a compulsion of free utterance manage to escape this consequence by seeking some more hospitable church when their own has been closed against them, and retaining the prefix, which many of them have continued to wear with dignity and honor. But upon the whole it looks especially desirable that in the clerical profession a man should be fairly sure of his own mind before he enters it, and that he should have gone through with his intellectual dubitations before the entertainment of them can put him under this particular cloud. From college to the theological seminary, and from that to parochial work has been the usual course of the clergymen who come too late to a knowledge of their own minds. One often thinks how good it would have been for one of these sheltered lives to have been more exposed—exposed by some experience of secular life and secular modes of getting a living. After such an experience a "call" comes with the more urgency. And we think no clergyman who has served this apprenticeship before taking vows which it is so very difficult to abjure has ever regretted the time he spent in it.

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE MURAL PAINTER AND HIS PUBLIC

THE record of "Mural Painting in this Country Since 1898," recently published in The Field of Art,* is conclusive proof that our architects are increasingly solicitous that the public buildings of their conception should receive the enlivening grace of color and expressional design at the hands of the mural painter. The intermediaries between the architect and the general public—the building commissioners appointed by legislative enactment—have likewise learned, from the object-lesson of the Congressional Library and kindred buildings, that no expenditure of public funds toward the completion of civic edifices committed to their charge meets with greater approval from the taxpayers than significant mural decoration.

The contrast between the meagre attendance at our art exhibitions proper and the throngs who visit the libraries in Washington and Boston—the Congressional Library receiving through the year more visitors than the Capitol, formerly the chief attraction of the city—would also seem to prove that our artists have found a form of art that appeals to our people. For more than a century the American artist has labored in a valiant endeavor to implant art on these shores, but it has needed the material necessity of defining our nation's civic importance in a more expressional manner than arch or column is fitted to convey to give him for the first time the right to be numbered with the mason, the constructing engineer, or the architect—craftsmen long since accepted as useful members of our social fabric. This is a distinct reversion to the saner order of condition from which the artist originally sprang; for the toleration of his efficiency in direct proportion to his power to charm some individual or group of "art collectors" is and has been for more than a century an abasement of his noble calling. The ideal artist is a man with a message, and any limitation of his expression to the favored few "interested in art"—necessarily few in our busy world—is a serious handicap to his larger and fullest development.

For the present advancement of mural painting it is fortunate that the sensuous appeal of art penetrates where rational appreciation could hardly hope to enter, and probably much of the work already accomplished meets with its general public approval from a sense of vague enjoyment like that which even the least sophisticated visitor experienced at the Columbian Exposition in 1893. Undoubtedly to-day the halls of the Congressional Library make their appeal to a majority of the visitors as much through the overelaboration of marble, mosaics and gilding—features which cause the judicious to grieve—as through the better of the pictured surfaces on the walls. A certain naïve acceptance of the visible signs of our growth in civic importance, a grateful sense of luxurious surroundings in comparison with the ascetic character of the earlier Capitol as something befitting that growth, perhaps the equal contrast between the "leading hotels" of a few years ago and the lavish hostelries dear to our travelling public to-day, are considerations that affect the universal interest and approbation given to the mural painters' work. To others, however, the pictured spaces that mark the present status of mural painting in this country carry meanings of deeper import, and the many who day after day study the powerful works of Sargent, the decorative competency of Puvis de Chavannes, or follow the ingenious thread of story in Abbey's frieze in the Boston Public Library, do so with an apparent purpose far more impressive than the languid interest shown by the visitors who idle away an hour in the adjacent Museum of Fine Art.

There is a compelling force in a work of decorative design forming part of a building which is in some sort denied to even the noblest of detached pictures. As the simpler themes of the Greek theatre or the direct interpretation of human passion in the Elizabethan drama were limited by material conditions, in comparison with the complexities with which the modern playwright and the modern stage machinist deal, and yet have retained the direct appeal of their message, in like manner the very limitations of the decorator's art divest his work of much that is distracting and trivial. He thus may avoid many a pitfall to which his brother of the easel picture is exposed, and his comparative poverty of means not infrequently develops

*See SCRIBNER for November, 1906.

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a compensating richness of meaning, easy of comprehension by him who runs.

This proverbial person, we must remember, is characteristic of the epoch, and in the adornment of buildings where many men congregate, with no thought of art or care for its import, the artist is doing a missionary work which the boundaries of an art gallery no longer contract. For certainly one of the greatest qualities which a mural painting may possess is that of enforcing at first glance its evident meaning through the arabesque of its lines, the placing of its masses and the clarity of its general conception. From a work of this character a cursory glance may carry away, if not its full import, enough at least to impart a leaven of spirituality to a day of material preoccupation. The limitations of architectural congruity, moreover, however rigidly observed, are sufficiently elastic.

In the work of Paul Veronese in the Ducal Palace in Venice, every device of forceful color, enrichment of surface, elaboration of detail, and strength of light and shade is employed to cope with ornate mouldings and fretted gilding, which seem designed to exhaust the resources of any possible palette, but which in the hands of the mighty Paul appear to be the logical and appropriate framing for his symphonic work. On the other hand, in the Panthéon in Paris, the great expanse of light-gray wall holds the tranquil vision of Puvis de Chavannes where the spring landscape envelops in its tender green the hushed throng restrained in attitude, robed in pale violet, sober russet, or faded blue, witnessing the blessing of the childish Ste. Geneviève by the good bishop.

Framed and placed side by side in a gallery these two pictures would "swear" at each other, changed in their places the work of Puvis would be but a pale wraith in the Venetian surrounding, while Veronese's composition, if placed in the Panthéon, would fairly drag its walls to the ground. Yet these are great works, each in its own way, and within the limitations which they each obey there is room, and to spare, for lesser men.

It is apparent therefore, that in this renascence in our land of the oldest of the graphic arts the American artist receives so great an opportunity that it behooves him to so fashion his production that every work executed shall not only justify itself, but create for the men already at hand eager to serve the commonwealth, and for those of the future, an insistent demand for their work in order that the renewed union of the architect, sculptor, and painter be made perpetual.

From a material point of view it is fortunate for the American artist of this generation that in mural work he has not encountered the competition of the foreigner. Art has no geographical boundaries, it is true, and the one notable exception to the above statement, the work of Puvis de Chavannes in the Boston Public Library, was welcomed by every artist worthy of the name, and whenever the world holds another as great as he his work would be equally welcome. But there is little doubt that our artistic development in painting outside of decoration has been seriously hampered in the past thirty years by the belief fostered in a commercial interest, that no art that was worth the consideration of the collector was produced in this country. Men excelling in training and ability have been forced to stand aside to see their erstwhile comrades in a European atelier (aided by the glamour of a foreign name and backed by a dealer clever in the tricks of a trade beside which horse-dealing has been pronounced by one who had tried both as "fairly evangelical") enjoy so undue a proportion of the benefits of our home markets that the means of production have been virtually denied to the native artist.

The pecuniary reward of the mural painter, in view of the expense of production of work on a large scale, is not, however, sufficiently great to tempt the middleman who, as dealer, reaps the major profit in other forms of painting. This condition of affairs has enabled the art of the mural painter to follow a logical development since its revival here, and it is from no narrow point of view that one jealous of its future should desire to see these conditions prevail.

While public interest in this latest manifestation of our art has been graciously approbative it is none the less somewhat passive. A few enlightened architects supported by building commissions composed of men of intelligence have been primarily responsible for most of the work done, and where the completed and adorned building has been opened to the public it has, by the voice of the press and by general consent, met with approval. This does not, of course, represent the deep interest which the taxpayer is privileged to feel in work for which he is called upon to pay. A long course of education will be necessary before the average citizens of one of our towns will take such in-

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terest as Benvenuto Cellini describes as felt by the citizens of Florence, when his partially completed figure of Perseus was shown at the door of his studio for their critical consideration. Other times, other manners; doubtless the day will never come again when questions of art will agitate the public mind to any such degree.

With the growth of public expenditure for decorative painting and sculpture in our public buildings the day will surely come, however, when our people will consider with the inborn practicality which is a national characteristic the exact value received for the sum disbursed. This, as an inherent right of the taxpayer, the artist of the future must be prepared to meet and to satisfy, and the artist of to-day should not be caught napping if the question should suddenly arise.

There is no doubt that a wide and legitimate popularity has been achieved by certain works of art without any lessening of their artistic quality or without any direct effort on the part of the artist to court such popularity. No such intention could, for instance, be imputed to the painter of the frieze of "Prophets" in the Boston Public Library. Yet the photographic reproductions of this noble work have proved the most popular in the sense of their wide distribution of the many photographs of mural painting that their publisher has issued. Divested of the advertising methods employed by its exhibitors when it was in this country, Millet's "Angelus" has the serious qualities of great art never absent from the master's work, and reproductions of this picture in various forms made an instant appeal to our whole Western world and may be counted by millions.

Hence it may be inferred that if the proper chord is struck the human heart will still vibrate to the touch of art. These two examples of great and legitimate popularity have been chosen because they have vividly interested our people, and yet are devoid of the local interest which is supposed to reside in subjects chosen from our own history. There are those who argue that in thus restraining the artist to depicting events in American history the future growth of our art will be assured. Sargent's subject is, of course, as remote as the Old Testament, while Millet depicts people of a type in every way foreign engaged in a religious rite of a Church antagonistic to the Protestant belief of a majority of our people. Neither subject is, of course, unfamiliar to us through reading or tradition, nor so abstruse but that a moment's explanation would suffice to enlighten and possibly interest the least perceptive mind.

It is the universal human interest in the two pictures cited that touches our hearts, and if we can assuredly produce work of human interest, the taxpayer of to-morrow or he of to-day will be glad to listen to the call of his heart to unloosen his purse-strings that our public buildings may be made beautiful and significant. The local pride of a community may be gratified by the portrayal of an event that has taken place within its borders; but is it not as likely on sober second thought to have an abiding interest in breaking through the boundary of the parish and becoming a part of a broader world by an expression upon its walls of a less circumscribed theme?

In our revival of mural painting we have had much to learn. The larger number of our painters were not otherwise equipped for the work than by the possession of technical ability to draw and paint the human figure on the scale of life or larger, and all the other manifold conditions of executing an acceptable decoration they were obliged to acquire. Small wonder is it, therefore, that in these few years the expressional quality of our painters' work should have suffered in their effort to meet these new technical conditions. Nor has the fault been entirely that of the painters, for all others concerned, the architects and building committees, have shown equal indifference, and in none of the public buildings thus far decorated has there been drawn up a definite scheme of themes to be treated, nor any allotment made of their various parts to different artists. In some cases the painters have organized themselves into a semblance of such a committee, but if a definite project has ever been devised it has never been carried out to the avoidance of repetition of subject within the building or, as in one case, on the walls of the same room.

The dictation of subject by the architect or by a committee, no matter of what high intelligence, would certainly not be desirable—the artist certainly should be master there; but if such a committee had no creative power, it might exercise a critical function which the artist would welcome. Working together, the artist contributors to the decoration of a building in conjunction with the architect and a body which, for want of a better term, we may call a committee on general programme could formulate a scheme which from

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the vestibule to the attic would make the building a logical whole, and yet leave latitude for every variety of pictorial expression.

Subject is, at the best, of secondary importance, for the first function of a mural painting is to decorate the surface on which it is placed. The subject chosen, therefore, should always take into consideration the style in which the architectural surrounding is conceived, and here at once for the American painter begins a difficulty if he desires to treat a subject taken from our own history. The world, grown sadder since our earlier day, has adopted a garb of sombre hue. Qualities of color in grays and blacks we have seen employed in charming fashion ever since the time of Velasquez, and in our own day Whistler has run the same gamut most effectively.

But in conjunction with the colored marbles, the gold, and the ornamentation that comports with the majority of our buildings, the decorative representation of so vital a subject from a national point of view as the "Signing of the Proclamation of Emancipation" seems virtually impossible. The older countries, favored with a dim historic past, can offer pasture where a painter's imagination may browse, but the frock coat and trousers in which our statesmen have lived should forever banish them from decorative themes. It is true that we have the North American Indian, and it is often urged that with his dim historic past he is our very own, and our painters might, in depicting his life and legends, interest our people. In art ethnographic considerations have little weight, and the Oriental shepherds who watched their flocks by night are infinitely nearer to us, to our hearts, to every pulsating fibre of our natures than the savages that we despoiled and have nearly exterminated.

Though we are by chance on the western shore of the Atlantic, we still wear the yoke of the Roman Empire and imperial Cæsar is more potent in our lives than "the ancient Mudjekeewis, ruler of the winds of heaven," despite the well-meant effort of Longfellow to endow his country with an American epic, a task he more nearly accomplished with "Evangeline."

Nothing has been produced so far in the brief history of our mural painting of more importance than the four panels by John La Farge for the State Capitol of Minnesota. No geographical limitation has bound this distinguished painter, who has gone as far afield as the Orient in one case and has ascended Mount Sinai in another to find themes that are replete with meaning to us, late heirs of a great past, that are appropriate to the uses of the Supreme Court where they are placed, that may even in their reliance in theme on four differing civilizations be considered peculiarly typical of our cosmopolitan source, but that, finally and primarily, convey their meaning by superb qualities of painting. First and last, it is safe to assume that decorative fitness was the artist's chief concern, but every logically devised pictorial quality is coupled and supported by the equally logical drama enacted on each canvas, the four varying themes forming a whole which finely expresses sovereign law in a court of last resort.

Works like these have been and will continue to be rare in the art of any time, but to the credit of our adolescent school of mural painting must be placed other works by other men which, to quote a forcible phrase, "have been painted with gray matter." The list would be creditably long were I to attempt to refer to individual works, and its encouraging feature is that the technical improvement of our most experienced mural painters has been accompanied by a notable mental effort to suit their work to the uses and the localities which the decorations are destined to serve. Certain of our men whose work ten years ago was so strongly reminiscent that it seemed bodily transplanted from the Old World have thus imparted more and more of a national character into their production as their art has become more assured. This has by no means restricted their freedom to a portrayal of definite scenes from our history, though in some instances an artist's temperamental characteristics have found such expression with excellent results, but on the contrary, the field has broadened so that all mythologies, all history, can be made to serve the mural painter who is capable of expressing through the medium of his art a human emotion in which we all may share.

With our immense territory and under the awakening impulse of civic pride it would be a hardy prophet who would venture to define the possible limit of our mural painter's usefulness. But that an important factor in his future status will be his capacity to think and to express thoughts *pictorially* can hardly be doubted, for in his hands painting has resumed its ancient task of telling a story, even as the fathers of art were content to do.

WILL H. LOW.

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THE BUCCANEER
Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark
See page 380

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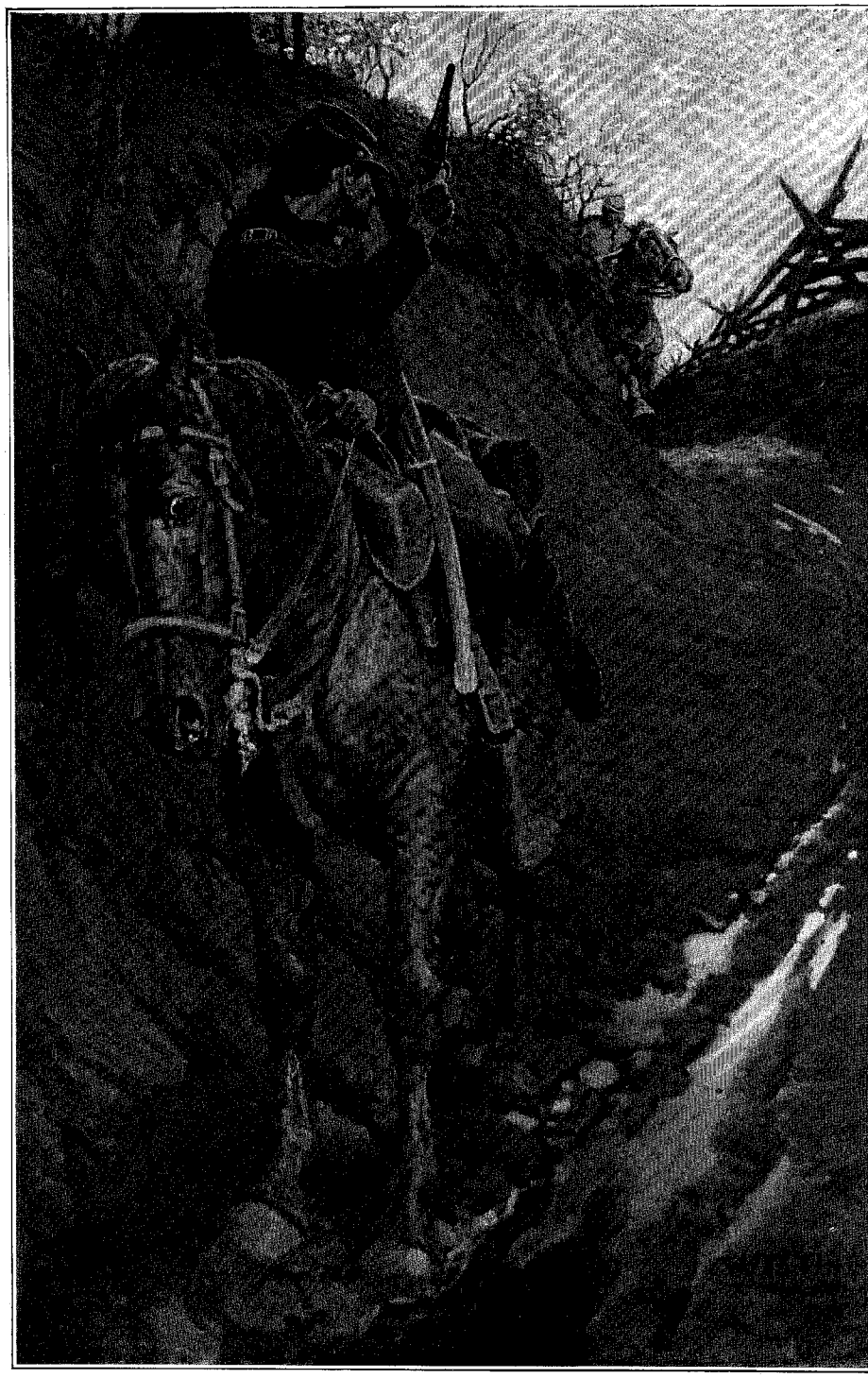

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

"I got behind a turn and fired as a man came on alone."—Page 215.

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Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

"I took her in my arms and held her."—Page 216.

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